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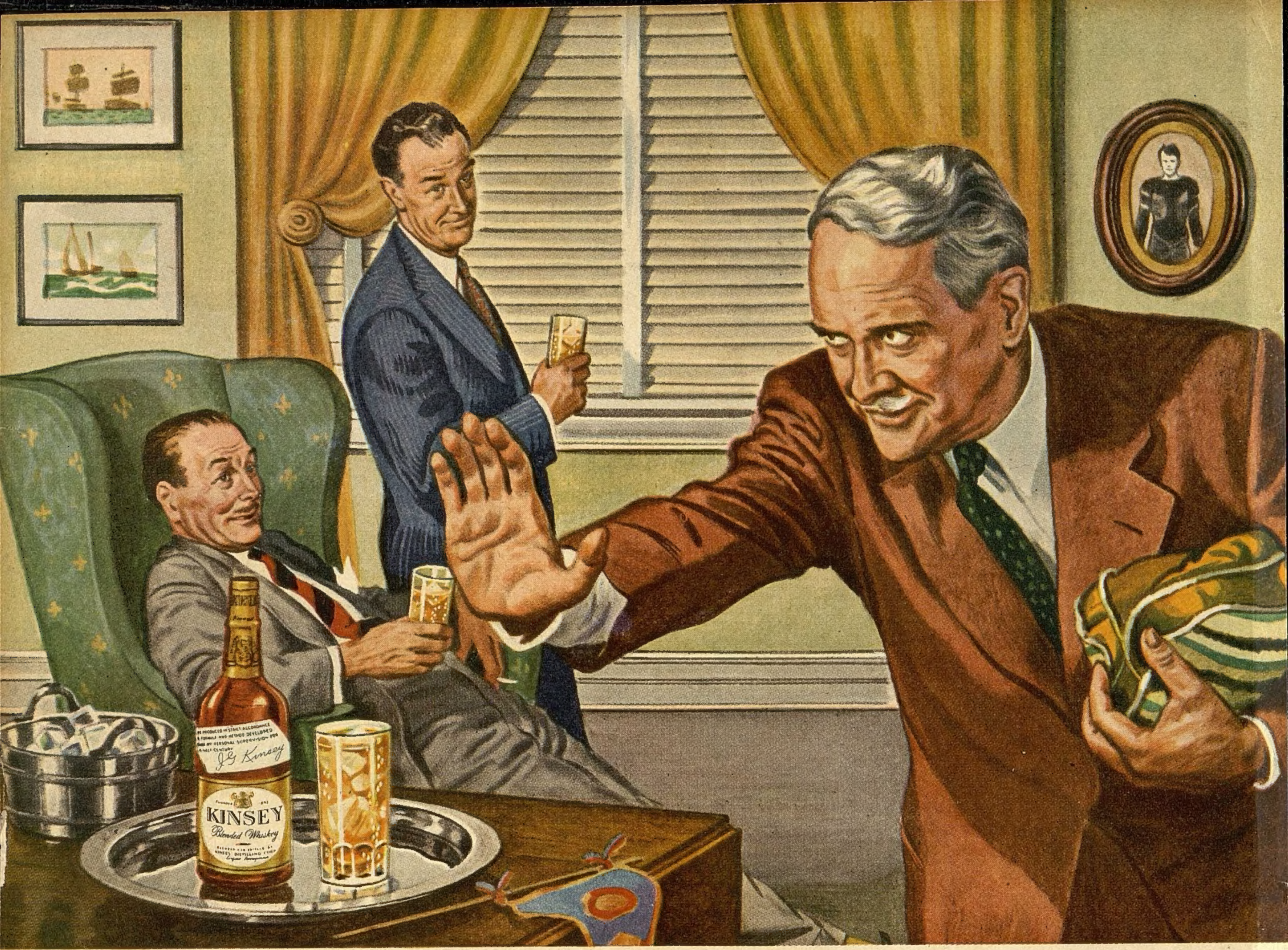
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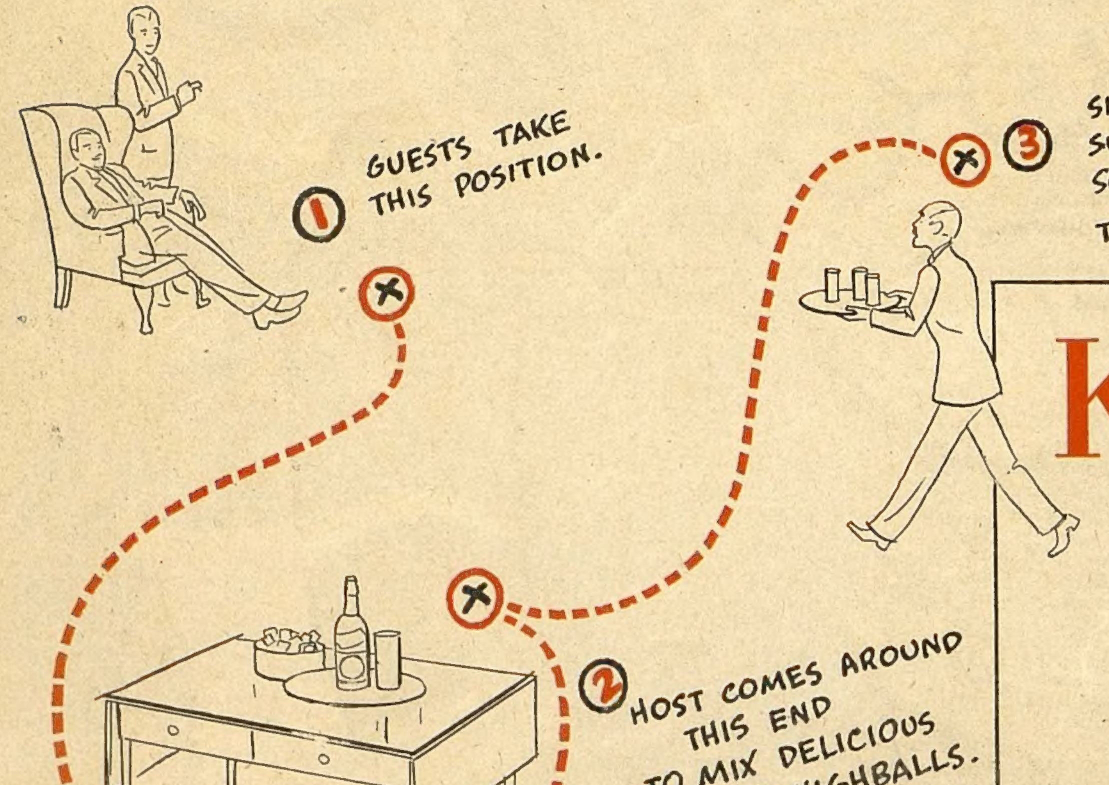

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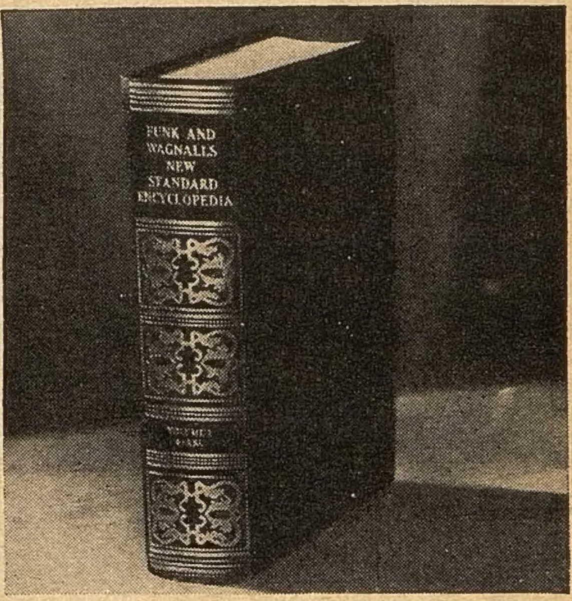

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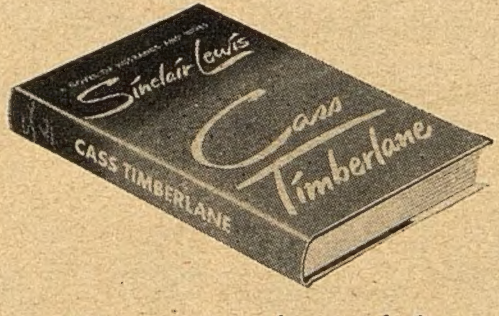

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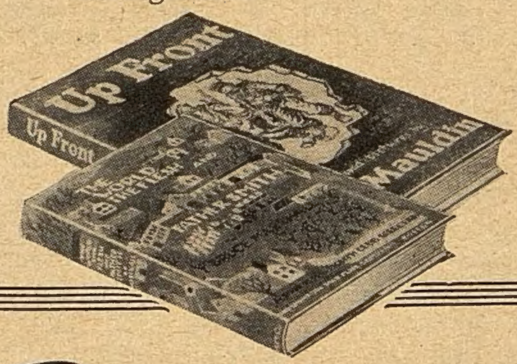

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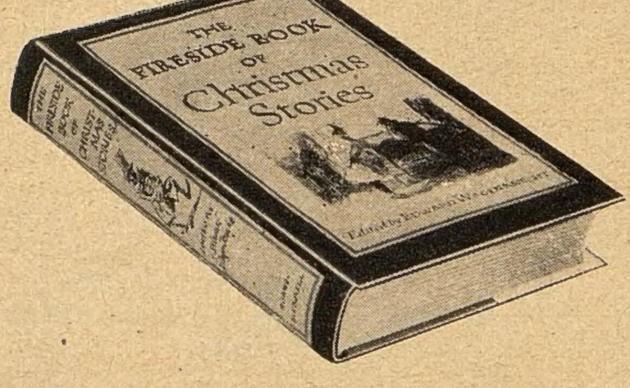

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SEATTLE, WASH.—I have just read What Is Un-American Activity? by Representative Karl E. Mundt (September 22), and I suggest Colonel McCormick as the first object of the reborn Dies Committee's attention.

Colonel McCormick's reply to Congressman Mundt proves conclusively that he is un-American in his thinking. To damn a fellow citizen, whether engaged in international discussion or not, on the basis of marriage or blood relationship is so patently un-American that anyone but the most prejudiced person could not advocate it with sincerity. To propose investigation by such standards is clearly a step toward fascism and will defeat the committee's avowed purpose.—*Sgt. Jay Teuen.*

A ROSE IS A ROSE

OKINAWA—I speak for many when I say that Tokyo Rose was the best morale builder the Pacific theater ever had. She did no harm, but she did do a whole lot of good. Her speeches gave us laughs, spirit, and helped each of us in many ways. We marines here think a lot of Tokyo Rose.

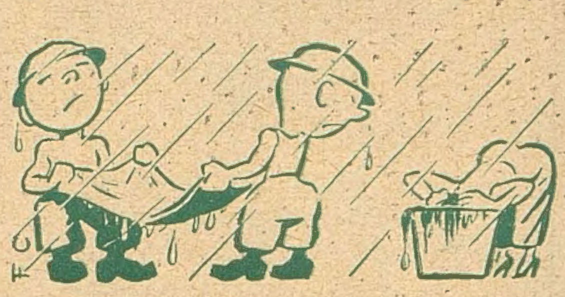
Why punish her for doing more good than she ever did harm? Don't sentence her to anything, unless it's to put her back on the air. She's got a beautiful line and a swell voice plus a wonderful taste for music. When we couldn't receive entertainment from home some twenty-five months ago, we always had our passionate Rose to keep us from cracking up.—*Pfc R. R. Z.*

AN INSULT TO F. D. R.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I'll take violent issue with the miner's son (Vox Pop, September 29) who rates Franklin D. Roosevelt and John L. Lewis as the two greatest men ever to appear in politics for the good of the common man. I think it's a gross insult to our late revered President. To my mind, the only man living who comes anywhere near President Roosevelt in greatness is Henry Wallace. And I'd stick John L. Lewis away at the bottom of the list.—*Louis Arrow.*

WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE

HOLLANDIA, NEW GUINEA—We agree with Cpl. F. E. R. (Vox Pop, September 22) who takes a WAC lieutenant down a peg for her description of life in the South Pacific. It seems to us that the young lieutenant let down the Yankee tradition for ingenuity. The South Pacific is noted for its rains, anyone can tell you so. It's raining cats and dogs at the moment. Wasn't she issued a steel helmet? Didn't she own a towel? We fellows have often set our helmets out to catch the beautiful South Pacific rain. If we have to wash our faces, we can always set our towels or a rag out to soak in the rain. And you'd be surprised how easy it is to wash your face with a wet towel. We have also washed our socks in the rain water caught in our helmets. It must have rained sometime in the two months that the lieutenant didn't wash her face, because she states that her hair was full of mud. It rains here on an average of four days a week.—*Cpl. Phil Caporusso, Cpl. Rex A. Davis, Pfc. Sam Frank, T/S Tom Smythe, Cpl. George Merriott, Pfc. Michael Cutrie, Pfc. Frederick Kroeger, Pfc. John Smith.*



LET THEM GO TO SCHOOL

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—It was with a great deal of interest that I read Paul Hunter's editorial, Reconvert the School Children (September 22). Getting the boys and girls back to school is very important. But there is one point that seems to have been overlooked.

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(*Continued on page 8*)

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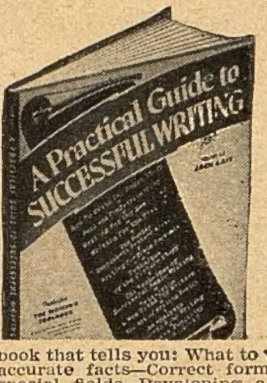

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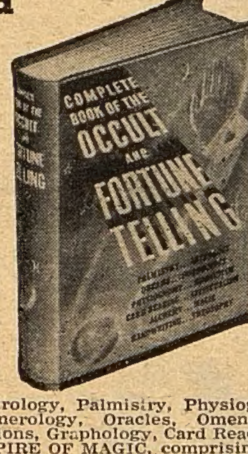

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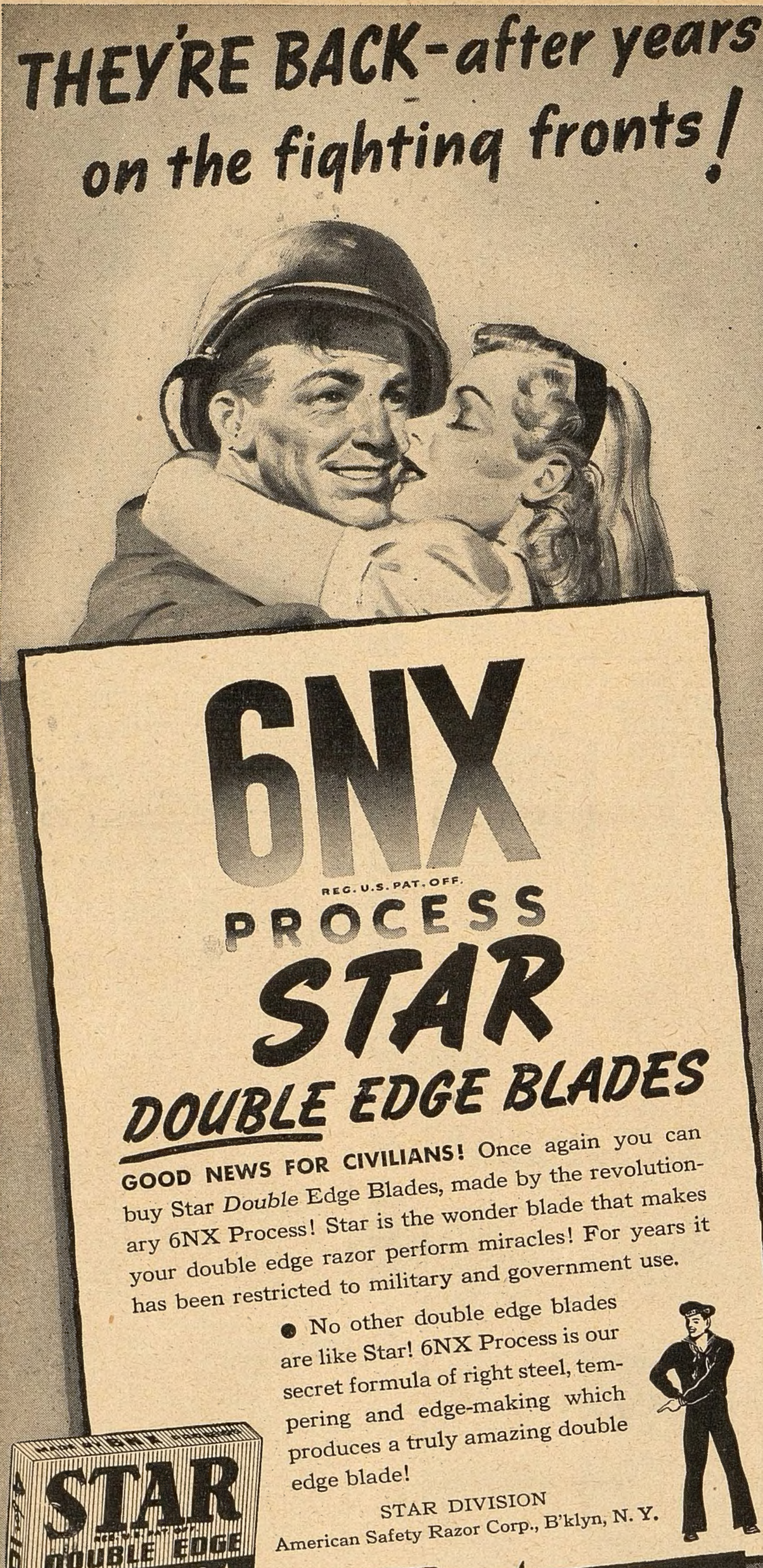

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STAR DIVISION
American Safety Razor Corp., B'klyn, N. Y.

(*Continued from page 6*)

many of them saw considerable action both in the Pacific and the Atlantic.

Most of these boys reached their eighteenth birthday while in the merchant marine, and should they quit the service, they would be subject to the draft.

It would seem to me that the least that can be done for these boys is to give them credit for their service in the merchant marine, exempt them from the draft, and allow them to return to school.—*Sylvia Wiggins.*

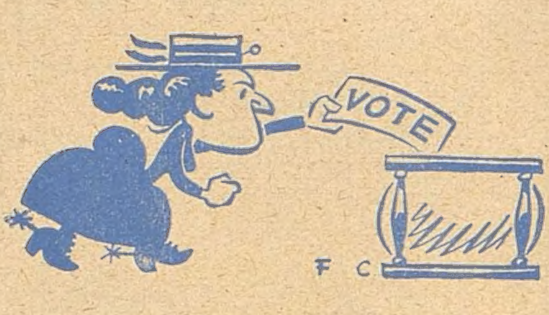
FRIEND OR FOE?

BALTIMORE, MD.—Victor Boesen's article, Jap Surrender Salesmen (September 22) calls to my mind the saying: The only way to get rid of an enemy is to make him your friend. I congratulate you on this article. I hope you will publish many more like it. Atrocity stories are undoubtedly true, but there have been too many of them. If we tried as hard to find stories of human decency and understanding, I am sure we would live in a more cheerful world.—*Edna Goodwin.*

LOCAL PRIDE

CHEYENNE, WYO.—In Woman-Talk (September 8), Margaret Fishback calls us Americans backward because we didn't have woman suffrage here until 1920.

I would like to call Miss Fishback's attention to the fact that Wyoming has had woman suffrage since December 10, 1869. At that time, Wyoming was a territory, but upon becoming a state, the right of women to vote was incorporated in its constitution. —*Amalia P. Ohuhaus.*

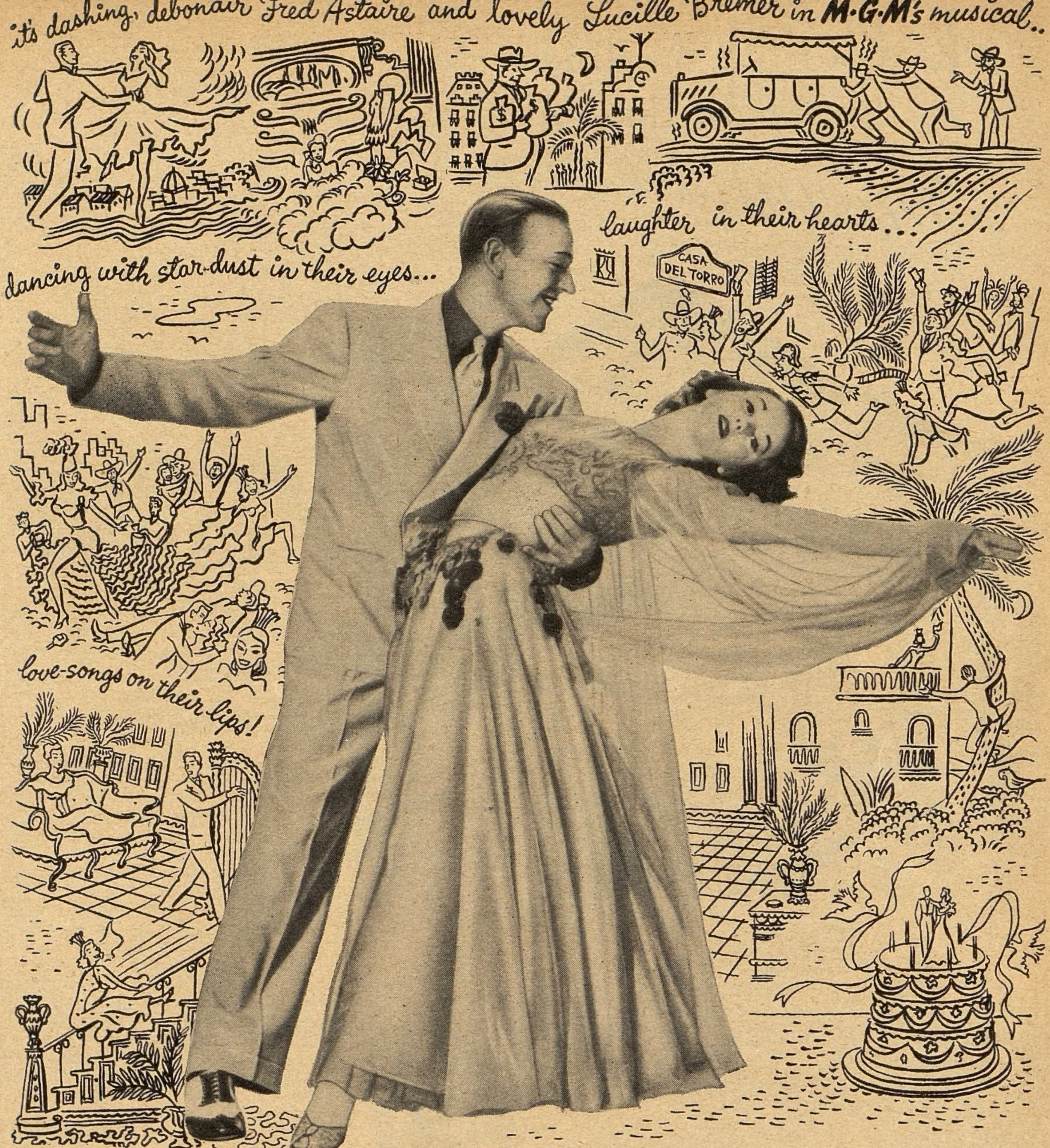


As Wyoming went in 1869, so went the nation—but not until 1920, as Margaret Fishback stated.—VOX POP EDITOR.

SMILES AND STRIKES

FPO, NEW YORK—I have just finished Purple Heart Junction (September 15) in which Victor Boesen does a bang-up job of putting across to the public just how a few citizens can endure hardships, heartaches, and wounds and still smile, and still have that smile the real McCoy. But the following article, Organized Labor's Problem Child, by Morris Markey, puts on the finishing touches. Strike, strike, strike! What

(*Continued on page 10*)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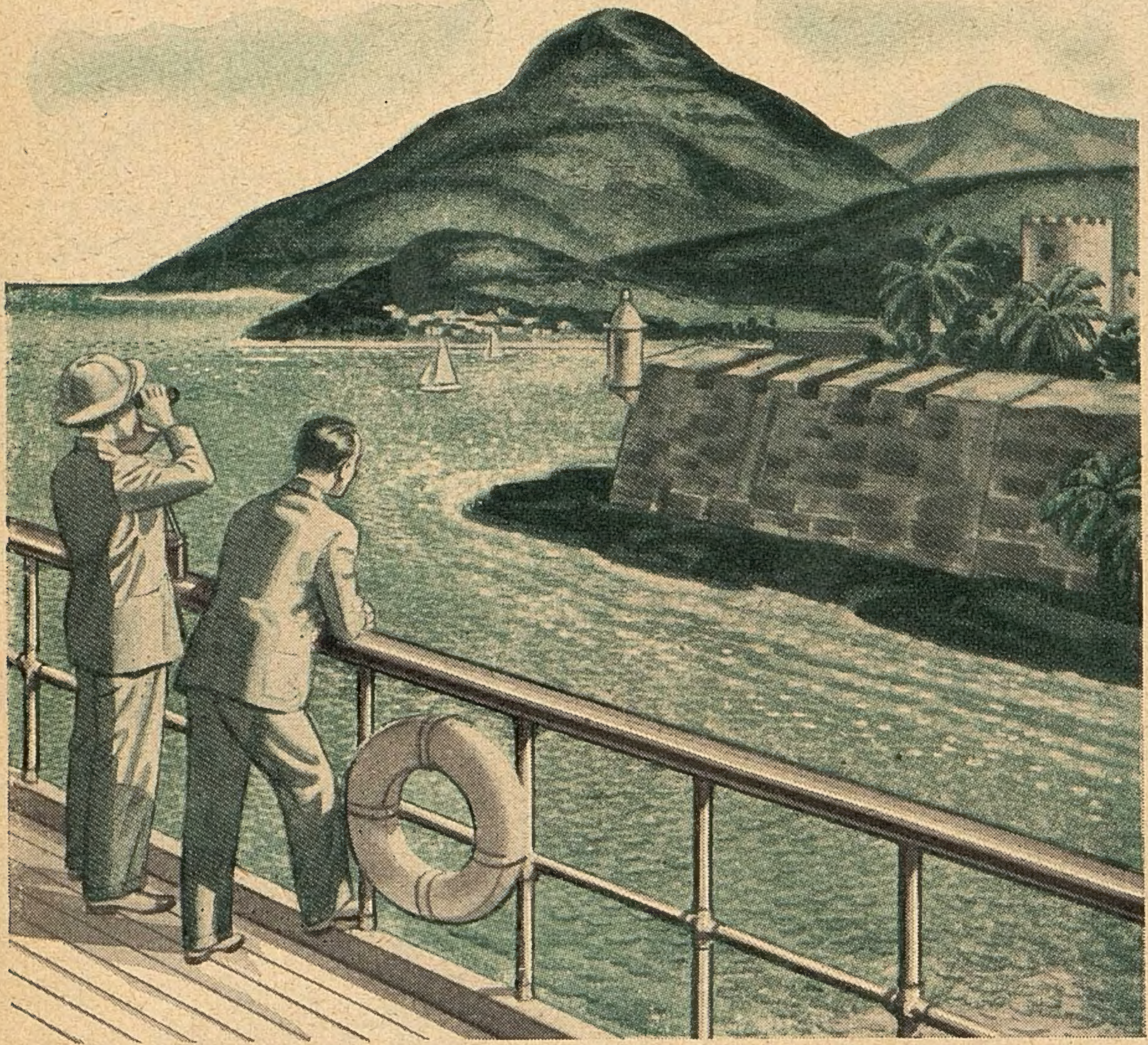

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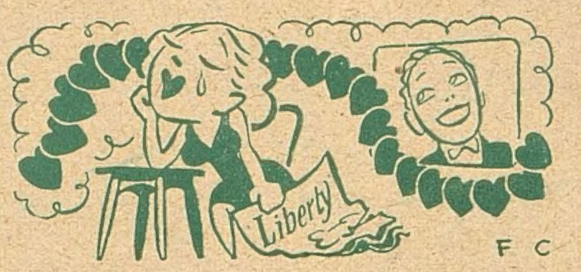
(*Continued from page 8*)

have I been in the Navy for the past five years—to help someone who for the past four years has been drawing from one dollar to three dollars an hour? And then because the war didn't last long enough for him to make his million, he squawks.

Size up those two articles, and don't you agree that the weekly book condensation should be between them, just so the latter won't stink up the first?—*C. W. G., U.S.N.*

GIVE THE GIRLS A BREAK

CHICAGO, ILL.—While reading the article on Joan Davis—Boss Lady, by Elizabeth Wilson (September 29)—it occurred to me that you have lots of stories about movie actresses, but not so many about movie actors. Why don't you give us girls a break some week, and publish something about Gene Kelly or somebody like that? —*Alice Richards.*



BLUEPRINT OF VAGUENESS

WASHINGTON, D. C.—It seems to me that Representative Karl E. Mundt, who wrote What Is Un-American Activity? (September 22) went to an awful lot of trouble for nothing when he asked 100 prominent Americans for their respective definitions of un-American.

The ultimate definition that was concocted from all the answers is a masterpiece of vagueness.

The new Dies Committee may be determined to do an unprejudiced job, but if it guides its work by that definition, anything can happen. I just hope that the men on the present committee will show more sense and justice in their investigations than has been shown in the past several years.—*Caroline Alder.*

TOUCH OF GENIUS

OMAHA, NEBR.—I would like to express my gratitude to you for publishing a condensation of Mr. Wilmer, by Robert Lawson (August 18).

Mr. Lawson accomplished a remarkable feat. While I didn't believe those animals talked, I had a feeling that they might have a means of communicating with a highly evolved person or with themselves. I also had a feeling that if they could talk, they would employ the speech Mr. Lawson endowed them with.

This is a touch of genius that is very rare in most of our modern authors.—*Mary Lane.*

Just suppose *you* had a fire...

IF you'd had a fire in your home, or your place of business, you'd want help. And one of the greatest helps is a prompt, fair-and-square payment for the loss.

That's where the insurance *adjuster* comes into action. It is his business to see that you get every dollar you are entitled to under the protection of your Capital Stock fire insurance policy.

This same principle holds for other insurance . . . damage by windstorm or hurricane, for instance . . . or for automobile insurance. The adjuster works with you, to estimate your loss. Furthermore, when losses are difficult to estimate, your *local* builders or repairmen . . . men you know well . . . are asked to assist.

When a widespread disaster strikes . . . where *many* insurance companies must come into action, the National Board of Fire Underwriters establishes a *central* clearing house, trained adjusters are brought in from all over the country, to pay losses promptly and fairly.

If you have a fire, you'll particularly value your friend, the insurance *agent*. He recommended your policy, your company, and your coverage . . . knows your problems. He is available and glad to help.

So, if disaster should strike you, call your insurance agent for the services of the adjuster. You may expect prompt and fair payment of the loss.

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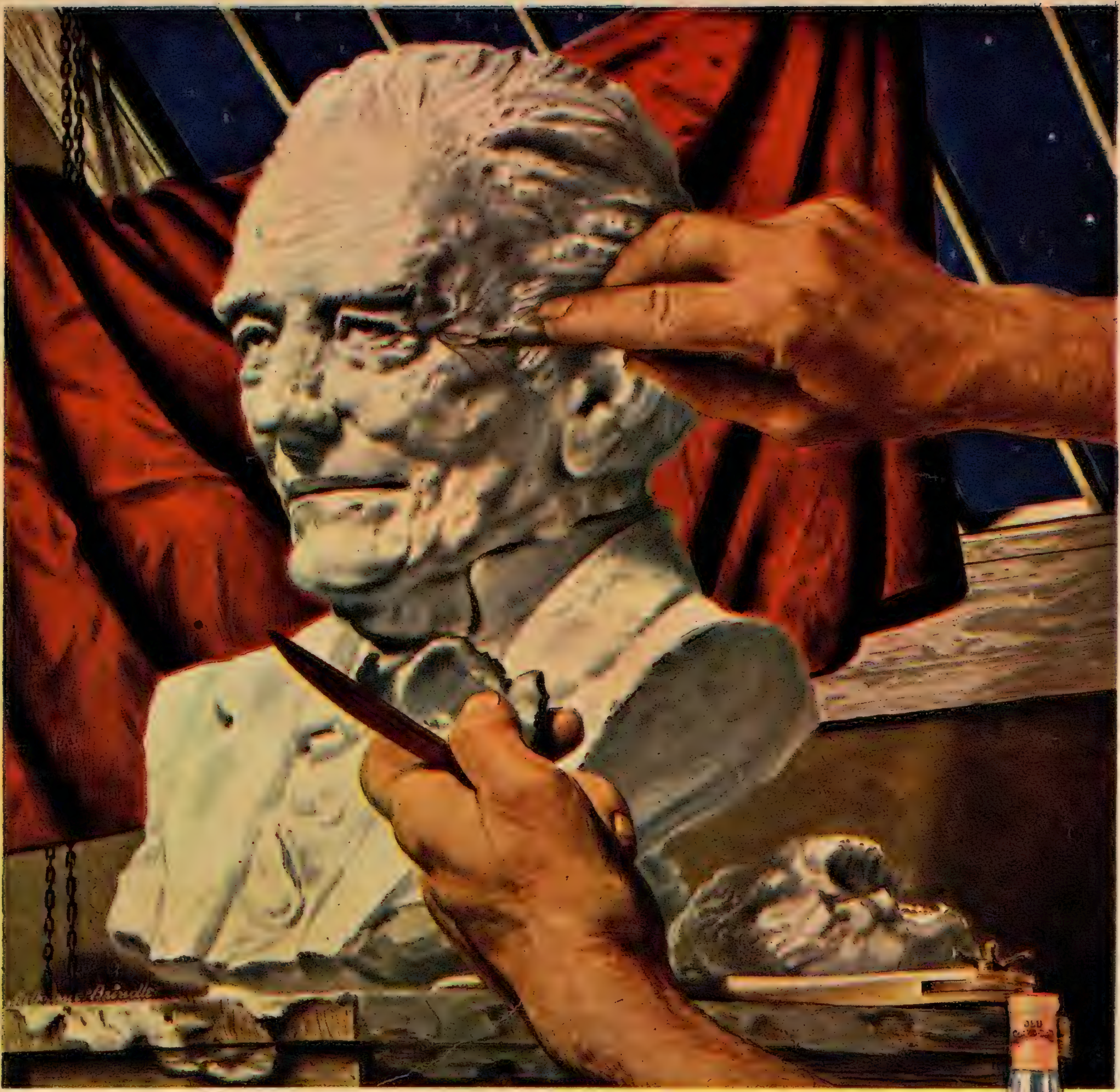

ARTISTIC ACHIEVEMENT

That genius is the ability to take endless pains is proved with every sip of Old Grand-Dad. For in this prime example of the distiller's art nothing has been spared that adds to the bourbon-drinkers' delight. Waiting for you here is the flavor of sun-ripened grain brought to full peak by years in soothing oak. Why not get acquainted with Old Grand-Dad by heading your next list of guests with the Head of the Bourbon Family?

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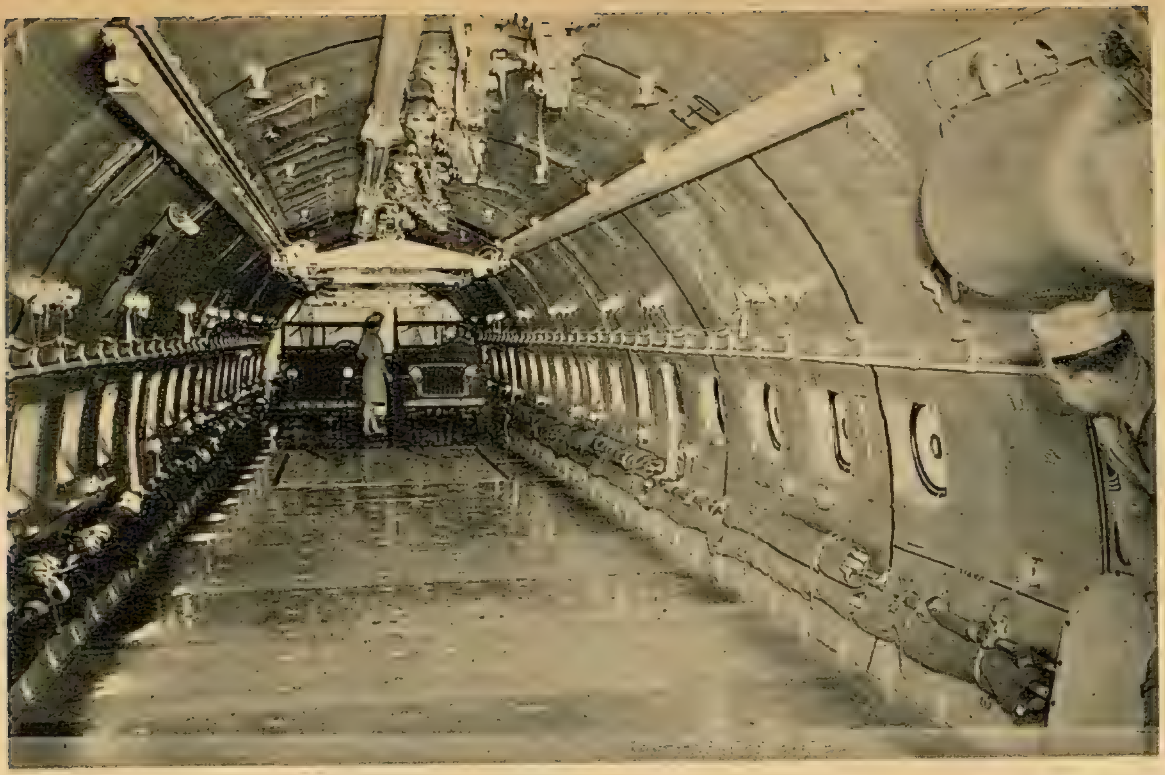

INT. NEWS PHOTO

Take a look inside that largest of land-based planes, the Douglas C-74 Globemaster. Those particles in the background are a full-grown WAC and two jeeps.

ON THE BEAM

A little-giant engine for private planes . . . More and more air-line schedules . . . Soon the lines will have radar devices in use

BY WAYNE PARRISH

MUCH discussion in the private flying field is resulting from a new 200-horsepower engine developed by General Motors, which heretofore has not engaged in building engines for aircraft. It is called the X-250 and has been installed for testing purposes in one of the medium-range private airplanes.

It's a radial type having four cylinders, and operates on the two-cycle principle. Its unique feature is that a supercharging blower is used to increase performance and power reserve for take-off and altitude. There are no valves, this function being performed by the pistons themselves.

The most interesting feature is that the piston displacement is only 250 cubic inches, the size of an automobile engine, and yet the engine develops normally 200 h.p. The weight is only 275 pounds, very light for an engine developing that amount of power.

It also has another feature unusual for an engine of this type—it is liquid-cooled. And it's only thirty-five inches in diameter. It has fewer parts than other engines of the type, thus contributing to lower maintenance costs.

Production studies are being undertaken by Buick Motor Division and perhaps one of these days you'll find G. M. entering the private-aircraft engine field in real earnest.

Good Riddance to Priorities

Elimination of airplane priorities on October 15 was good news not only to air-line passengers but also to the air lines themselves. It meant that once you had confirmation of a seat on a plane, you wouldn't be "bumped off" somewhere along the line because of priority passengers. Within the past two years many people stopped flying the air lines because of the risk of being removed from the plane either just before departure time or at some stop along the route. But now the "average passenger" again reigns supreme and military men have to take their chances as everyone else does.

Meanwhile the air lines have been adding more and more schedules. American, United, and TWA are each operating about a dozen trips a day each way, coast to coast, and Northwest Airlines operates four from New York to Seattle and nine from Chicago to the West Coast.

The real traffic volume today is between Boston and New York, with forty-four air-line schedules a day on American, Northeast, and Eastern; and between New York and Washington, with thirty-seven schedules a day on Eastern and American.

The transcontinental air lines will soon have a schedule every hour between New York and the West Coast. It will really be simple to travel when new and larger aircraft bring the coast-to-coast flying time down to eight or nine hours at rates less than present rail-plus-Pullman fares.

Electronic Aids for Air Lines

The various radar devices which played such a vital role in the war and in transoceanic air transporta-

(*Continued on page 15*)

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(*Continued from page 13*)

tion are on their way to being used on commercial air lines. The Army Air Forces has given a number of its sets for experimental installation by United, American, TWA, Eastern, Northwest, and PCA air lines.

The ultimate benefit will be not only increased safety but landings under low-ceiling conditions.

Meanwhile W. A. Patterson, president of United Air Lines, has revealed that his company is ready to spend $10,000,000 for the purchase, development, and adaptation of radar and other electronic aids emerging from the war. United was the first air line to experiment with the reflected radio-wave principle as a means of determining actual height above terrain, and it was a modification of this principle that led to the development of radar for the location, by radio, of enemy planes and ships.

All aircraft have had altimeters for many years, and that instrument tells the pilot how high he is above sea level. But the new devices will tell him how high he is above the actual terrain, or how near he is to any object.

How Many Surplus Warplanes?

You will hear much talk about surplus military aircraft and what the Army and Navy plan to do with them. The general impression created by our factory output during the war is that our services now presumably have on hand enough aircraft to fight half a dozen wars—hence, why keep on producing more?

It is true that the end of the Jap war left the United States with surpluses of many types. Both the Army and the Navy have canceled production on all but the very latest planes. But in reality there aren't as many surplus planes as one might think.

While in Italy, visiting the headquarters of the Mediterranean Allied Air Force, your On the Beam editor did a little snooping for the answer to the question of what happened to our aircraft after they left the United States.

As an example, up to April 30, 1945, the Army Air Forces in the Mediterranean theater had received 10,667 aircraft of all types.

As of that date, 4,334 had been lost in operations. Other losses were 764, and "war wearies" (planes just too worn out for repairs) were 923. This made a total of 6,021 planes that had been "written off" as no longer available.

A total of 989 aircraft had been transferred to other theaters, leaving a balance of 3,657 aircraft available to the A. A. F. in the Mediterranean theater.

Thus, while there are surpluses, the losses and the war wearies accounted for a very substantial attrition. And, incidentally, the A.A.F. in the Mediterranean had about 20 per cent of all the A. A. F. aircraft in the war.

OLD-FASHIONED COOKIES
are doubly good studded with
SUN-MAID RAISINS

Recipe

● Sift together 4 cups sifted all-purpose flour, 1 tsp. baking powder, 1 tsp. baking soda, 2 tsp. salt, 1½ tsp. cinnamon, ¼ tsp. nutmeg, ¼ tsp. allspice. Add 1 cup water to 2 cups Sun-Maid Raisins (Seedless Nectars or Seedless) and boil until liquid is decreased to ½ cup. Cool. Cream 1 cup shortening, add 2 cups sugar. Blend. Add 3 eggs, one at a time, beating well after each. Add 1 tsp. vanilla, 1 cup chopped nuts and cooled Raisin mixture. Add sifted dry ingredients. Blend. Drop by teaspoon on greased cookie sheet. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 12 to 15 min. Yields 60 cookies.

You can depend on the Uniform Freshness of Sun-Maid Raisins!

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SUN-MAID RAISIN GROWERS OF CALIFORNIA

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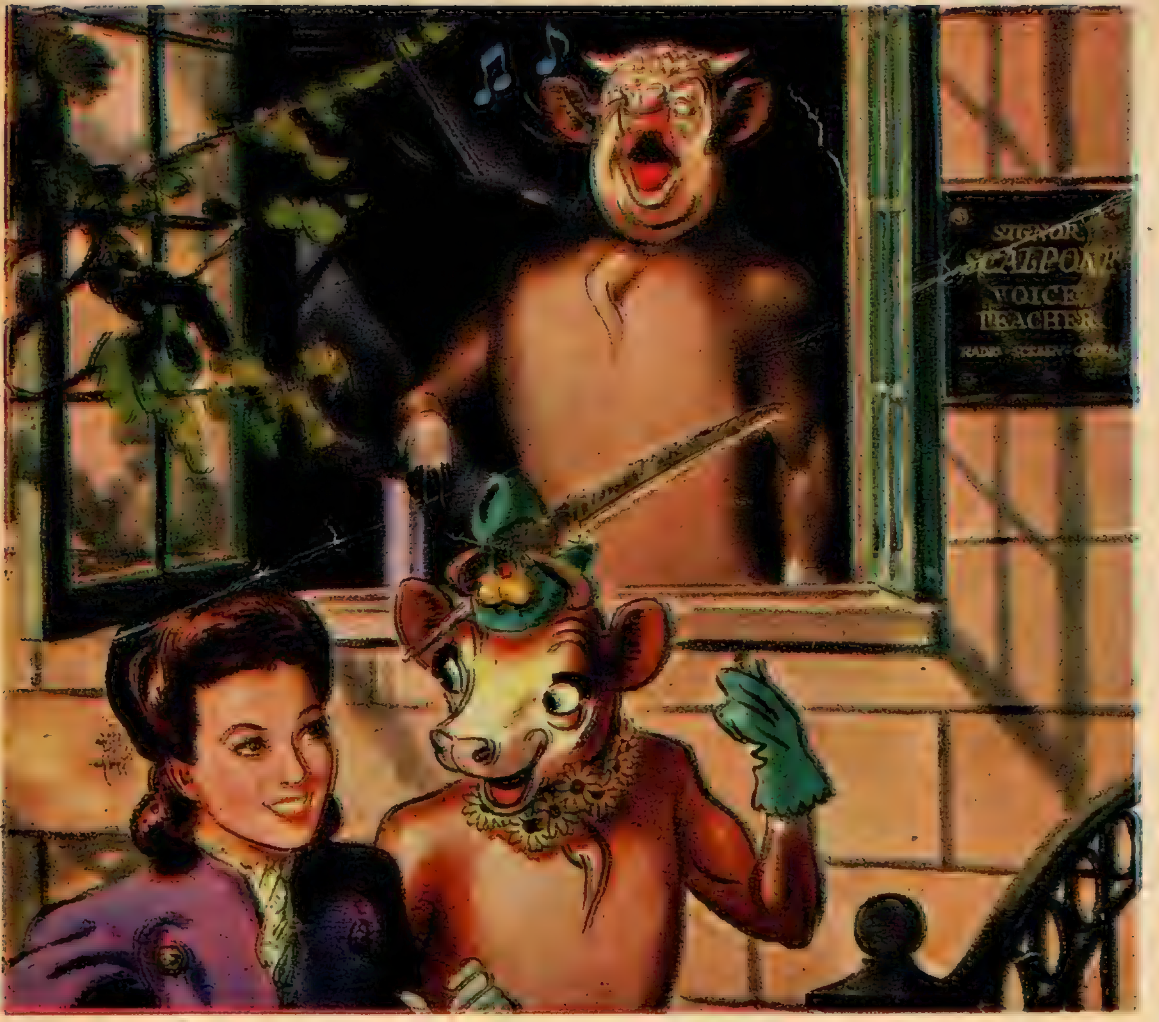
Rich in Iron, Calcium and Phosphorous
Distributed to Grocers Everywhere
Constantly Checked for Freshness
Natural Sweetness Saves Sugar


SIGNOR SCALPONE
VOICE TEACHER
RADIO · SCREEN · OPERA

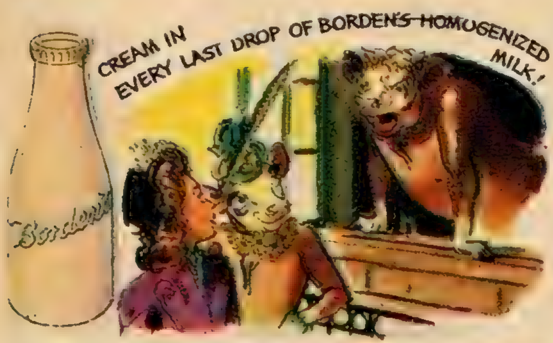
"Ginny Simms, just look what you've done to Elmer!" giggled Elsie

"WHY, ELSIE!" gasped Ginny Simms, "what have *I* done to Elmer?"

"What haven't you done?" laughed Elsie, the Borden Cow. "Elmer's been rumbling up and down the scales ever since he heard you were the star of Borden's new radio show! He wants to be the next swoon king!"

"And what's so thundering funny about that?" bellowed Elmer, the bull, leaning out of Signor Scalpone's window. "When I cut loose with my baritone, the ladies swoon by the herd! I *send* them! I knock 'em *cold!*"

"Then you certainly can't be on Ginny's program," teased Elsie. "We don't want folks to be out cold when we tell them about *Borden's Homogenized Milk*. It has cream and Vitamin D in every sip."


CREAM IN EVERY LAST DROP OF BORDEN'S HOMOGENIZED MILK!
Borden's

"Borden's! Borden's! Borden's!" groaned Elmer. "Why don't you get a new line? Why not put a fellow with a *fresh* viewpoint on your program—*me*, for instance?"

"Now, Elmer," soothed Elsie, "it's no good hinting. Ginny has really big stars on her show—some even bigger and funnier than you, dear."

"But, Elsie," protested Ginny, "I think Elmer's *delightful!* It's just that you've got to *see* him to appreciate him. Now, if this were television, Elmer could show folks how men go for Borden's Liederkranz Cheese! It's a grand, robust cheese treat—with soft creamy center and golden crust!"

"Meanwhile, the *announcer*," suggested Elsie, "could remind everybody that all *Borden's Fine Cheeses* are wonderful 'buys' for your points and pennies."

BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES ARE GREAT PROTEIN FOODS!
LIEDERKRANZ CHEESE

"Break it up, women!" roared Elmer, "Trouble with you folks is you don't know a good bet when you see one."

"Why, darling," chirped Elsie, "the very best bet in these days of food shortages is the new, richer chocolate flavored *Hemo*. This glorious food drink is *teeming* with vitamins and minerals everybody needs."

NOW HEMO HAS A RICHER CHOCOLATE FLAVOR!
Borden's Hemo

"Vitamins and minerals!" exploded Elmer. "What have they got to do with radio? Ever hear any of the GI's Ginny sings to twice a week yell for vitamins?"

"No, Elmer," laughed Ginny, "But I *have* heard them yell for ice cream. It's the favorite refreshment in Army *and* Navy."

"And *Borden's Ice Cream* is the real, old-fashioned kind the boys—and everybody—love," added Elsie. "It's a delicious, nourishing treat at any time. Pep-boosting, too."

NOURISHING REFRESHERS—BORDEN'S ICE CREAM AND MILK SHERBETS!

"Then you two better lay off it," slyly needled Elmer. "You're already too peppy about changing the subject. If I can't sing or tell jokes on the Borden show, why can't I be one of the veterans Ginny interviews?"

"Because," chuckled Elsie, "you haven't had a weapon in your hoof since the battle of Bull Run. You were a grownup, when Ginny's veterans were getting their *Borden's Evaporated Milk* in formulas."

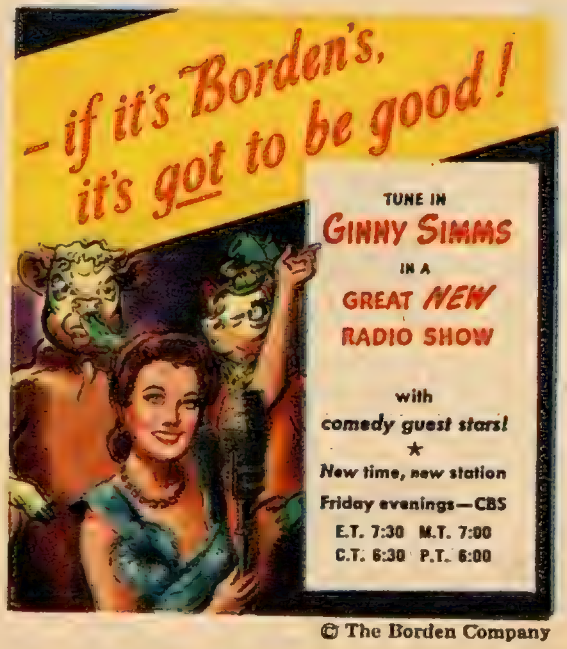
BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK—NOW RICHER IN VITAMIN D!
Borden's
MILK

"Speaking of Borden's Evaporated," suggested Ginny, "shouldn't we have the announcer on the radio show tell everybody that this fine milk has more Vitamin D than ever—400 units per reconstituted quart!"

"Say!" blurted Elmer, "*I* could do that! I—"

"Elmer! Elmer!" chided Ginny, "you can't just become an announcer over night. Announcers must go through weeks of training. They—"

"Weeks of training!" roared Elmer. "I've had *years!* Ever since the fatal day when Elsie mooed 'yes' at me, I've been trained to say, *'If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!'*"


—if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!
TUNE IN
GINNY SIMMS
IN A
GREAT NEW
RADIO SHOW
with
comedy guest stars!
★
New time, new station
Friday evenings—CBS
E.T. 7:30 M.T. 7:00
C.T. 6:30 P.T. 6:00

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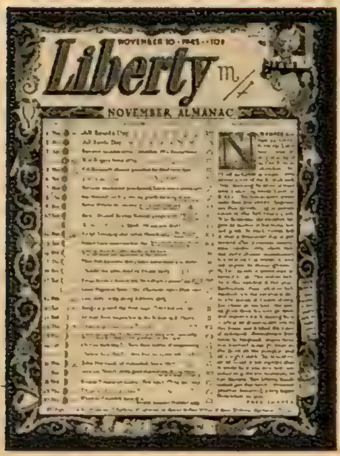
JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

JOB-HUNTING BY MAIL

When he was vice-president of J. Walter Thompson, the biggest advertising agency in the world, James D. Woolf was continually snowed under by mail, asking, DEAR SIR: ABOUT THAT JOB—. Today, with thousands of veterans joining the search for employment, it's more important than ever to know what clicks. And Mr. Woolf tells you what kind of letters hit the jack pot—and what kind land in the wastebasket. . . . For the past two and a half years, Lt. Robert T. Furman, Jr., the author of DRY STORAGE FOR WARSHIPS, has been in the Navy, writing and supervising the production of training films. He came to his present position by way of Williams College and several years' experience in New York City where he produced shorts and commercial pictures. . . . After two years of college, Jim Kjelgaard turned thumbs down on formal education and began to specialize in woodcraft. He spent some time with his brother, a Pennsylvania State Ranger, and, between bouts of factory work, went in for intensive trapping, hunting, and fishing. And it's paid off in a number of articles and short stories, like the current Short Short, IT TAKES A SKUNK TO CATCH A SKUNK. . . . Katherine Lyon, who wrote MEETING IN APRIL, recalls that as a child she was so backward that her parents feared they'd begotten a dumb daughter. "The only step I took with haste," she says of her youth, "was to get married." That she did after leaving Cornell, and she's now living at Pennsylvania State College with her husband, a botany professor.

NEXT WEEK



Squarely on Schwellenbach's shoulders falls the burden of lulling industrial strife and smoothing the road to all-out production and employment. In VETERAN HATCHET MAN RE-ENLISTS, Stacy V. Jones tells you about the man and how he works. . . . The United Steelworkers is a rugged union of rugged men. Morris Markey takes you behind the scenes for a glimpse of the workings of the organization and of the STEEL MEN WITH IRON WILLS who run it. . . . Want to CATCH YOUR OWN FUR COAT? The lowly muskrat is almost everywhere; he's worth money and he's easy to trap. Eddy Dressen gives you some pointers on how to go about it. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, THE TOWNSMAN by John Sedges, is a poignant romance, imbued with the spirit of the American frontiersman.

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CONNECTICUT HALL — Yale University — one of the oldest college buildings in America, built in 1752, remains a cherished symbol of New England sturdiness.

Built to last

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Since 1912, Armstrongs have been making their reputation with motorists in every sector of the country as tough, long-mileage tires. And among scores of value-conscious commercial fleet operators, too, they have established their name on the basis of performance year after year. They found, as you will, that Armstrong Tires have more mileage built into them; have more exclusive features that mean safety and long wear—including compression tread construction that puts more rubber on the road.

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• • •

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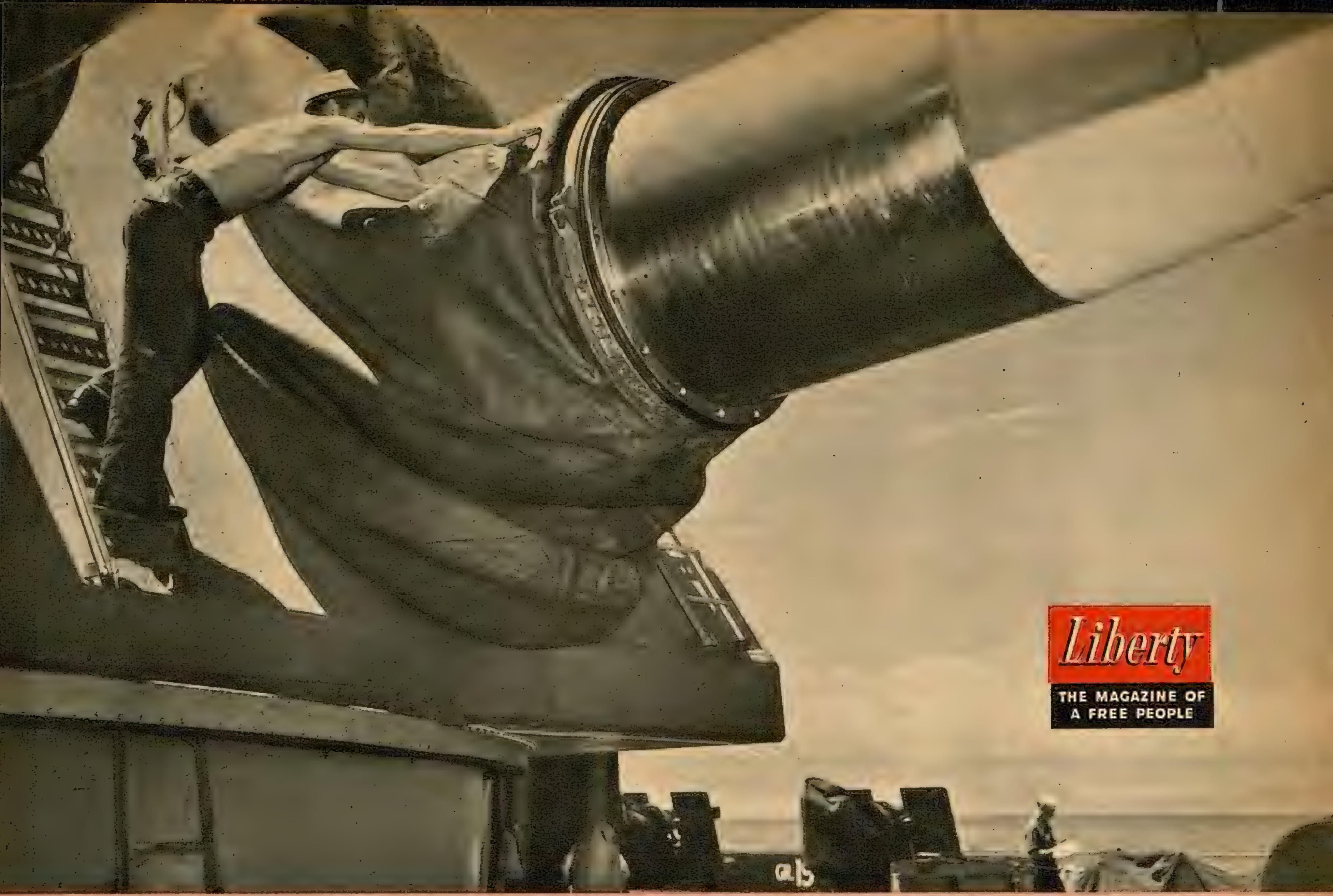


On Uncle Sam's newest battlewagons, a huge rubber "bloomer" keeps the weather out of the sixteen-inch gun turrets.

At peace, Uncle Sam won't need all his gigantic Navy. But this time there'll be no ship sinkings. To guard the future, the laboratory wizards have invented

Dry Storage for Warships

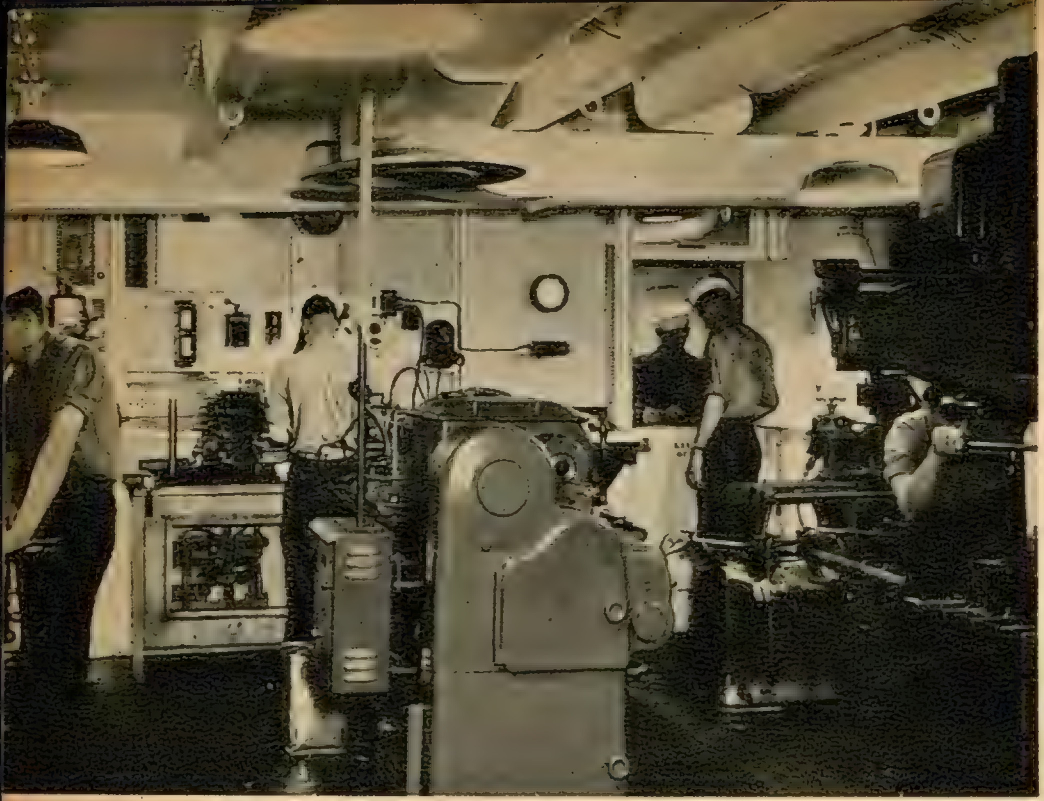
By Lt. ROBERT T. FURMAN, Jr., U. S. N. R.

ATOMIC BOMB or no, the United States is going ahead with plans for a large peacetime Navy. The new bomb may revise many techniques of modern warfare, but at this point we don't know enough of its potentialities to warrant scrapping America's twenty billion dollars' worth of fighting ships. How effective would the new bomb be against a fleet spread out over hundreds of square miles of ocean? No one knows. Until we prove that atomic missiles can protect the nation as successfully as they destroy an enemy, this country's overwhelming sea power will continue to be its first line of defense. Moreover, under the San Francisco United Nations Charter, the United States has assumed sizable military responsibilities toward the maintenance of world peace. A great part of this work, particularly in the Pacific, is logically the province of the fleet. Because current Congressional opinion seems to reflect this point of view, it's improbable that the advent of the atomic bomb will curtail the vote for a large Navy. Whatever questions do arise will concern the cost, the manpower involved, and the most effective use of the ships.

What are the possibilities?

Naval experts say that to keep all of our fleet in active service would be neither practical nor necessary. It would be expensive, and to man the vessels would mean that large numbers of men now in the Navy would have to stay in service. Of approximately 100,000 Navy vessels now in service, only 1,308 are actually combat ships. These range from destroyer escorts and submarines to battleships and giant carriers. The rest are auxiliary vessels and small craft of various types.

Plans which the Navy has worked out with the Senate and House Naval Affairs committees call for keeping



Precision work has to come out of the machine shop on fighting craft, but excessive dampness ruins machinery.

Communications equipment breaks down fast under too much moisture. Dehumidification protects it.

1,079 combat ships, 83 per cent of the wartime total, and 4,600 to 5,000 auxiliaries and minor craft necessary to service them. Only 229 combat ships will be disposed of, plus 5,700 auxiliaries and special service vessels no longer needed. The Navy also has more than 80,000 small craft of various types, including converted yachts and launches, which will be retained or disposed of through the Maritime Commission. Excluding these small craft, the number of ships planned for the peacetime fleet adds up to approximately 6,000. Naval planning authorities believe that this great permanent American naval force will be superior to any fleet which any likely combination of hostile powers could bring against this country in the forseeable future.

But, in the interest of saving money and manpower, only about one-third of the 6,000 ship fleet will be kept with steam up, manned and ready for service. The other two-thirds will be retired to inactive service—laid up. What will happen to these vessels? Will they deteriorate and require three to six months of frantic repair work before they are fit to fight, as did the World War I destroyers we turned over to Great Britain in 1940? If that's the case, won't all of the ships we lay up, two-thirds of our postwar Navy, be next to useless against the kind of lightning attack we must be prepared to meet in the future?

FORTUNATELY, war-accelerated research has given the Navy the answer. New methods of ship preservation, using such seemingly incongruous elements as blond human hair, desert-dry air, and chemical packaging, have been developed, proved, and adopted. By their use the United States can lay up many ships, still have them ready for action on short notice, and do it for about 5 per cent of what it would cost to maintain the same ship in active peacetime service.

Earlier ship-preservation methods had serious limitations. The old paint, for example, protected steel surfaces well enough, but it was inflammable and it did nothing to prevent ships' bottoms from becoming fouled with barnacles in twelve to eighteen months. That meant dry-docking and scraping, an expensive and time-consuming process.

Engines and exposed metal parts had to be completely dismantled and the parts thickly coated with heavy black grease. In time the grease hardened and became exceedingly difficult to remove. Returning a ship's engines to service required live steam to soften the grease, weeks of back-breaking scraping and assembling, and quantities of skilled manpower, not always immediately available. And it took time—weeks and months. As for the more delicate equipment such as radios, gun directors, and the like, nothing much could be done. Waterproof coverings don't keep out the damp sea air. In the course of years, moisture destroyed much of this equipment as surely as enemy bombs could have done it.

Moisture! Moisture in the air is the cause of 90 per cent of the problems involved in ship preservation. Protect a ship from the ravages of moisture and it would stay in fighting trim indefinitely. Moisture can turn bright steel into a heap of rust in a year's time. It mildews clothes, rots wood, and robs rope of its strength. It carries salt to metal parts, accelerating corrosion.

Elaborate tests have proved that as long as humidity is kept at 35 per cent or below, the air does not give up moisture enough to rust or corrode metals, develop mold and mildew, or harm electrical equipment.

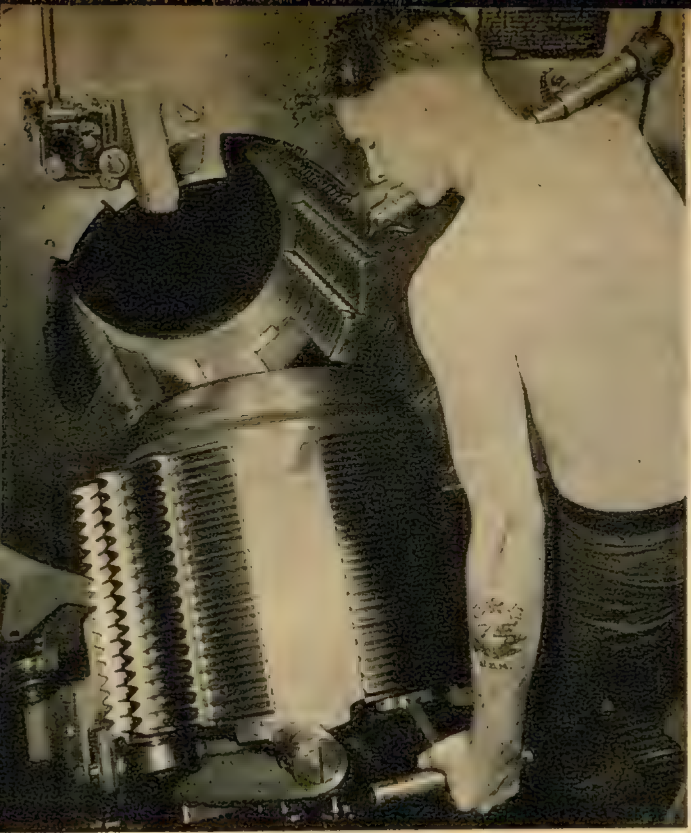
As the humidity goes below 35 per cent the process is reversed. The air begins to draw moisture from paint, wood, insulation, cordage, and gaskets—and another danger develops. Allowed to dry out, these materials become brittle and lose their life. Too little moisture as well as too much can ruin them. Tests have determined that these materials can stand humidity as low as 25 per cent without damage. So it appears that if the humidity inside a ship could be kept between 25 and 35 per cent, all the equipment and the inside of the hull would remain intact indefinitely. That, exactly, is now being done with several test ships. It is the treatment the Navy proposes for all ships which are to be laid up.

THIS humidity control is accomplished with mechanical air driers called dehumidification machines which suck the moist air out from one point in a ship's hull, dry it, and pump it back in again at another point, keeping the dry air in circulation throughout the entire ship. The ship's hull will be sealed and the fire mains used as air ducts; thus no special installation is required.

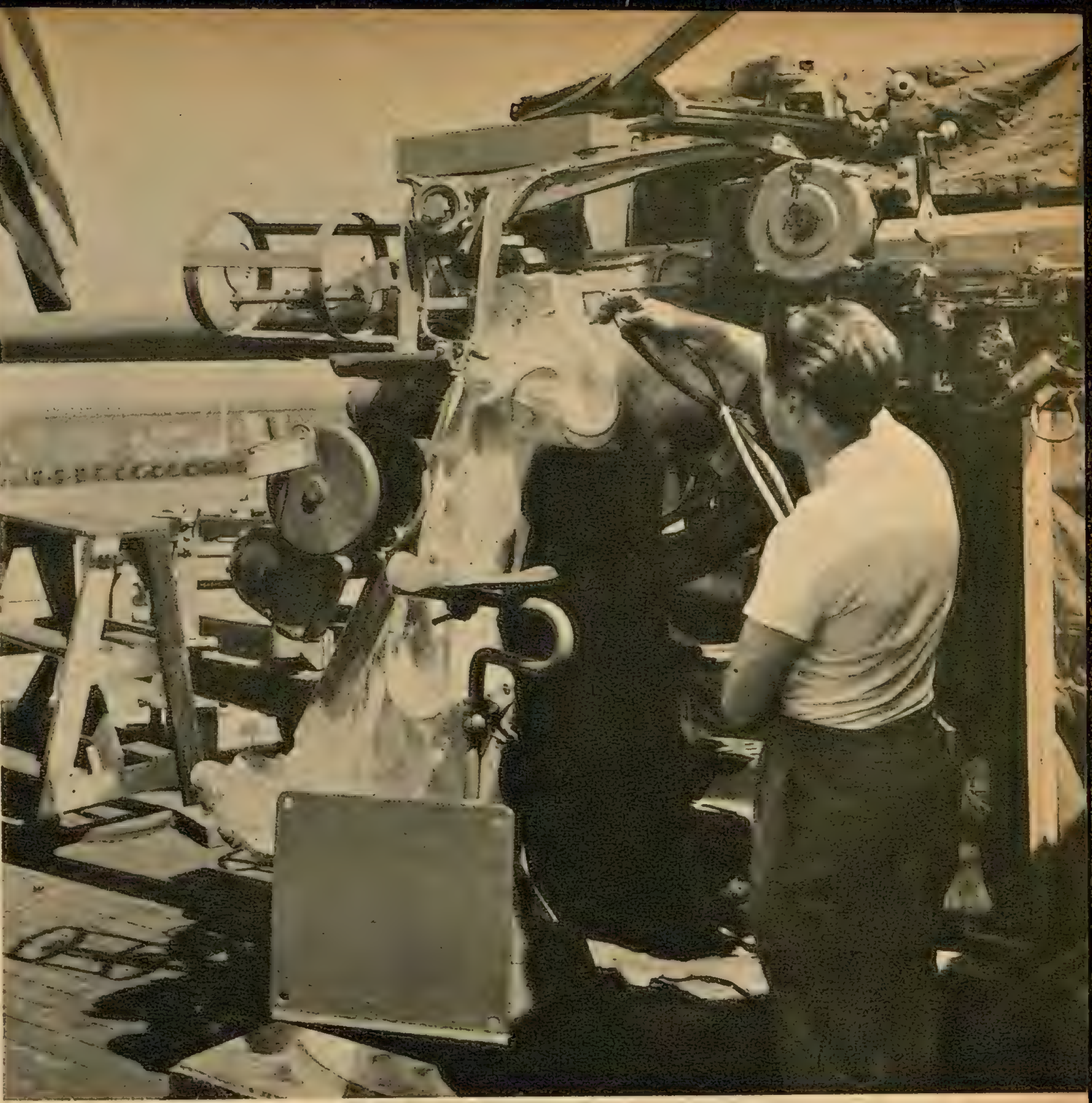
At the start, the dehumidification machines will run continuously until the whole interior of the hull and superstructure has been dried out. After that, they need operate only long enough each day to counteract what little moisture seeps in through cracks and crevices.

The machines are controlled automatically by moisture-measuring devices called humidistats. These instruments take advantage of the fact that human hair lengthens when it is damp. About 100 strands of hair—blond, straight, and unbleached because it's more sensitive—are stretched between two metal clamps. As moisture hits the humidistat, the hair stretches, allowing tiny springs to operate an electrical switch. When the majority of the humidistats scattered throughout the ship signal, "It's getting damp down here," the machine starts up and begins to dry the air. As the air dries out, the strands of hair give up their moisture, shrink, and break the circuit, stopping the machine.

Dehumidification machines cost only about $1,500, and one of them can keep the air inside a destroyer



No longer will finely machined surfaces have to be coated with clinging grease.



Out of a spray nozzle a deck gun gets its form-fitting coat of protective plastic—and winds up securely swathed against corrosion, yet ready for action in minutes.

at a safe level of dryness at a cost of about one dollar a day. Five or six may be required to do the job on a battleship, but that's pretty low-cost protection for ships that cost from $12,000,000 to $70,000,000.

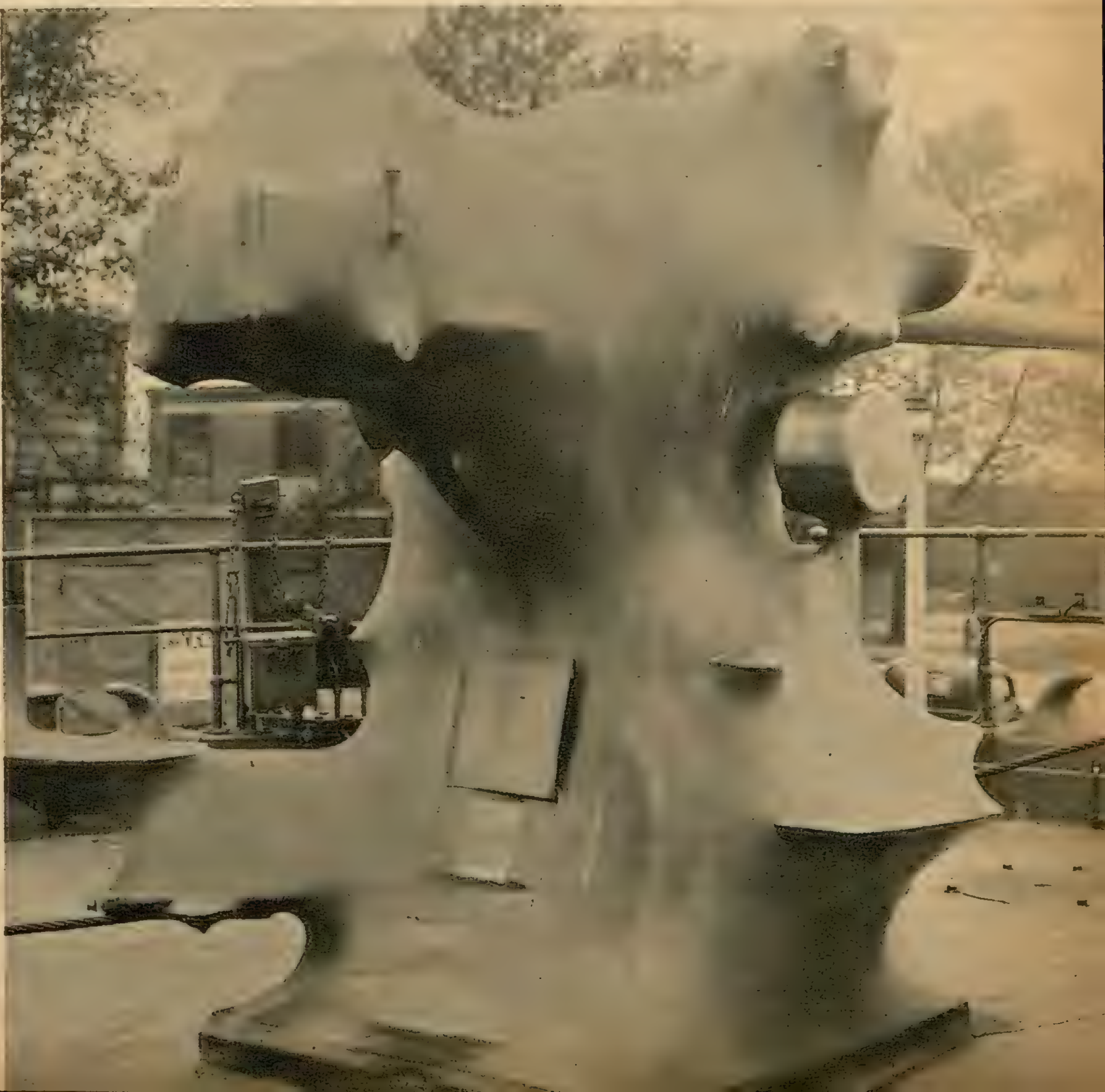
Automatic "dynamic dehumidification," as the Navy calls this process, can protect what is inside the sealed hull and superstructure, but it won't keep barnacles off the ship's bottom and it won't protect the guns, searchlights, and other equipment on deck. These problems have been solved in other ways.

THE Navy's Bureau of Ships has developed a hot plastic anti-fouling paint which is now in use on all ships in active service. Applied hot, it protects the hull better than did the paint of the old "red lead" days and, in addition, barnacles don't like it. As a result, the time between dry-dockings for active ships has been almost quadrupled. The hot plastic paint will keep the hulls of inactive ships in serviceable condition for as long as five years if they are berthed in salt water, and for fifteen years or twenty years in fresh water. So the dry-docking, scraping, and painting bill for keeping inactive ships fit will run about one fifth to one tenth of what it used to be.

To protect deck equipment exposed to rain, snow, wind, and sun, as well as humidity, a new chemical packaging process called "strippable coating" has been devised. It amounts to enclosing each piece of equipment in its own weatherproof, moistureproof package. The revolutionary thing about the packaging material is that it is sprayed on. It comes out of a spray gun in long slender fibers, like strands of silk out of a silkworm, and encases the equipment in what looks like an enormous tight-fitting cocoon. Three layers of the fibers produce a coating strong enough to support the weight of a man.

When the package is complete, a square hole is cut through the coat-

(*Continued on page 83*)



COLOR PHOTOS BY DOROTHY HOFFMAN

Girl meets gull. That worried look on Dave's face means, will gull bite girl? Cathy Downs, Twentieth Century-Fox actress, seems uncertain.

Apparently all's well, for later Cathy gets Frosty to fly to her hand. And then . . .

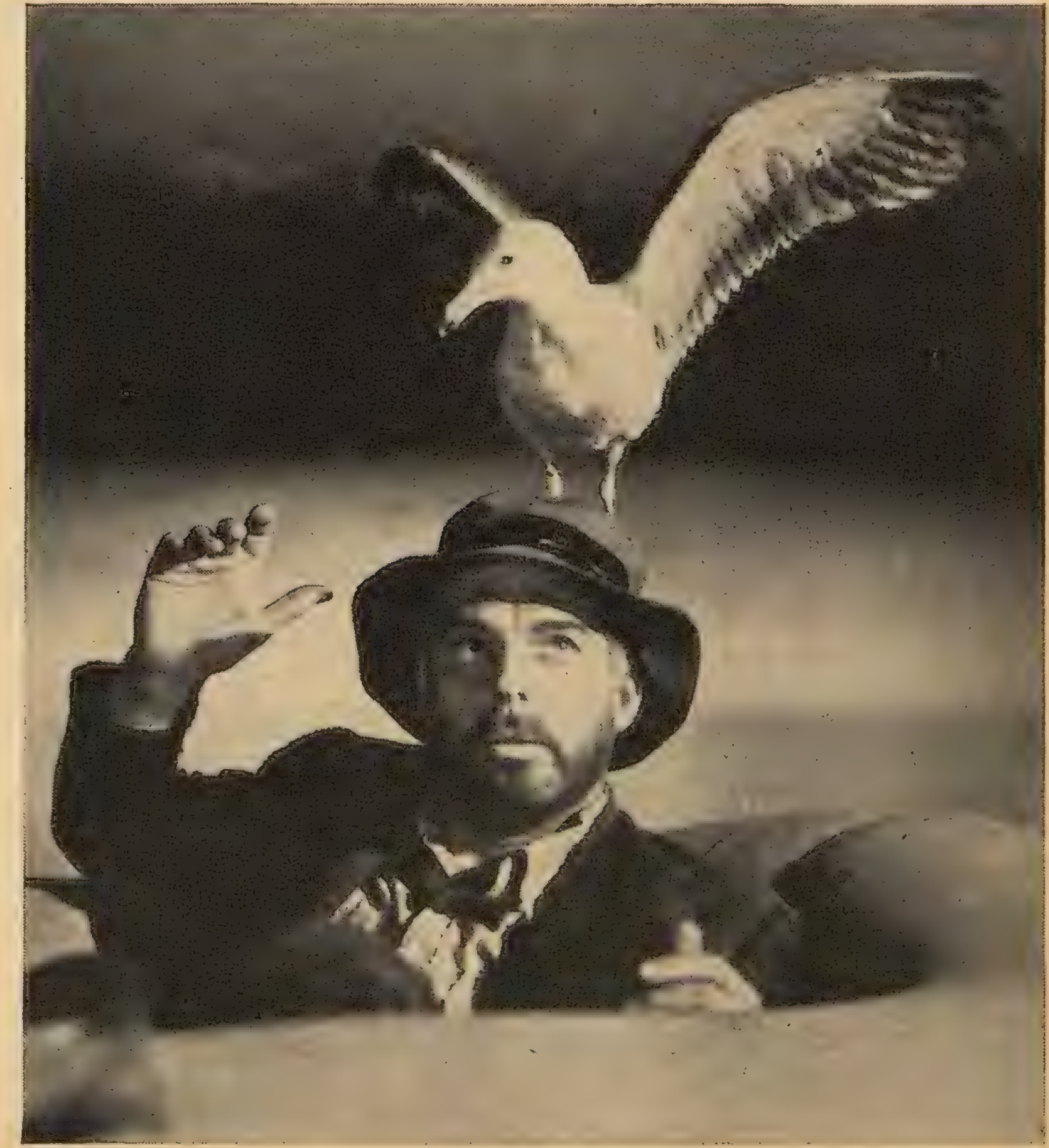
. . . the sea gull alights on Cathy's head.

How to Train a Sea Gull

BY DAVE TWIFORD
as told to
MICHAEL SHERIDAN

The movies sometimes require animals or birds to do strange things. One of the strangest was getting a sea gull to land on Fred MacMurray's head in Captain Eddie. Here's how it's done

TWENTIETH-CENTURY-FOX PHOTO



THE most important thing to remember when training a sea gull is not to let it get near enough at first to indulge in the sea-gull habit of taking a quick hard bite at your face. A good bite will rip out a strip of flesh about an inch wide and three inches long, and as the incision invariably starts at the corner of your eye and runs down to your lip, it won't improve your appearance. Also, it may heal very slowly.

Fortunately the average sea gull is afraid of human beings. More comforting, he stays wild only about three days. So if you can work with him that long without getting seriously hurt, the rest should come easy. After that, the worst that can happen is for the sea gull to fly toward you and smash at your eyeballs with its wings. This blinds you momentarily and pains you for several hours, but that's all.

A sea gull is much like a vulture, or a falcon, or any kind of horned owl, so you should apply some caution. Like the vulture, the sea gull is more of a scavenger than a fighter, so it's safer to keep him well fed.

Frankly, the sea gull is not the easiest of birds to train. Magpies, crows, and ravens, like elephants, never forget. Not so the sea gull, who forgets everything after a few hours.

Many trainers of small animals haven't fared too well with sea gulls. One trainer I know dropped his

(*Continued on page 98*)

Top: Dave Twiford with Frosty, the sea gull he trained to perform in this scene from Captain Eddie, shown at right.

1000 SHARES

Vast wealth lies forgotten in the attics and desk drawers of this nation. Any of it hiding in your house?

Is There Treasure in Your Old Trunk?

By U. T. McCURRY and JOHN B. HUGHES

MANY of you who read this are the owners of money you have forgotten or about which you never knew. It is waiting for you to claim it. Much of it will eventually be used by your state or federal government; some of it may vanish mysteriously, and some lie hidden forever. Billions of dollars in unclaimed funds belonging to millions of Americans are buried in the books of corporations and government offices, federal, state, county, and municipal. Most of it will never reach its rightful owners unless our laws are drastically changed.

This accumulation of unclaimed funds and abandoned property is a monument to human carelessness. It is difficult to believe that a man could go away and forget $10,000 deposited in a bank, but it has happened. Bonds, stocks, and valuable investment certificates lie forgotten in drawers, safe-deposit boxes, or in old trunks. Sometimes the owners think such securities worthless.

A wealthy Western rancher scoffed at an investigator who had tracked him down as the owner of two forgotten $1,000 bonds. After much urging, the rancher finally began a search—and found the bonds in an old trunk. He promptly collected.

David Butler, Hollywood motion-picture director, recently recovered a $5,000 savings-and-loan-company certificate which for ten years he considered worthless until a professional investigator got Butler and his money together—for a fee.

A former Chamber of Commerce president in a large city also got several thousand dollars recently from a long-forgotten and supposedly worthless certificate. Men like him are easily located because of their prominence, but even in such cases it is usually the professional searcher, working for a percentage of the "lost" funds he promises to find, who restores the property to the forgetful owner. Neither private corporations nor government departments are inclined to institute costly searches for missing persons who have money coming to them.

It's almost unbelievable—but true—this story of forgotten billions of dollars which lie unclaimed in bank vaults and public treasuries. Maybe some of it belongs to you

Occasionally someone complains loudly about a "bandit" who has charged a 50-per-cent fee for finding forgotten wealth or searching out an unknown inheritance, but the profession is not notably lucrative. One such professional investigator said, "Why shouldn't I get a fat percentage? My clients don't know they have the money coming, or they'd go get it themselves. What I get them is pure velvet. They should be glad to split fifty-fifty."

Most unclaimed funds are a matter of public record, but that does not necessarily mean public information. To get information one must first prove he has a legal interest in a certain identifiable item, and since owners seldom know that such assets exist, this makes the whole matter rather difficult. In trying to get general information from city and county officials in states from coast to coast, the writers of this article were repeatedly rebuffed and often refused even broad totals and estimates of impounded, escheated, and other unclaimed moneys.

It is probable that every state, every county, and every city in the nation is holding funds which do not belong to it. Such money accumulates from unredeemed bonds, warrants, tax refunds, condemnation awards, court funds, and other sources. There have been accusations indicating that some untrustworthy officials may have dipped into these funds.

The books of one Midwestern city show about $3,000,000 in outstanding unredeemed bonds, although the issues have matured and have ceased to bear interest. The city treasury should have the full amount in the fund set aside for redemption of those bonds, yet that fund has a balance of only $601,000. A citizens' committee is now trying to find out what happened to the rest—approximately $2,400,000. State laws providing for the escheat of such unclaimed funds after a reasonable period of time and requiring the periodic audit of such accounts would protect the public from such depredation.

Los Angeles has an unclaimed balance of $387,591.94 due owners of municipal bonds. These bonds are unregistered, so there is no record of ownership—no way of starting search for the men and women who have so much money coming to them. The County of Los Angeles also has its pile of unclaimed money, approximately $350,000 in interest and principal of bonds which have not been presented for payment. Another $100,000 has been accumulated from court funds and property of deceased persons.

In the latter category is the estate of B. Muzik, who was apparently poverty-stricken when he died in a roominghouse in 1941. After his death police found bankbooks showing $80,000 on deposit in Los Angeles banks. A will bequeathed everything to a brother in Poland. No trace has been found of the brother, who may have been a victim of the Nazis. By state law the money will revert to the state of California at the end of five years, but the federal government wants it, too. A demand has been made by the Alien Property Custodian, who may be compelled to prove that the Polish heir is still alive before the courts will rule against the claim of the state. Meanwhile the $80,000 is in custody of the county public administrator.

COUNTY TREASURY

Huge government funds await claimants.

You should check over the family hiding places and see what you have in the way of engraved or printed pieces of paper with figures and dollar signs, because there is a good chance that you have overlooked something. The federal government and hundreds of corporations want you to cash in those old bonds. Unclaimed in the federal treasury is $178,000,000 just from government bonds that have matured and ceased to bear interest. Many of those bonds will never be presented for payment. Some have been burned with the waste paper during spring housecleaning. Nevertheless, millions of dollars' worth of these bonds are still tucked away in homes and offices.

A few years hence, when the bonds for World War II begin to mature, the total of unclaimed money in this fund is expected to soar into the billions. Treasury officials know that of the estimated 85,000,000 owners of war bonds, thousands will forget.

Such individual neglect is not solely a phenomenon of the easy-money periods, but has been going on ever since man began doing business by means of printed promises to pay. The federal treasury still holds $27,869.77 for the owners of some government stock certificates issued in 1790. Another $105,000 is unclaimed from bonds issued in 1862 and matured in 1882. Of course it is probable that these bonds have long since been destroyed, but there is also the chance that some of them might be found among heirlooms from a grandfather who fought at Antietam. If they are found, they will be worth just as much as they were in 1882.

The total of money unclaimed and remaining in the hands of private corporations, resulting from the stocks and bonds which have never been presented for redemption, is impossible to calculate, but it is tremendous. Very few corporations are willing to reveal the figures, but one utility corporation, not among the largest, proudly stated its stock-dividend position because it had made unusual efforts to keep in touch with its stockholders. Despite this, the company showed $38,000 in unclaimed dividends and $3,700 in unclaimed matured stock.

BENEFICIARIES ADDRESS UNKNOWN
POLICY

Insurance puzzle: Find the beneficiary.

Banks act as trustee in most private bond issues and in many other financing projects where securities are sold to the public. Such funds are even more difficult to locate and estimate. The Citizens National Bank of Los Angeles, acting as trustee for C. C. Julian Wells, an oil promotion of the '20s, reports that of 1,660 owners of shares in three oil wells still producing, 462 have not received dividends for fifteen years. Checks mailed to them have been returned marked "Address unknown." The company got in trouble with the law, and most shareholders promptly assumed they had been bilked. But the money is still waiting for them.

Another accumulation from oil-well production amounts to almost $300,000 and belongs to the former owners of small-town lots which were joined in a community leasing project. The oil wells were good, and the money is good, but the owners just went away and forgot.

All sorts of legal processes wind

(*Continued on page 103*)

Great hoards pile up in banks when box renters abandon their caches.

Big Prosperity Ahead?

BY DARRELL HUFF

Here's a forecast of business activity made by business men. It's sound, it's factual, it's based on "grass roots" information—and it's tremendously heartening

WHAT kind of country are we going to have in 1946? What shape will American industry take in this crucial first postwar year? And—the big question—will there be jobs enough to go around?

Crystal balls are notoriously unreliable, but even as this is written—only weeks after V-J Day—we do have an amazingly helpful and informative substitute in the combined opinions of 1,564 manufacturers and their trade associations.

What business men think is important in itself, because it's their confidence and willingness to go ahead that will keep things moving. Only out of their plans can come the refrigerators, houses, and cars, the shirts, shotguns, and nylons we've been waiting to buy, and the jobs that will be needed—are already beginning to be needed—for more Americans than ever before in peacetime.

So it becomes pretty important that American industry thinks this first postwar year will be a good one for everybody. It plans to turn out 42 per cent more goods in that year than in 1939—a pace that probably will create jobs for all who want them.

This picture of stoves and chairs and automobiles and stockings and underwear flowing into retail stores in an ever-increasing flood comes from the most comprehensive survey of markets ever undertaken by business. It is made up of facts, opinions, estimates, and individual surveys of business men, and has been correlated and fashioned by the Committee for Economic Development into an understandable sort of economic weathervane that points straight toward prosperity.

This C.E.D. is a progressive, nonpolitical organization of business men joined together to promote the economic development of the country. It works through the 60,000 members of its local committees to urge American business to plan for 30 to 45 per cent more business volume and 7,000,000 to 10,000,000 more jobs than before the war.

In deciding what the C.E.D. figures are worth, you will want to know who some of these business men are. The chairman of the C.E.D. is Paul G. Hoffman, president of Studebaker. Familiar names among the trustees include William Benton, W. L. Clayton, Chester C. Davis, Jay C. Hormel, Eric A. Johnston, Harry Scherman.

Our picture of tomorrow is what the C.E.D. and its marketing committee, of which T. G. MacGowan of Firestone is chairman, learned during the last year and a half by turning loose on American industry the fact-finding talents of fifty of our smartest market researchers and business economists. Their findings are the key to whether you and I—employee, employer, or self-employed—will be able to make a good living in the years just ahead.

It is all based on long-range forecasting, something business is not accustomed to. But it is by no means blue-sky stuff. Take, for instance, that exciting over-all figure of 42 per cent more goods than in 1939. Since Japan capitulated, MacGowan has been able to define the period in which this increase is expected to occur as the twelve months beginning September 1, 1946. Until then, the C.E.D. believes, most industries will be passing through the reconversion period.

That 42 per cent is a total for all industry, based on the estimated increase in ten industries producing nondurable goods (food, clothing, etc.), nine durable-goods industries (automobiles, bricks, etc.), and one group of miscellaneous industries.

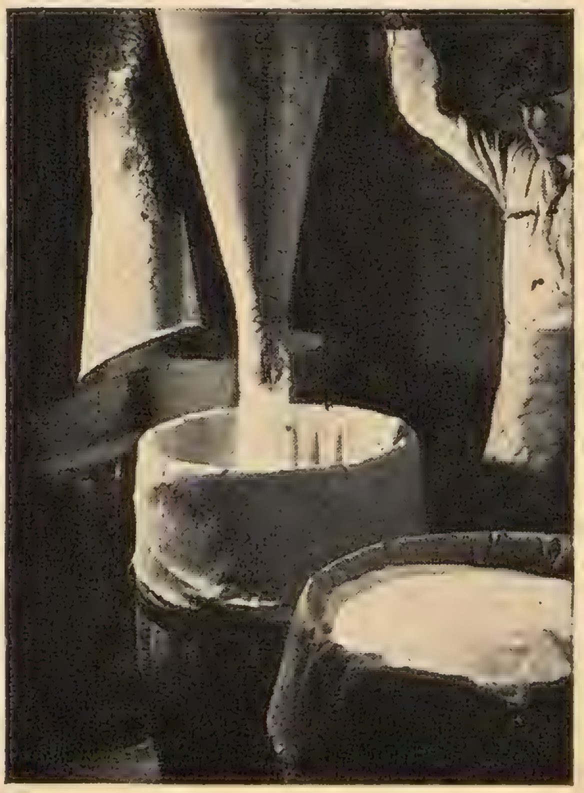
But each of these twenty figures

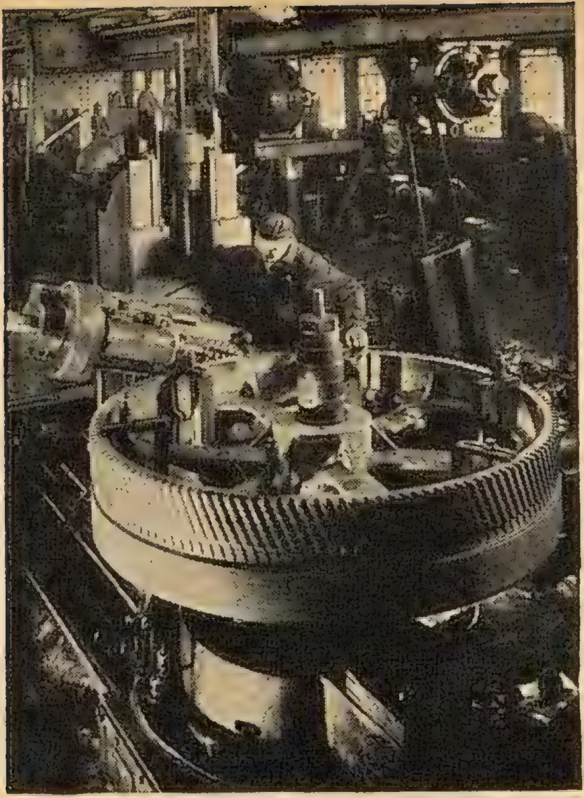
(Continued on page 100)

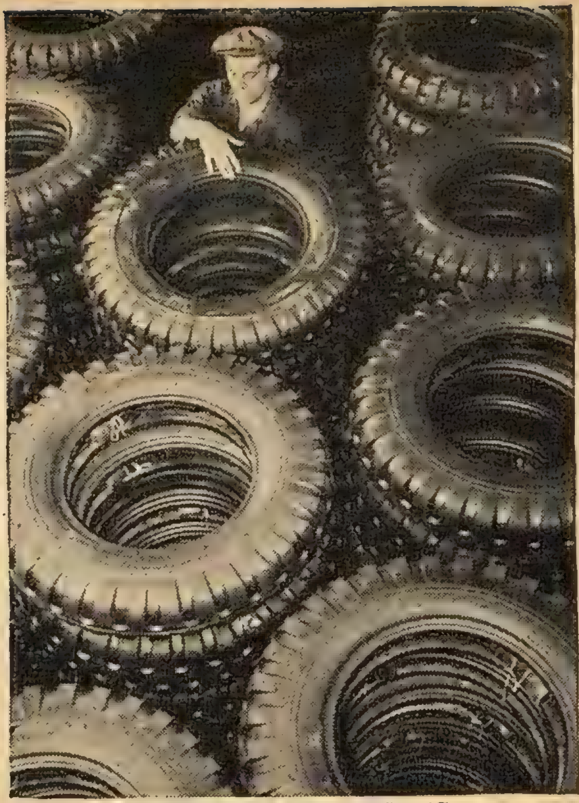
PHOTOS FROM EWING GALLOWAY, ACME, PRESS ASSOCIATION, INTERNATIONAL, KEYSTONE.

CARS AND EQUIPMENT
Up 75.8 per cent.

TRANSPORTATION EQUIPMENT
Up 74.3 per cent.

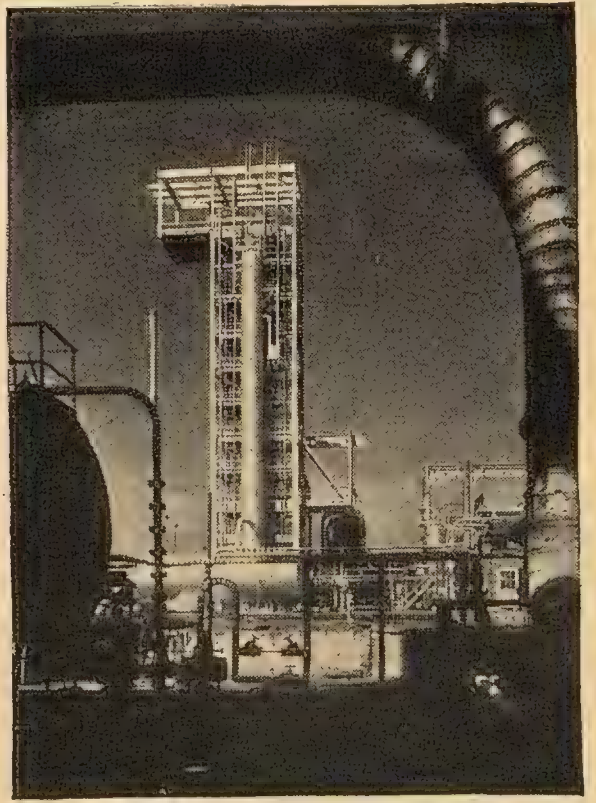

CHEMICALS
Up 58.2 per cent.


MACHINERY (non-electrical)
Up 52.5 per cent.


RUBBER PRODUCTS
Up 47.3 per cent.

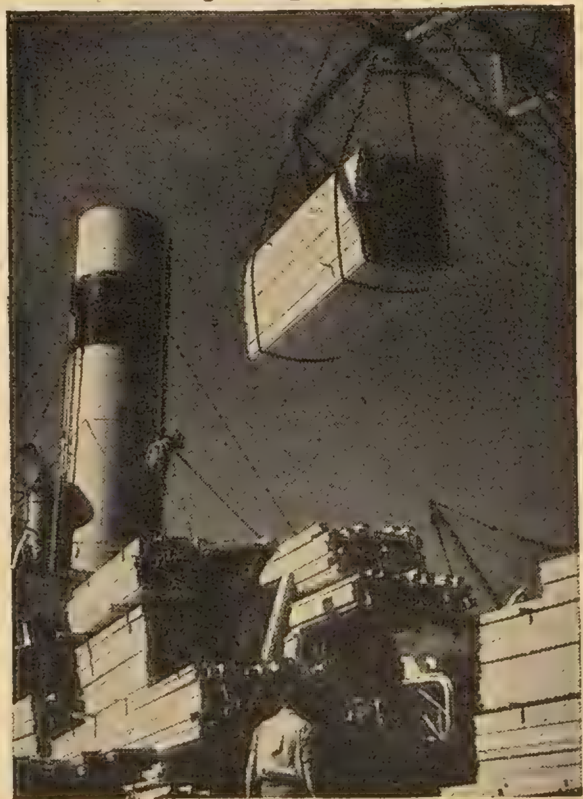
GLASS PRODUCTS
Up 43.2 per cent.

IRON AND STEEL
Up 37.3 per cent.


PETROLEUM PRODUCTS
Up 36.2 per cent.

FOOD
Up 33.6 per cent.

TEXTILE PRODUCTS
Up 27.2 per cent.


LUMBER PRODUCTS
Up 25.9 per cent.

LEATHER
Up 22.3 per cent.

PERSONNEL MANAGER

Dear Sir: About That Job –

BY JAMES D. WOOLF

An expert reveals the "secrets" of getting an answer to that job-seeking letter. Some things are good to do; others very bad. Read here before you write

JOB hunting becomes more important than ever during the reconversion period, particularly for the returning millions of service men and women, many of whom were in school or had no experience in seeking jobs before the war.

For more than thirty years I have been getting many, many hundreds of letters from young men and women—and old ones, too—asking me for a job. Some of these letters have been very good, but many of them were hardly worth the paper and ink it took to write them.

Because I am an advertising man, interested in the art of putting words together to make people do things, I have given a lot of thought to these letters, studying them carefully to determine, if I could, why some of them "clicked" so much more effectively than others. I think I have learned a lot from them, and what I hope to do here is to pass along to returning veterans and other job seekers some observations that may be helpful.

The chances are that you seek a special opportunity and don't want any old job. By all means make as many personal calls as you can, but, to *multiply your chances,* make a list of all the companies for which you'd like to work—ten, twenty, or thirty of them—and write them a letter—*a good letter.*

When you write a letter asking for a job, you must assume that the man to whom you are writing has no interest in you whatever. *You simply don't exist for him.* His great interests, quite naturally, are *himself, his* business (or *his* job, if the business is not his), *his* problems, and *his* struggle for success, *his* welfare and the welfare of *his* family.

Your task is to somehow relate yourself to his interests. If you have something he wants, and if in the opening lines of your letter you can make him feel it, he is pretty sure to read further. You see, the first hurdle you must leap is his disinclination to read your letter at all.

"I am twenty-four years of age, have had a high-school education, and am married" is no way to start a job-getting letter. Why? Simply because the man to whom you are writing is not interested. You may be twenty-four or sixty-four, an illiterate or a Phi Beta Kappa, single, married, or a widower. You may be sure he cares about none of these matters during these first few words of your "courtship."

TRY, if possible, to say something about him and his needs and his problems. For example: "Perhaps your accounting department, hard-pressed these days because of the new tax laws, needs trained help, etc." Not a very stirring opening, true, but it touches on a matter that *may* be bothering him, hence may strike a responsive chord.

It is not always possible to be specific, and circumstances may be such that you are compelled to write more or less in the dark. In these cases, try at least to get a *you* feeling rather than a *me* feeling into your opening. Possibly you have heard that the man you are writing to is "self-made." An opening like this might be good: "Your business, everybody says, has been built up largely by the efforts of self-made men—men who started with you from scratch when the company was small."

Give *specific* and *complete* information about yourself. Here, for example, is a vague and general letter that could not possibly be of interest to an employer:

Dear Sir: Have you an opening in your organization for a young man of twenty-five?

My education has been good, I have had some general business experience, and I can give good references. I was overseas with the U. S. Army for two years and was given some specialized training.

I am enthusiastic and a hard worker and all I ask is a chance to make good. Will appreciate hearing from you at your convenience.

THIS letter is remarkable principally for the information it withholds. It fails to state the nature and extent of the writer's education, the length and character of his "general business experience," the nature of his "specialized training" in the Army, the type of job he thinks he is fitted for, what companies he has worked for, and so on.

Now compare the above letter with this one to a wholesale drug house:

Dear Sir: Isn't it true that the success of your business is founded on your understanding of the retail druggist—your understanding of his needs and problems, his hopes, his ambitions?

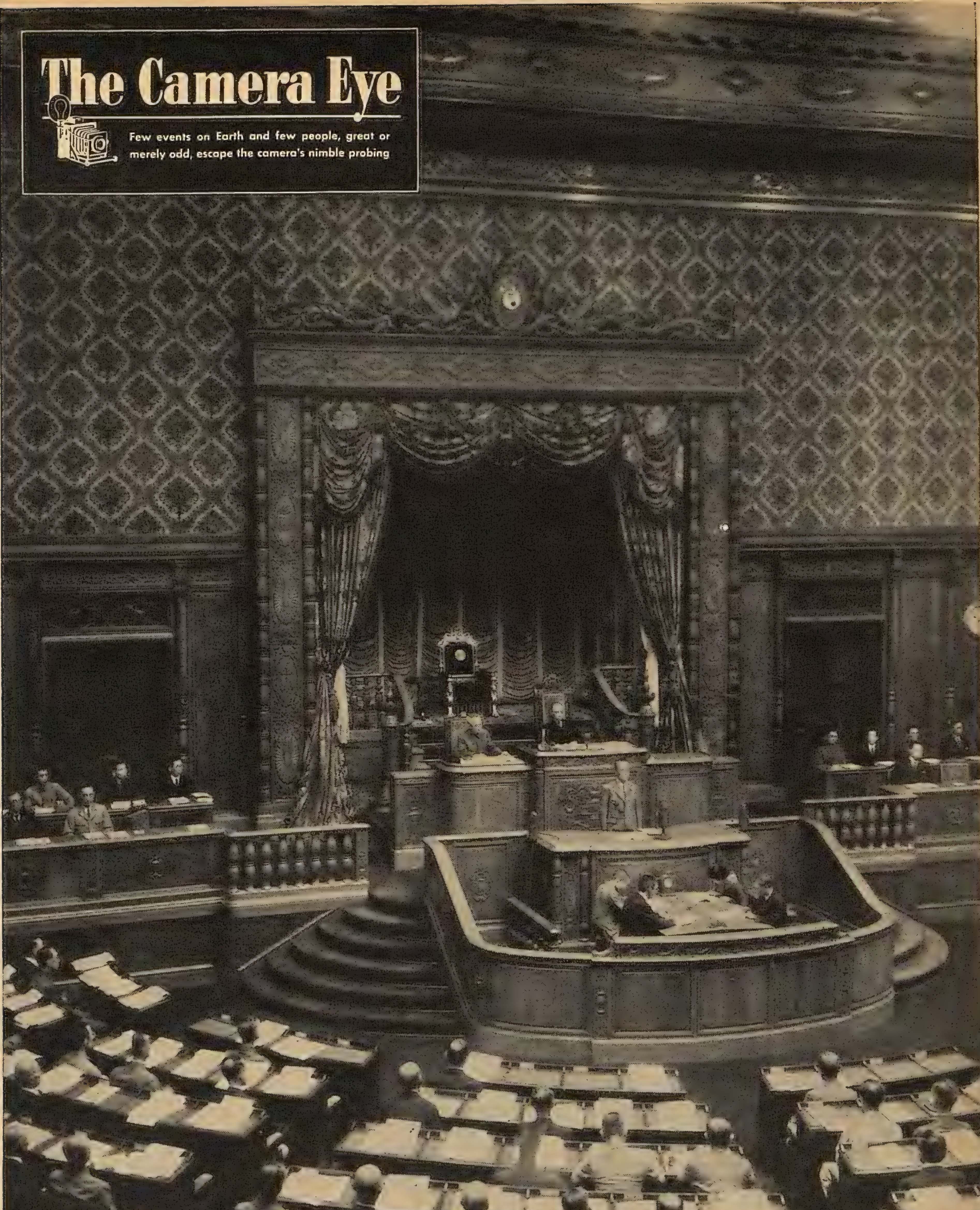
I am the son of a retail druggist. I am twenty-three years of age now, and I have helped out in my father's drugstore since I was fourteen. I am pretty sure that if I were on your side of the fence, and it was my job to sell merchandise to the retail drug trade, I would know just how to go about it.

In addition to what I have learned

(*Continued on page 82*)

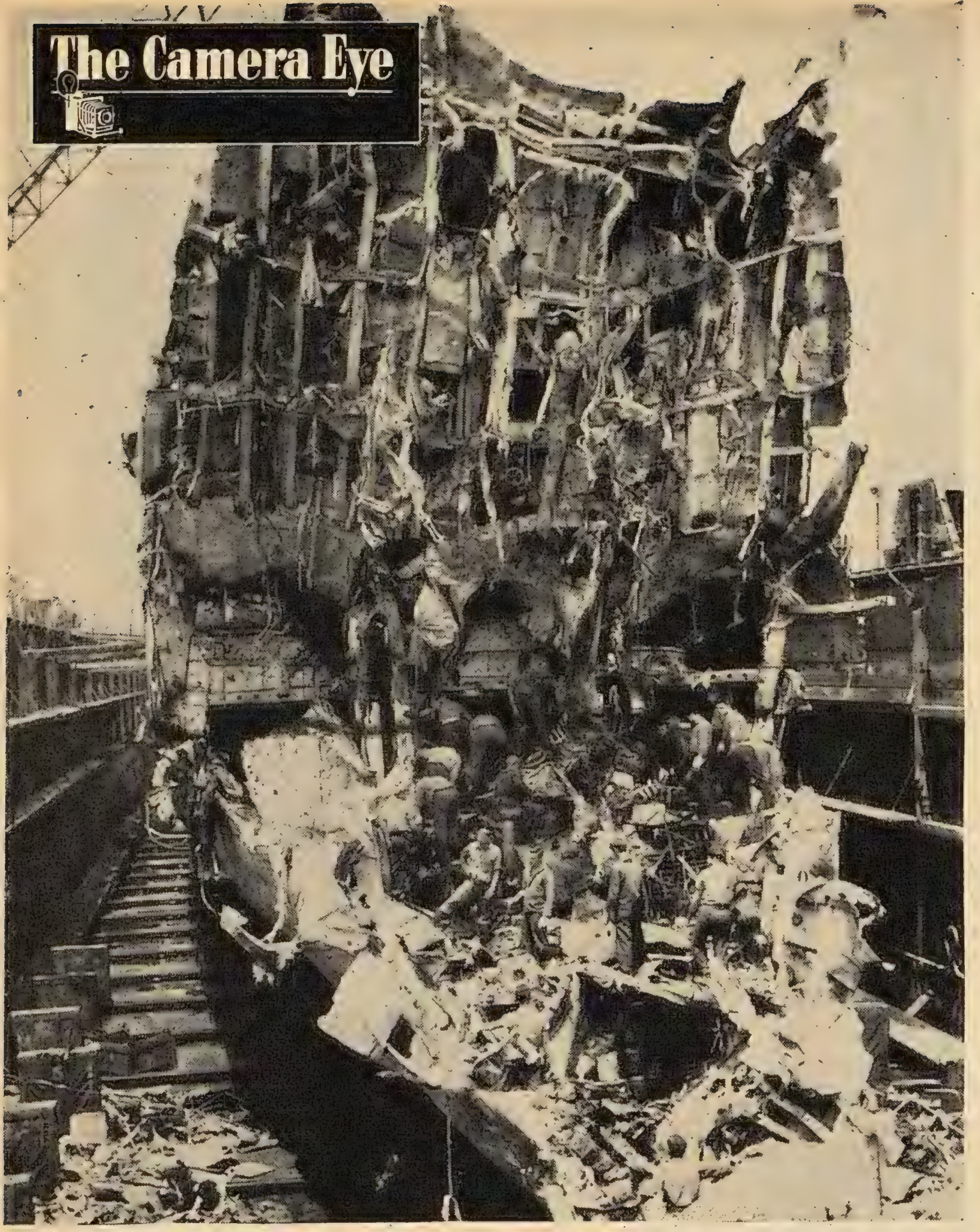
The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



GENTLEMEN, THE BAD NEWS!—This historic photograph shows the Upper House of Japan's Imperial Diet gathered in its eighty-eighth session to hear the official account of how that nation, so mighty only a few years ago, was so soundly thrashed. The apologist, standing, is Prince Naruhiko Higashi-Kuni, Prime Minister and cousin of the Emperor.

The Camera Eye

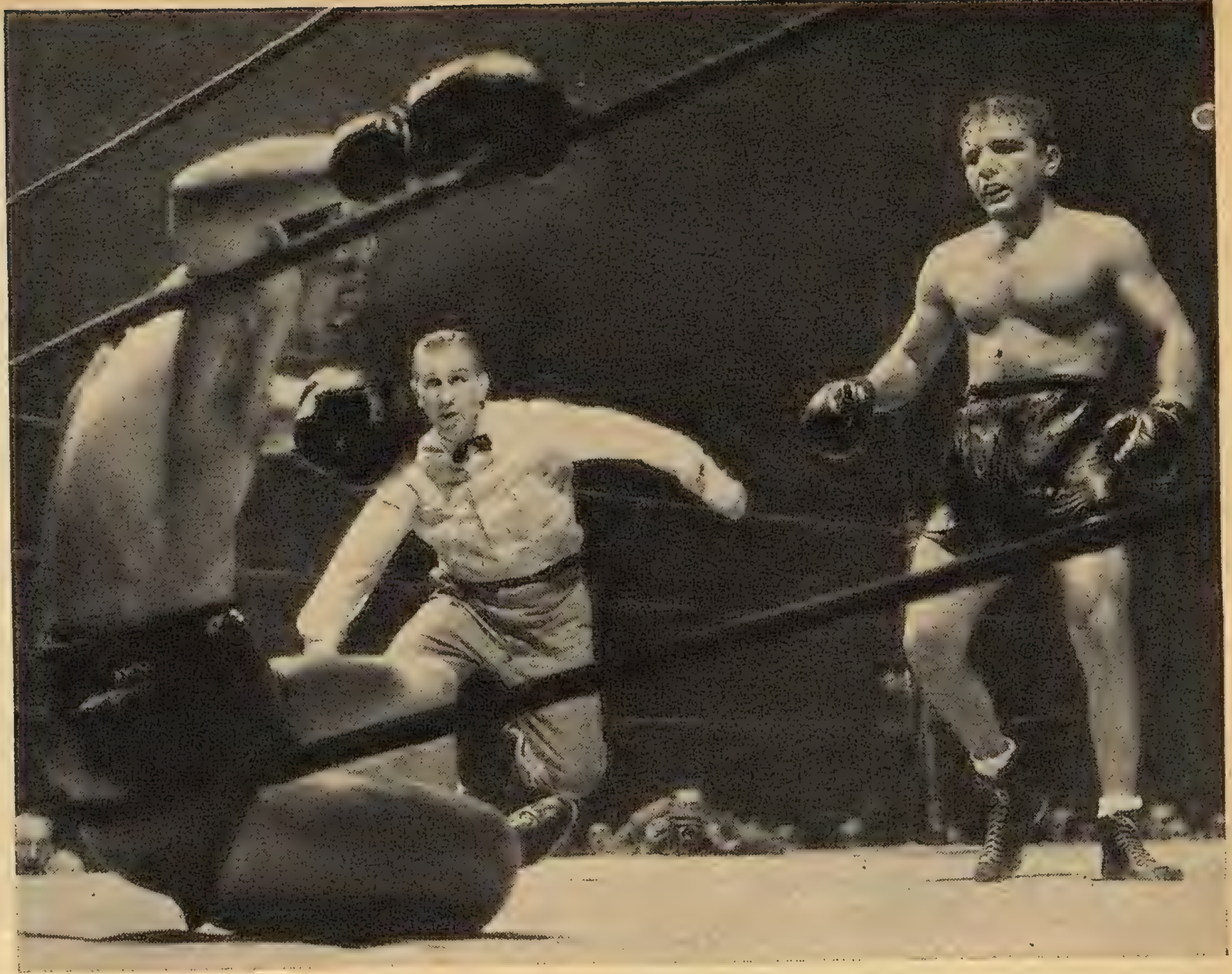


SHE STAYED AFLOAT!—This picture, recently released, shows the mine layer Lindsey after two Kamikazes blew up her magazine off Okinawa. Incredibly, she refused to sink.

ALTITUDE, 10,000 FEET—Here's a model of the galley aboard one of the Boeing Stratocruisers. Looks as though the chef has all the conveniences except that he can't run next door and borrow an egg or a cup of sugar. Those trays, incidentally, rest on slip-proof shelves.

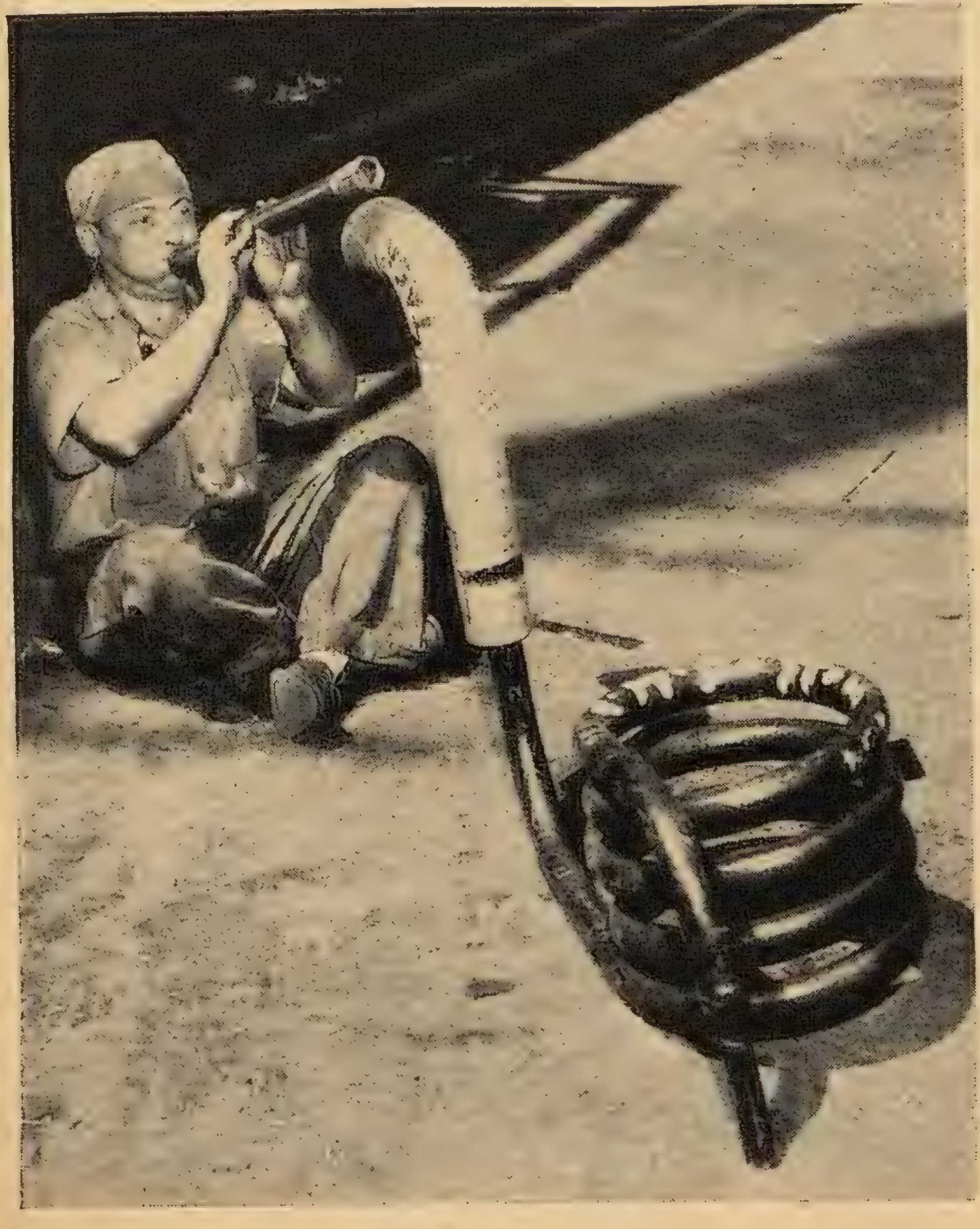
SCRAM, CHUM—Deported, the one-time bundist Fritz Kuhn prepares to sail home to what is left of Germany. Just what does that smirk mean, Fritz—smile or leer?

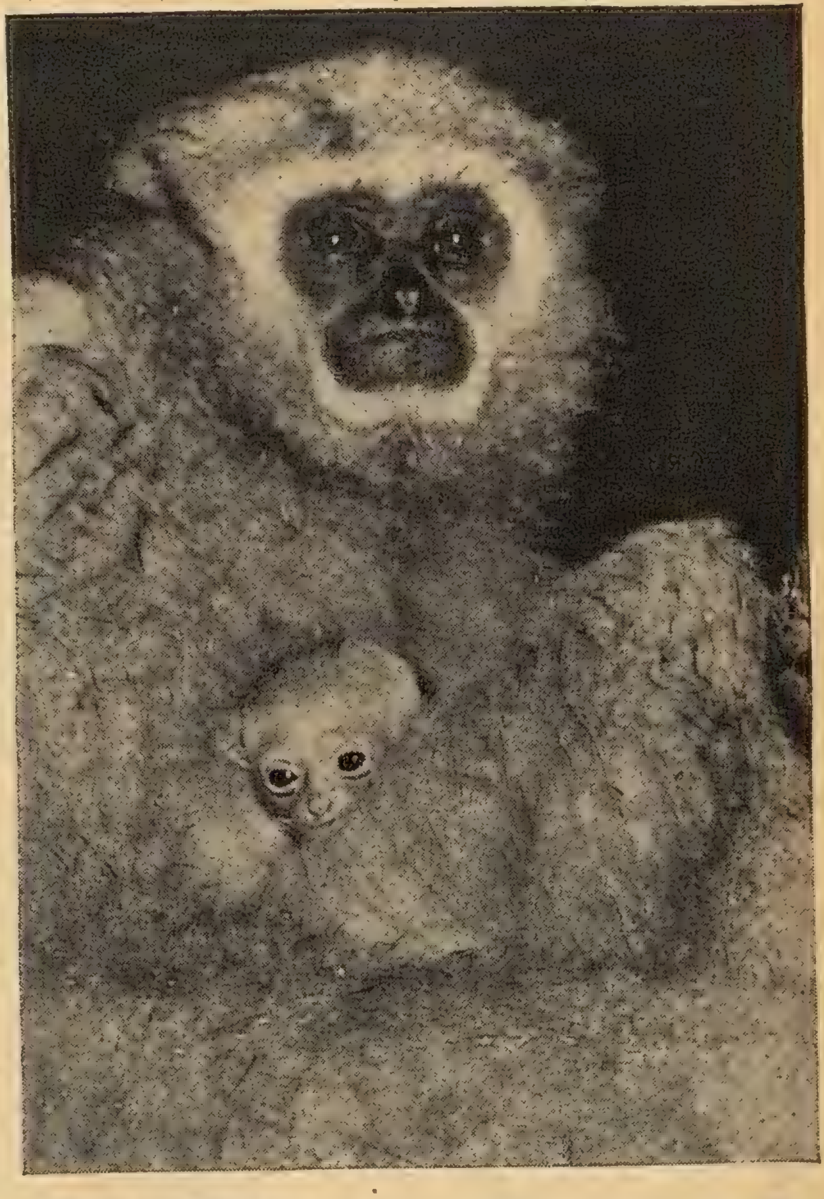
HOW'S THAT AGAIN?—Some guests at New York's Arts and Antiques show were a trifle bewildered. This painting had the title, Still Life with Branches, but this chap apparently didn't get it.



SHIPYARD SORCERER—Alex Feldman, a pipe worker in a Kearny, New Jersey, plant rigged up this corny version of the traditional Indian snake charmer. His materials: Pipe and a Brooklyn imagination.

HE'S SITTING THIS ONE OUT—To most of this action, Georgie Kochan of Akron, Ohio, (seated) was oblivious. After Jake LaMotta of the Bronx draped one on his whiskers, the next thing Georgie heard was somebody saying "Ten." The agile referee is Harry Ebbets.





FAMILY PORTRAIT—This beautiful infant is the first white-handed gibbon ever born at New York's Bronx Zoo. Doesn't have his mother's complexion!

Gangway! With a freshly ironed gown, Hallye steers between a practicing ballerina and the ever-present rummy game.

Wardrobe Mistress

LIFETIME jobs are scarce in the world of the theater, but here's a woman who appears to have one. She's Hallye Clogg, the invaluable backstage genie who has had charge of the Theater Guild's wardrobe de-

The ballerina's ruffles must have just the correct flare, so the boss nominates herself supervisor of vital alterations.

PHOTOS BY I N P

Miss Clogg has to mother the whole cast, including cowboy hero Bob Kennedy. Asprawl at right is the villain, Dick Rober.

Neither rip, wrinkle, nor smudge must mar the bright freshness of the chorus. So before each performance—inspection!

partment for the past twelve years.

Just now, and probably for years to come, she's keeping the casts of Oklahoma! and Carousel costumed to flawless perfection throughout hundreds of performances. To this responsibility—Oklahoma! alone has more than 200 costumes to be kept fitted, mended, and pressed—Miss Clogg adds occasional dashes to cities road companies are playing.

Here—backstage at Oklahoma!—a glance suffices to catalogue this woman without whose skill and experience the show might not go on. She makes herself the confidante of and confessor to the whole show, stars and stagehands alike. She is alternately the tyrannical matriarch and the sympathetic counselor. Best of all, she's one of those persons under whose skilled hands emergencies seem to disappear. Here's a pattern typical of her busy hours.

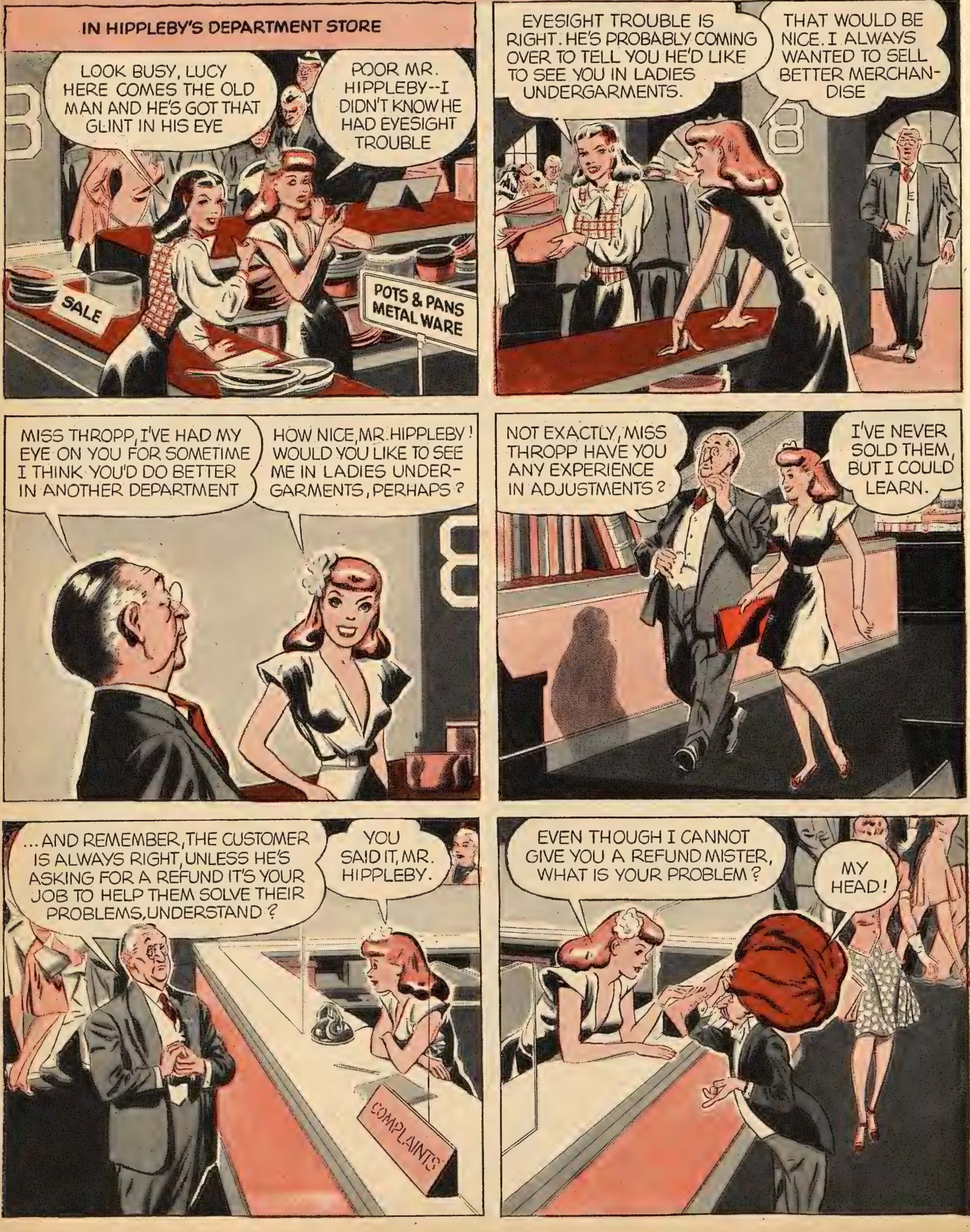
This bit of legerdemain concerns a skidding waistband. No wonder the girls of yesteryear were competent laundresses!

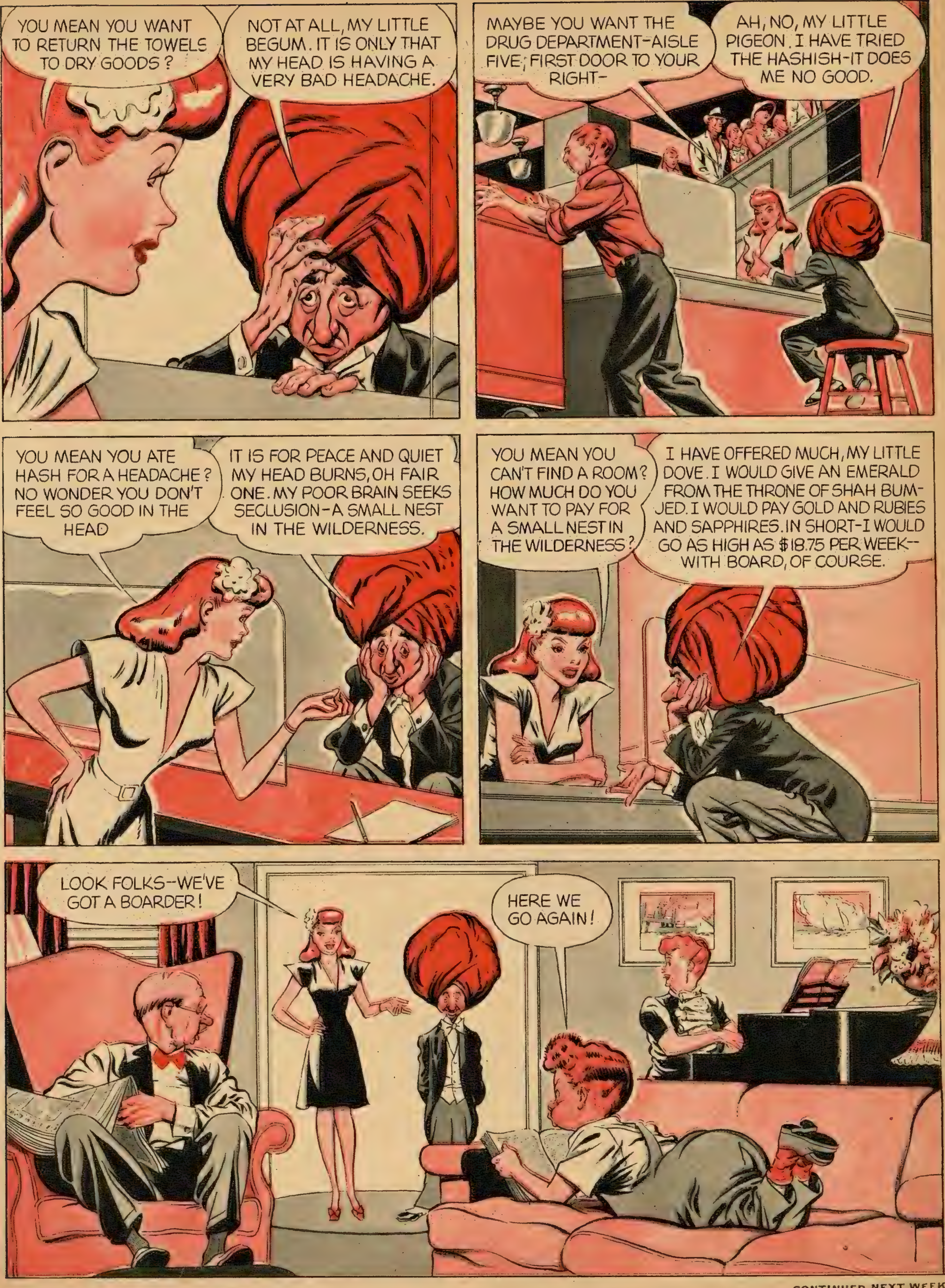
Long years in the theater make one versatile. Having taken all the stitches in time, Hallye can enjoy a spot of rummy.

THE THROPP FAMILY

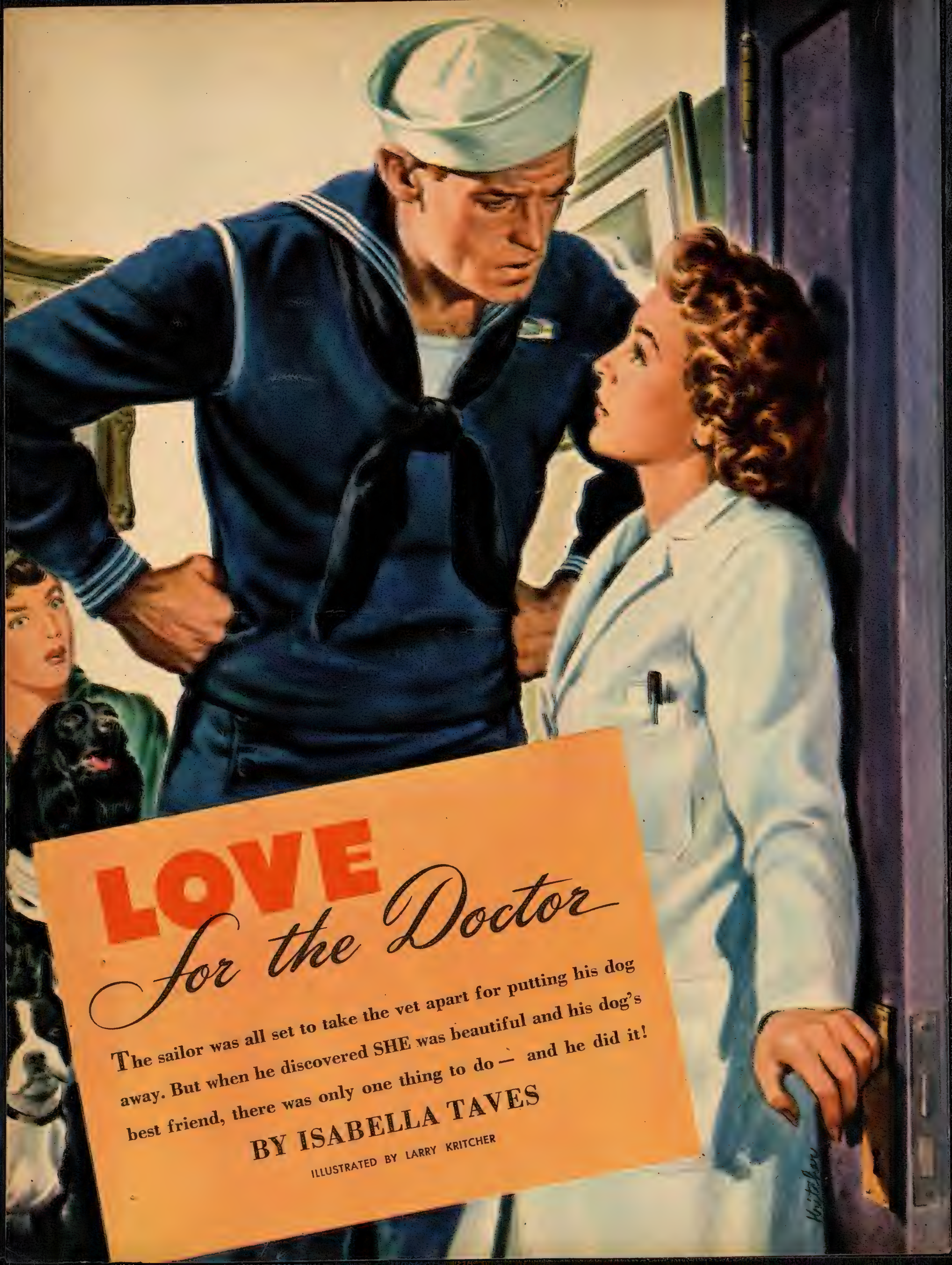
Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**

Illustrated by **DONLOU**


IN HIPPLEBY'S DEPARTMENT STORE
LOOK BUSY, LUCY HERE COMES THE OLD MAN AND HE'S GOT THAT GLINT IN HIS EYE
POOR MR. HIPPLEBY--I DIDN'T KNOW HE HAD EYESIGHT TROUBLE
SALE
POTS & PANS METAL WARE
EYESIGHT TROUBLE IS RIGHT. HE'S PROBABLY COMING OVER TO TELL YOU HE'D LIKE TO SEE YOU IN LADIES UNDERGARMENTS.
THAT WOULD BE NICE. I ALWAYS WANTED TO SELL BETTER MERCHANDISE
MISS THROPP, I'VE HAD MY EYE ON YOU FOR SOMETIME I THINK YOU'D DO BETTER IN ANOTHER DEPARTMENT
HOW NICE, MR. HIPPLEBY! WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE ME IN LADIES UNDERGARMENTS, PERHAPS?
NOT EXACTLY, MISS THROPP HAVE YOU ANY EXPERIENCE IN ADJUSTMENTS?
I'VE NEVER SOLD THEM, BUT I COULD LEARN.
...AND REMEMBER, THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT, UNLESS HE'S ASKING FOR A REFUND IT'S YOUR JOB TO HELP THEM SOLVE THEIR PROBLEMS, UNDERSTAND?
YOU SAID IT, MR. HIPPLEBY.
COMPLAINTS
EVEN THOUGH I CANNOT GIVE YOU A REFUND MISTER, WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM?
MY HEAD!


YOU MEAN YOU WANT TO RETURN THE TOWELS TO DRY GOODS?
NOT AT ALL, MY LITTLE BEGUM. IT IS ONLY THAT MY HEAD IS HAVING A VERY BAD HEADACHE.
MAYBE YOU WANT THE DRUG DEPARTMENT-AISLE FIVE, FIRST DOOR TO YOUR RIGHT-
AH, NO, MY LITTLE PIGEON. I HAVE TRIED THE HASHISH-IT DOES ME NO GOOD.
YOU MEAN YOU ATE HASH FOR A HEADACHE? NO WONDER YOU DON'T FEEL SO GOOD IN THE HEAD
IT IS FOR PEACE AND QUIET MY HEAD BURNS, OH FAIR ONE. MY POOR BRAIN SEEKS SECLUSION-A SMALL NEST IN THE WILDERNESS.
YOU MEAN YOU CAN'T FIND A ROOM? HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT TO PAY FOR A SMALL NEST IN THE WILDERNESS?
I HAVE OFFERED MUCH, MY LITTLE DOVE. I WOULD GIVE AN EMERALD FROM THE THRONE OF SHAH BUMJED. I WOULD PAY GOLD AND RUBIES AND SAPPHIRES. IN SHORT-I WOULD GO AS HIGH AS $18.75 PER WEEK--WITH BOARD, OF COURSE.
LOOK FOLKS--WE'VE GOT A BOARDER!
HERE WE GO AGAIN!

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK



LOVE *for the Doctor*

The sailor was all set to take the vet apart for putting his dog away. But when he discovered SHE was beautiful and his dog's best friend, there was only one thing to do — and he did it!

BY ISABELLA TAVES

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY KRITCHER

DR. O'DWYER'S waiting room was, at nine thirty on Monday morning, filled with the usual reluctant patients. A black spaniel impatiently pawed his owner's nylons. A Pomeranian sullenly contemplated a boxer wrapped in a soft pink blanket. A gray-bearded Scottie growled viciously. But an enormous young sailor with paint-red hair and an air of being just about to grow out of his clothes looked still more vicious.

He was crouched in the corner near the switchboard. Mugs, a tiny figure in starched white, came through the door marked NO ADMITTANCE and saw him immediately. She shot a glance toward Ethel, at the switchboard. Ethel nodded grimly. Mugs approached the sailor.

"You wanted to ask about your dog?"

The sailor jumped to his feet. Mugs, five feet two, figured him as over six feet. Considerably. "Damn it," he said, "I'm sick of having women ask me questions. I want to see Dr. Hollis. I've already waited thirty-five minutes and I'm not going to say another word until—"

Mugs' cheeks were red and her eys glittered. "Come into Office D," she said briskly. "I'm Dr. Hollis."

The sailor stared. "No wonder. While we men have been away fighting wars, the women have been having a field day. Women M.D.s are bad enough, but when a little snip of girl like you has the say as to whether my dog should—"

"Please," Mugs said. This time she put on a smile and some sex appeal. "The office is the place to—"

"No. The office is the place where you bury your dead secrets, where dogs don't come out alive. I'm going to warn every dog owner in this room to grab his animal and run just as fast as he can—"

Mugs tried desperately to remember how Dr. O'Dwyer would have acted. He looked like the dignified and competent physician he was, and never allowed anything to ruffle his calm. His staff of assistants received weekly lectures on the humanity of the impersonal attitude, the stature of their profession. But expediency often overruled Mugs' training.

"Shut up!" she shouted at him. "You're acting like a fool! Now come in and shut the door and tell me what you want."

It worked. The sailor followed her meekly. When she shut the door, he turned to her and laughed.

"You have spunk, haven't you? You're pretty when you get mad, too."

Mugs eyed him coldly. "I'm a licensed veterinarian. If you want to see my certificate, you may. But I hardly think it is necessary. Now, what do you want?"

"All business, eh? Well, I'm all business, too. I want to know what happened to my dog. You had him"—his mouth twisted—"put away. My name is Michael Grant."

"I'm going to warn every dog owner in this room to grab his animal and run just as fast as he can—"

It was Mugs' turn to stare. "W-who?"

"Grant. G for garbage, R for rat, A for ass, N for nobody—"

"Wait," Mugs said hastily. "I remember. I'll get your card. Wait here. Don't move. I'll be back—"

She opened the door and slid out, closing it behind her. In the files behind the switchboard, her fingers raced over cards. She finally found one, glanced at it, and tucked it in her pocket. Ethel turned away from the switchboard. "What's the matter?"

"It's him," Mugs said.

Ethel took off her earphones and came over to look at the card. "I was afraid of that. Well, think fast, kid. He's kinda cute, isn't he?"

Mugs glared. "Cute? After that exhibition he put on?"

WHEN she got back to Office D, Michael Grant was looking out of the window.

"I have the card," she said. "Miss Karen March brought the dog in. Is that right? We have M. Grant listed as the owner, too."

"That's right," he said. "I gave her the dog to keep for me when I went in the Navy. She was crazy about him. You know, most actresses wouldn't have taken a fancy to a mutt like Mike. But he was an unusual dog, of course. And she's an unusual girl. Beautiful, too."

"Very," said Mugs, remembering long bright hair and expensive scent.

"She's overseas on a USO tour now. I—I had a letter from her just before my leave came through. She felt terribly about the dog, but she didn't tell me what was wrong. Your name was in the letter, so when I got back to New York yesterday I tried to find Dr. Hollis. Of course the hospital was closed, so this morning—"

"I know," Mugs said. "Now, what did you want to find out about—Mike?"

The sailor smiled. His face was very tan and his teeth were white. "I named him Mike, after me. He was mostly setter, only with short hair. I found him one night in a blizzard over on Third Avenue—first I thought it was a rat—under the Elevated. Then I discovered it was this little puppy. I never thought he was going to get so big. But he was a good dog. The things he knew! Why—"

"Yes," Mugs said, "but I'm busy, Mr. Grant. What did you want to know?"

His voice was as crisp as hers. "What was wrong with him that was so bad you had to kill him? I thought your business was saving dogs."

"When we can. It was his throat. Very bad. There was no chance of saving him."

"Like—strep?"

"In a way," Mugs said. "And now, Mr. Grant, if that is all—"

"May I see the card?"

Mugs froze. "Sorry, it's not allowed. I've told you everything."

"Why can't I see the card?"

"Because it isn't allowed, Mr. Grant. And I am the doctor. Good day."

She opened the door for him. He went through it, then turned back. "I hope you freeze in hell, you heartless hussy. I hope some day you have a dog that means a lot to you, and some vet— Aw, nuts!"

Mugs walked slowly back to the No Admittance door. Ethel ran after her. "What happened?"

"He took it badly. I feel like a heel."

"But you got rid of him, didn't you? Then everything's O. K."

"Just swell," Mugs said.

Although the day, as usual with Mondays, was hectic, Mugs found time to think about Michael Grant. "Sentiment and sympathy," Dr. O'Dwyer said, "are useless luxuries in medicine. We love animals or we wouldn't be here. But we mustn't indulge our emotions—" At five o'clock, slipping her own red flannel dress over her head and putting a small hat to match on the back of her head, Mugs repeated this advice. "Nuts," she said.

She was turning toward the subway when she felt a shadow fall over her. She looked up.

"I've been waiting for you," Michael Grant said. "I want to apologize. I made an awful ass of myself this morning. Would you have dinner with me tonight and let me make up for it?"

"Certainly not!"

"Please, I'm in town for a few days and I'd like somebody to help me. I don't blame you for Mike and I won't mention his name again. I just got—upset, waiting and watching all those other dogs. Look," he pulled a small black book out of his pocket. "Here's a list of the things the boys on the ship asked me to do and report on while I am in New York. I sort of thought we might do some of them tonight, if you had time. It wouldn't be any fun alone."

MUGS took the book. The instructions ranged from "Go watch the seals at Central Park" and "Have a hot pastrami sandwich at Fine's Delicatessen" to "Call MU 1-7769 and tell Janie what kind of a louse I think she is for marrying another guy."

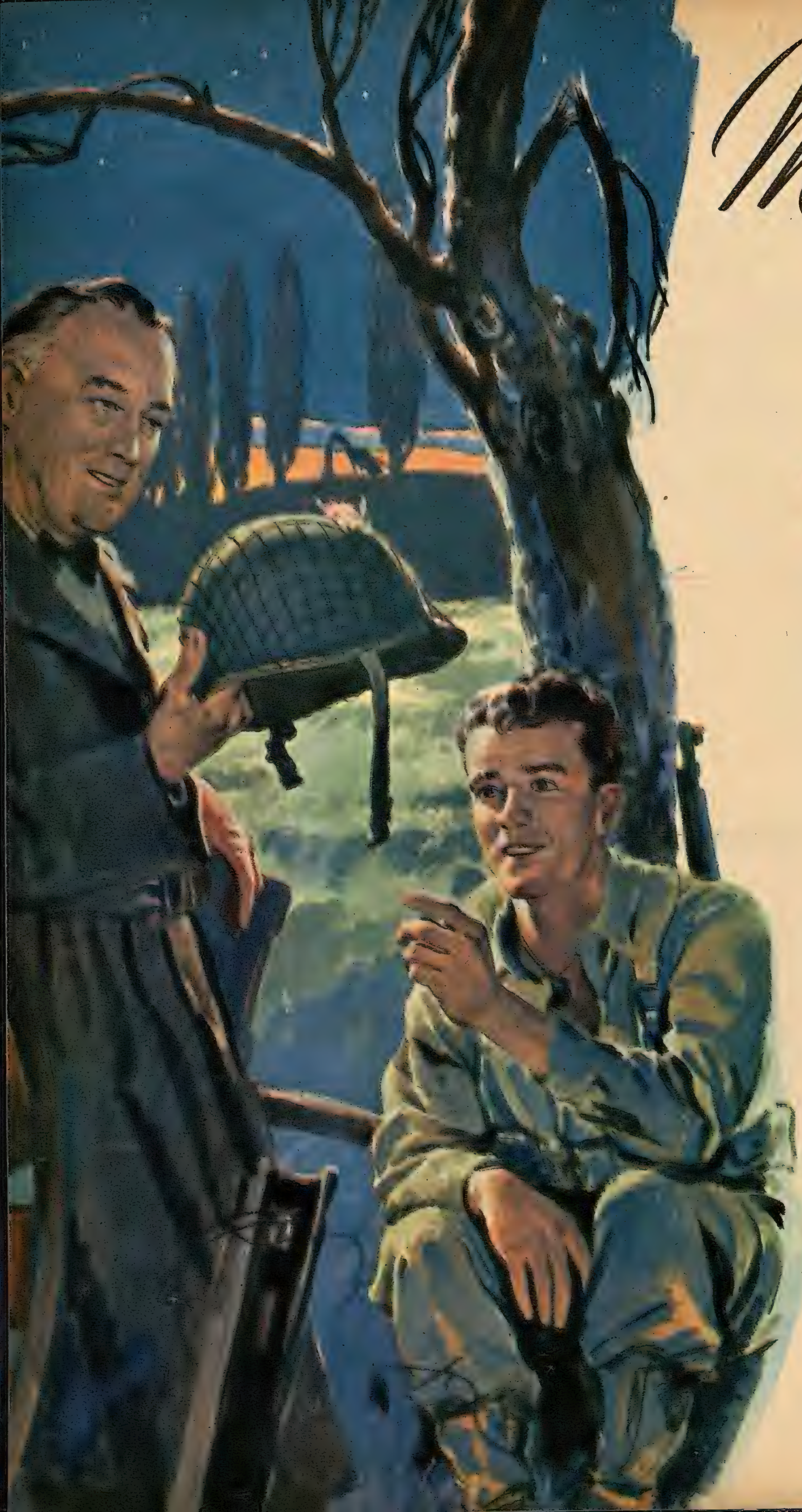
Mugs smiled. "It might be fun."

He took her arm. "Let's go. Do you have any other name besides Dr. Hollis?"

"Margaret," she said; "only everybody calls me Mugs. I have to telephone my roommate first, and then let's make a plan of action."

They watched the seals; paid a courtesy call to a honey bear cub; called on a girl named Marylin at the American Airlines ticket office; had a strawberry soda in the drugstore below the NBC studios and saw Fred Allen and Rochester.

(Continued on page 91)



Meeting

THE boy raised himself onto his hands and knees and looked about in the darkness for his helmet. He could not see it anywhere on the scuffed dusty ground marked with shell holes and trampled leafless bushes. His head felt light and strange without its accustomed covering and he rubbed his forehead with a grimy hand. It seemed as though he could still feel the pressure above his brow, but his head was bare.

"Blown clean to kingdom come," he muttered.

He moved his arms and legs carefully to see if they were all right, and he thought, as he had thought so many times in the past months, I'm lucky to be alive—damn lucky.

He wondered what had become of Ed and Dave. "Hey, Ed," he called softly. "Ed . . . Dave . . . hey."

There was no answer. He was quite alone. I better be getting out of here, he thought. He tried to remember what had happened. The three of them had been sent on a scouting expedition, and there was some report he must make, but he couldn't think what it was. It wouldn't come clear in his mind. He'd have to go back to headquarters and see the sergeant. But there was something wrong about that, too. Then he remembered that Sergeant Ames had been killed yesterday, just after they crossed the river. Corporal Peabody would be on duty and he might be nasty about the lack of information.

The boy picked up his gun and walked crouchingly back across the uneven earth. He felt unprotected without his helmet and he drew his shoulders up toward his ears. The April evening was warm and springlike, but the air was heavy with the smell of exploded powder and burning wood and his lungs were clogged with it. Behind him the horizon glowed red with fire and shook with the dull rumble of artillery.

He took off the metal scoop and held it consideringly in his hand. "Look, somebody put a flower in it."

in April

BY KATHERINE LYON

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

Suppose, before the war began, someone had come to you and offered to wipe out all the hate and tyranny and evil in the world if you would give up your life? Don't try to answer too quickly. Take your time—like Private Smith here. This is his answer

When he reached the *Autobahn,* that double ribbon of white along which he had ridden two days ago, he was surprised to see it was empty and he could cross it easily. In either direction he saw dim headlights, but there was no traffic as he approached the slab. He hurried across, and as soon as he was over he heard the roar of big trucks behind him.

He slid down a bank into a little ditch, stumbling against a fallen tree that had been used as a barricade. He had passed two dead Jerries here earlier in the afternoon, and he held his breath, moving cautiously to one side to avoid stepping on them. He did not mean to look at them, but in spite of himself he gave a quick glance downward and saw they were no longer there.

He went a little farther and slipped through a broken hedge of trees into a lane. It was a narrow macadam road bordered by poplars, and he guessed it was the old road which had been abandoned after the new highway was completed. He did not remember that he had come this way and he stopped to think. At least this would take him in the right direction.

He began to walk slowly down the road, holding up his head to smell the freshness of grass after recent rain and to look for the Big Dipper and Cassiopeia's Chair. He remembered other evenings when the air had been soft and sweet and he had walked out the River Road with the gang and stopped on the bridge over the creek to look at the stars reflected in the water.

"Hi, soldier."

THE boy stopped. For a moment he could not think where he was. The voice sounded familiar.

"Hi," he answered uncertainly.

He saw the tall figure of a man leaning against a two-wheeled farm cart that had been left by the side of the road. The man was standing easily, with his elbows hooked over the back of the cart. He wore a long loosely belted coat and his helmet was tipped over his eyes. His face was indistinct in the shadow. The boy snapped to attention and saluted and the man raised his hand.

"Stop and rest a bit," he suggested.

"Thanks, maybe I will." The boy walked over and leaned his gun against a tree.

"Going far?"

The boy laughed. "It's a funny thing," he said, "but I don't know. I just had a close shave back there and I guess I got a bit of a concussion. Anyway, I can't seem to think straight. I'm not hurt, you understand—there's nothing wrong with me, and as soon as the old brain is back on the beam I'll be all right. Guess I will park a minute." He dropped onto the grass. "Nice night, isn't it?"

The man was watching the pink light rising above the pointed tops of the trees. "How are things back there?"

"Pretty rugged," said the boy, "pretty damned rugged. Seems quiet enough here, but across the highway it's a different matter. You'll need that tin hat if you're going that way."

The man tugged at the dangling strap of the helmet. "This isn't my hat. I found it and thought I'd try it on—for size, you might say. Wanted to see how it felt, but it's a trifle small." He took off the metal scoop covered with the camouflage net and held it consideringly in his hand. "Look! Somebody put a flower in it."

"Lemme see." The boy slid forward and held out his hand. "For Jeez' sake, what do you know? That's my hat! Look at that dent. No wonder I got a jar. Where'd you find it?"

"Quite a way back," the man answered.

"Well, anything can happen in this war," said the boy. "But it's my lid all right. I put that flower in there this morning—found it just as we came out of the wood. It's called immortelle. Everlasting is the common name for it. See how fresh it is." He touched the pale crisp petals.

"Yes, so it is," said the man. "Are you interested in flowers?"

"I sure am. I suppose it sounds silly to you."

"Not at all. I'm interested in them myself. More especially in trees. I was just noticing these poplars. This country is going to need a lot of replanting after the war and I should think they'd do well."

"These are *Populus nigra,* variety *italica.*" The boy looked up quickly.

"Is that so? I'm glad to know. Are you a botanist?"

"Not yet, but I'm going to be—eventually—an exploring botanist. It'll take four years in college and graduate work on top of that." The boy sighed. "Maybe I'll be too old by then."

"How old are you?"

"Nineteen last January—but sometimes I feel pretty aged."

The man laughed, but it was a kind laugh. "Nineteen seems young to me. Anybody could begin later than that and still accomplish a great deal."

"OF course you can't start right out to explore," the boy went on. "I'd have to be a sort of flunky to a big guy, but once I learned the ropes I'd organize my own expedition and I'd go farther and find more than anyone ever has. All kinds of new plants that might be useful too. Bring-'em-back-alive Smith—that'll be me."

"I like to travel, myself," said the man, heartily.

"You know what I thought I'd do here?" The boy's speech was eager. "On my first leave—or when the war was over—I'd collect as many plants as I could find and start making a herbarium. Of course I couldn't carry it around with me, but I could send the pressed specimens back to old Prof Windham. He was my science teacher in high school and he got me interested in botany. He always wanted to go on an exploring expedition, but he had

(*Continued on page 86*)

It Takes a Skunk to Catch a Skunk

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

For the first time in thirty years it looked as if the old poacher was going to be caught red-handed. But no man who had trapped as long as Old Man Simpson had was likely to get trapped himself

BY JIM KJELGAARD

IT was the tenth of March when Old Man Simpson come out of the woods to Duffield's store. He nodded to Pete Maroff, who was sittin' in a corner whittlin' on a stick, and slung his shoulder pack down on the counter.

"Howdy," says Duffield. "I see you got some skunks."

"You smell I got some," says the old woods runner. "I ain't opened the pack yet. But you know how it is when a man traps skunks."

"Yes," says Duffield, "I know."

Old Man Simpson took out twelve skunk pelts. Duffield looked 'em over. "Number one short-stripe," he says. "I'll give you fifteen dollars for the bunch."

"Sold," says Old Man Simpson. "What's new? I been up in the woods trappin' for ten days."

"Well, the Widder Green's boy has to pay a fine for shootin' deer out of season."

"I'll be doggoned!" says Old Man Simpson. "How'd he get ketched?"

"Warden Little just went in his cellar and there the deer was."

"Well, I'll be doggoned!" Old Man Simpson says again. "Them wardens are gettin' awful smart."

"We figger," says Duffield, "that a stool pigeon tipped him off."

"Oh, foosh!" says Old Man Simpson. "Do you know anybody in Kaumas County who'd tell a warden about the Widder Green's boy? Ever'body knows they're desperate poor an' can't buy good grub half the time. Them wardens are jest gettin' smart, an' I got to be careful. I been eatin' ven'son myself. I jest killt a deer last night, an' it's in my cabin."

"I wouldn't broadcast it," Duffield says.

"Oh, foosh!" Old Man Simpson says again. "Nobody knows where my trappin' cabin is, an' I ain't goin' back before night. I'm goin' to eat ven'son tomorrow, too."

An' all the while Pete Maroff kept whittlin'.

NOW, this Pete Maroff, he was as slippy as a greased eel, an' he had about as much conscience as a salamander. But he knew Old Man Simpson was the slickest poacher who'd ever trod the woods. For thirty years back half the wardens on the conservation force had tried to ketch him, an' every one had been outsmarted. But it was goin' to be a big feather in the conservation department's hat when they finally clapped the old varmint behind bars, an' Pete wanted a warden's job.

So two months ago he had went down to tell the head warden that he could ketch Old Man Simpson himself. At first the head warden hadn't wanted to listen. But Old Man Simpson was a painful thorn in his side. So Pete had been swore in as a depitty warden.

He had played it plenty smart. Instead of goin' back to Kaumas County an' sayin' he was a depitty, he had just went back as plain Pete Maroff. He had helped the Widder Green's boy carry in his deer an' stow it in the cellar. But he was after big game, Old Man Simpson, so instead of showin' his hand an' arrestin' the Widder Green's boy, he had met Warden Little in the pines on the Cow Run Road an' told him about the kid.

But now his big chance had come. By his own word, Old Man Simpson had unlawful venison in his trappin' cabin. All Pete had to do was follow him back there an' arrest him with the evidence.

To be sure, there was obstacles. Old Man Simpson was cagey as a fox. He hadn't told where his trappin' grounds was. He was travelin' at night. An' suppose Pete did find him, he would still have to jump on him an' tie him before he could arrest him.

But there was still a lot in Pete's favor. He was sure he could fight Old Man Simpson to a standstill an' tie him, if he had to. An' for once—just once—the old vi'lator had slipped.

THAT night, at dusk, Pete Maroff lay hid in the woods forty feet from Duffield's store. Sure enough, just before dark, he saw that his guess had been the right one. Old Man Simpson come out of Duffield's, looked around, an' dived into the evergreens on the north side of the store. Pete got up, stooped low so he'd be harder to see, an' run across to the north side of the road.

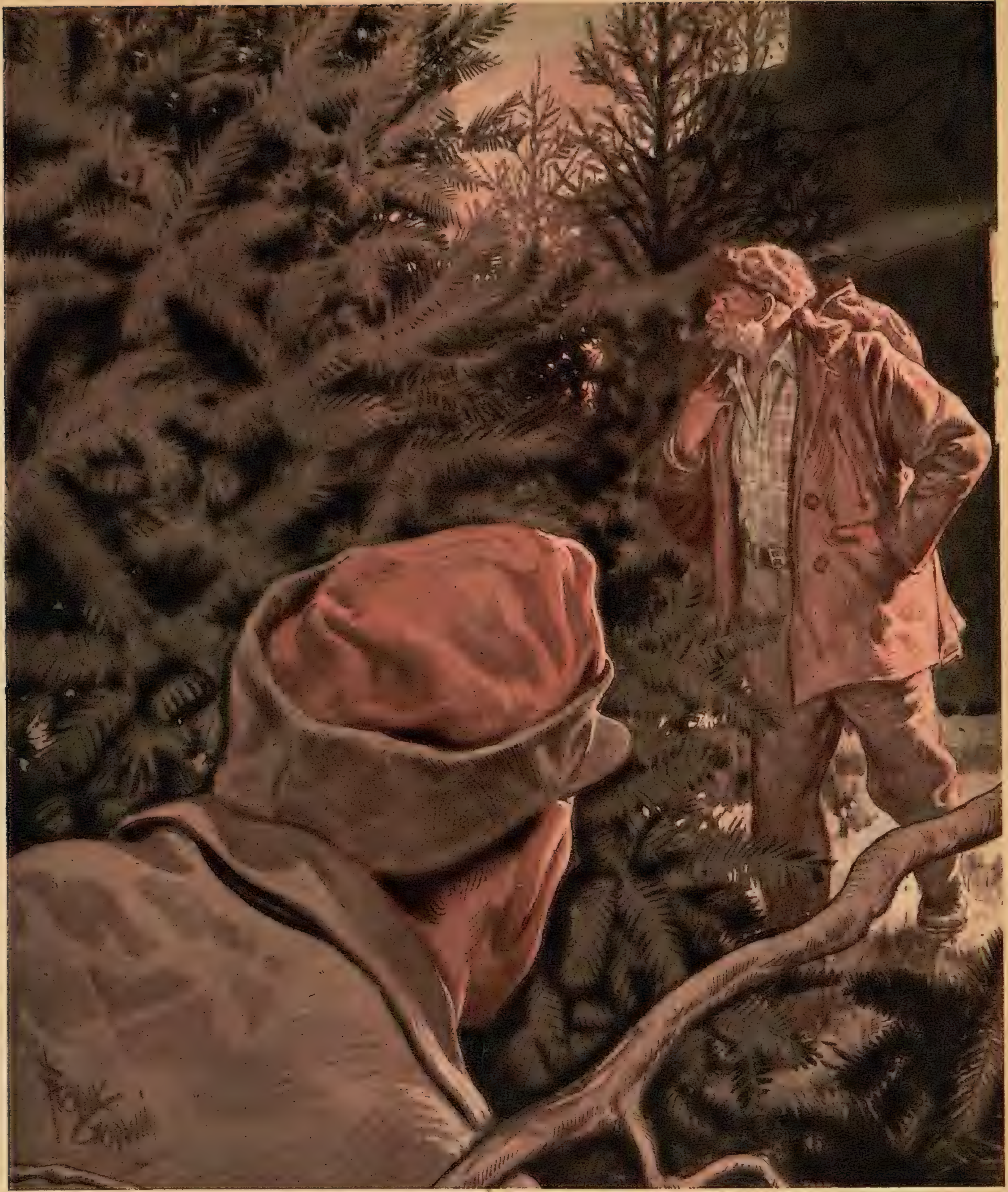
Things couldn't of worked out better. Old Man Simpson was headin' north, an' there was a strong north wind. Pete sniffed the breeze an' dropped back a couple of hundred feet. This was sure his lucky night. Just as Old Man Simpson had hinted to Duffield, a man couldn't catch skunks without havin' the evidence about him. An' the evidence was mighty plain on that north wind.

Old Man Simpson walked north about four miles an' swung northeast on the Klesa Trail. Pete felt like kissin' hisself. He knew where he was headin' now—into the Hat Creek country—an' there was only three cabins in the whole place. Pete knew where all of them was. But he reminded hisself that he was followin' probably the slickest old woodsman ever to set foot in Kaumas County, an' it was just as well to stay on his trail. That was easy, because Old Man Simpson kept headin' into the wind.

Pete judged it was about two o'clock in the mornin' when the scent trail got so strong that even a man with a nose cold couldn't of missed it. And now he was perfectly happy because he knew exactly where he was goin'. Just ahead, Grasshopper Run poured into Hat Creek, an' one of the three cabins was on the left fork of Grasshopper Run. The smell said for sure that somebody was trappin' skunks from that cabin, an' Pete knew for sure that only Old Man Simpson was trappin' Hat Creek.

Pete swung through the evergreens, walkin' on the balls of his feet an' makin' no more noise than a stalkin' cat. He came on the cabin, crawled up to it, an' put his ear to a crack in the chinkin'. There was a scrapin' on the bunk—Old Man Simpson was sure inside. Pete got ready to tackle him. He had slept in that cabin hisself, knew exactly where the bunk was.

He flung the door open, leaped across the floor, an' threw hisself on the bunk.



Just before dark he saw Old Man Simpson come out of Duffield's and dive into the evergreens on the north side of the store.

But about twice as fast as he had throwed hisself on it, he rolled off the bunk onto the floor. Somethin' had hit him in the face. He couldn't see it, an' it didn't hit hard. But his eyes was streamin', his nose was plugged, an' his mouth felt like he had took a big bite of seven rotten goose eggs. Pete tried to spit it out, an' couldn't. But just then he hit the table leg, an' a tin bucket half full of water rolled over to fall on him. The water washed his face so he could see.

He got to his feet, backed against one side of the shanty, fished in his pocket for a match an' struck it.

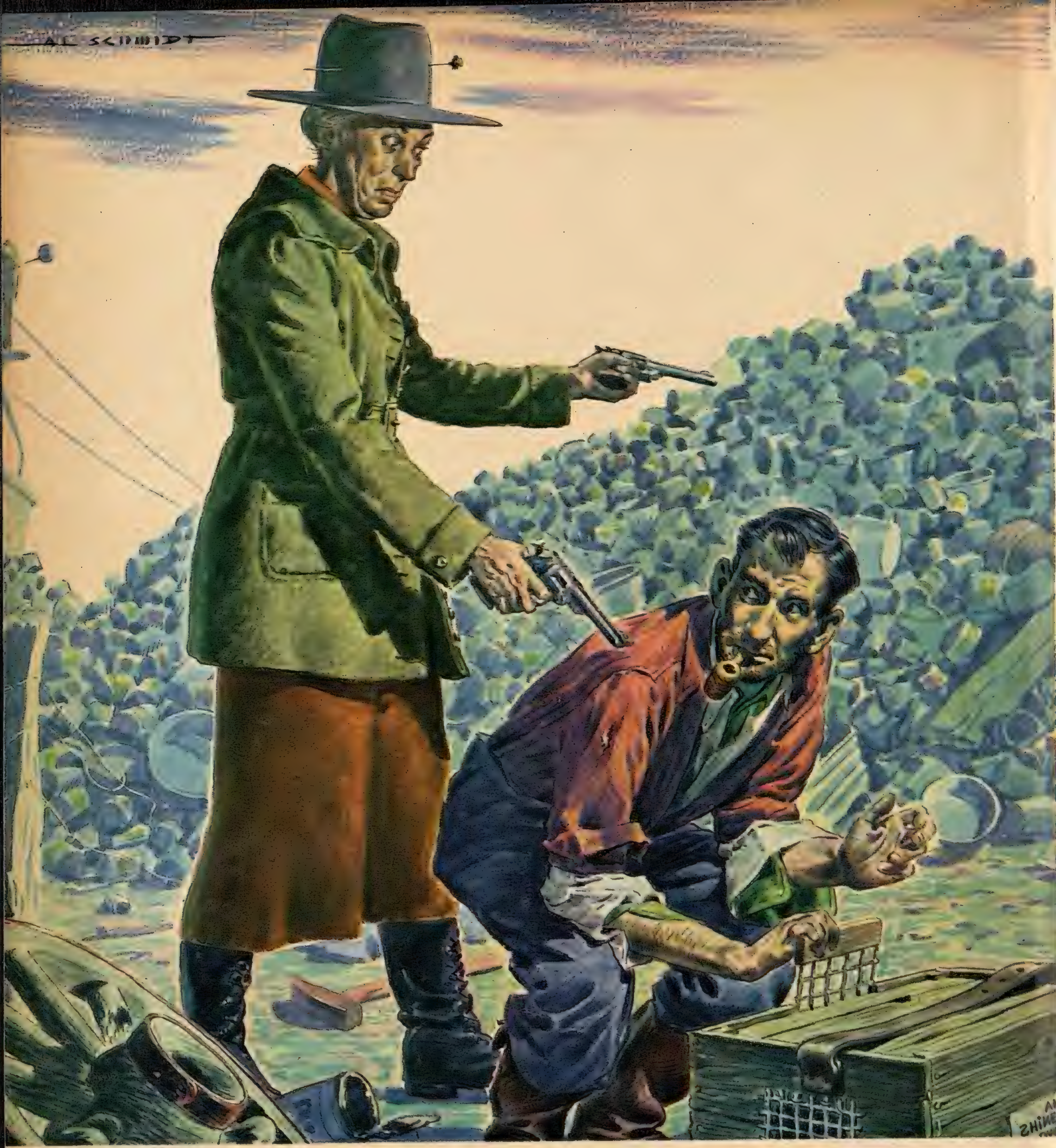
There was a pan of water on the bunk, an' some gnawed bones. Tied beside it was probably the maddest skunk in Kaumas county. Scratched in big uneven charcoal letters on the cabin wall above the bunk was:

"Dere Pete—The widder an Billy Green is frends of mine. If you pay Billys fine, I wont say nothin about this. Whynt you pick on men?

"Old Man Simpson

"P.S. If you wonder wair I really been trappin—well—I was layin in them pines on Cow Run the nite you met the game warden there."

THE END



Six Shirt dropped to his knees and closed the wicket after the rats. "Roust 'em," demanded J. Jones, digging a gun in his shoulder.

Six Shirt was willing to make any kind of reasonable sacrifice to get respectable — except take a steady job. But steady was the last word to describe the rip-roaring job he had thrust upon him

A HUNK OF Respectability

BY CHARLES LONGSTRETH McNICHOLS

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

AMBROSE "SIX SHIRT" SHINEHAMMER had never felt so lonesome as he did when he got out of jail that fall. Other years he always found immediate companionship among the semi-permanent loafers on the courthouse steps or down at the firehouse, but during the war Sonoraville's leisure class had almost been eliminated. The young folks who had gone off had not yet begun to drift back, and the senior citizens had buckled down to full-time jobs. Even such notorious sons of rest as Blinky Williams and Tod Smith were busy, and prosperous.

Six Shirt had stopped Blinky on the street. Blinky pulled out a new secondhand watch and said, "Look, bum, it's almost three o'clock. I got to get to the bank before it closes," and actually went into the bank and up to the teller's window.

"To think that a bum like he used to be should call me a bum," said Six Shirt bitterly.

Then he ran into Tod Smith. Tod said, "I'm working for the bond drive. Don't be wasting my time unless you got eighteen seventy-five, which you ain't." This really hurt. Tod used to be next to the steadiest winter boarder Lem Helker had over at the jail.

As always in time of trouble, Six Shirt sought out the string-bean sheriff-jailer, his friend, counselor, and hibernal custodian.

"The trouble is," said Lem, "times has changed. Everybody's made money. They're property-conscious. You ain't, so they don't think you're respectable."

"O. K.," said Six Shirt. "So what have I got to have to be respectable?"

A steady job? That was out. Six Shirt didn't mind work, but he wasn't going to make a career of it. So, by elimination, they determined the least common denominator of respectability in Sonora County. A man had to have a war bond, certainly. Everybody except Six Shirt had at least one. Also a land deed, or at least a rent receipt to prove fixed residence. Six Shirt had to give the county jail as his residence when he registered for the forty-five-to-sixty-five manpower draft, because the board refused to recognize as a human habitation the culvert that was his usual summer abode. All right, he could rent Shorty Stover's shack, all furnished, for five dollars a month. Then, to really go whole hog, he should have a bankbook to flash. It took fifteen dollars to start an account.

In short, for thirty-eight seventy-five Six Shirt could become a citizen of standing, according to Lem, though he added, "Some new clothes would help out a lot."

"Nothin' doin'," said Six Shirt firmly. "I won't stand for clothes that ain't well broke in."

THE next morning, bright and early, Six Shirt went down to the highway, put up his sign on the ruined wall of the old Wells Fargo station, sat down on his reinforced spring-seat stool, with his pack rats' cage at his feet, and waited for customers. The sign read:

AMBROSE SHINEHAMMER
Checker Champeen of Sonora
County
Pitchers Four Bits a Shot

Charging tourists for taking his picture was one of the only two honest ways Six Shirt knew to make money. But there just weren't any tourists. Several hours later he was still looking hopefully up and down the road. "This is almost worse than workin'," he moaned.

And then, moving down the road at a prewar clip, came an apparition right out of the past. Six Shirt searched back in his memory and decided it was a Buick, vintage of about 1917—with its green paint job all slick and shiny.

The car rolled off the pavement and skidded to a stop right in front of him, the driver flung open the door and stepped out. Six Shirt's jaw dropped like the landing ramp on a LST. She was a tall, hawk-nosed, hawk-eyed, granite-faced woman. Though her clothes looked brand new, they were of the same vintage as her car. She wore a stiff-brimmed sombrero, a khaki shirtwaist, a belted Norfolk jacket, and a divided shirt that reached almost to the ankles of her laced boots.

"Hiyuh, Shinehammer," she said tersely. "I'm J. Jones, from Nevada."

Holy cow, Nevada can't be that far behind the times! thought Six Shirt.

"I been hearing for the past thirty years that you train pack rats to find things that's lost or hid."

"Which I sure do!" cried Six Shirt. Finding things with his pack rats was his second means of making an honest dollar. "I'll bet she's a prospector's widow lookin' for the remains of her late lamented," he said to himself, and added aloud, "They're particularly good about findin' dead bodies, if they been dead long enough."

THE woman's hawk eyes gave him one sudden blazing look.

"Of course," he said hastily, "that ain't all they can find. What you lost?"

"Scheelite. Several tons of scheelite concentrates. It's hand-trimmed, hand-picked stuff, so it's small chunks and it's all been handled."

"Uh-huh," said Six Shirt, taking note of the bulge in the right-hand pocket of the jacket. The lady was packing a gun. Then he noticed another bulge in her otherwise perfectly bulgeless middle. The lady had a second gun under her jacket. He began to feel queasy. "Of course," he hedged, "you understand these rats is little fellers. They can only cover a territory about a hundred yards square in a night. Now this ore—"

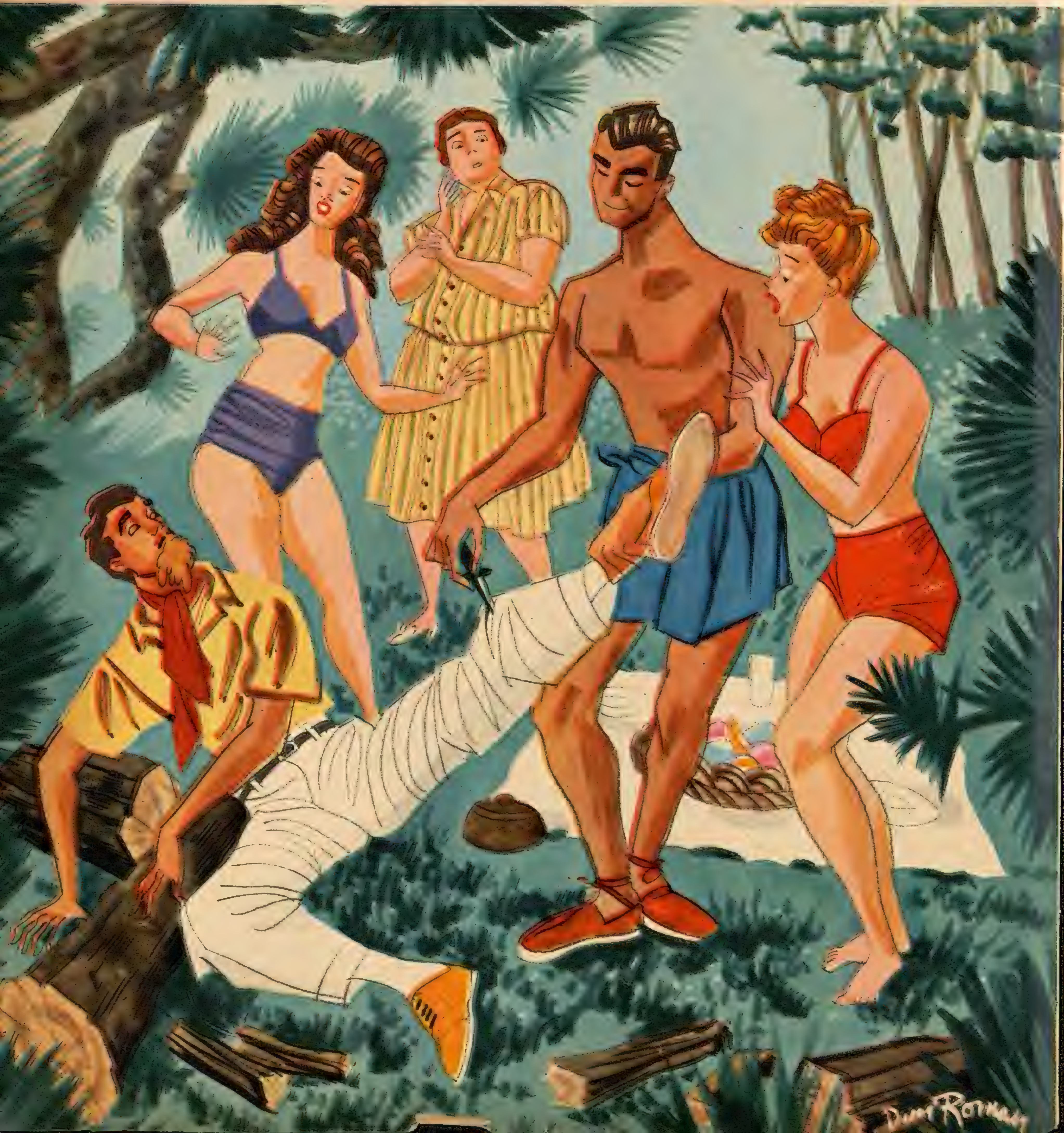
"I'll take you within a couple hundred feet of it."

"Well, goodness sakes! Why can't you find it yourself?"

(Continued on page 66)

MAN *from* MARS

Mr. Price with the sickly smile of an unwilling martyr sat down and Harvey began cutting off his pants leg.



BY WALTER BROOKS

ILLUSTRATED BY DUN ROMAN

The girl he left behind was so quarrelsome they got along fine. But the girl he came home to was so lamblike they couldn't agree on a thing. Luckily for both, Harvey refused to "readjust"

ACTUALLY I don't suppose this Ellie Rowntree was any cuter than thousands of other girls in her general size shape and color range but Harvey Kenyon thought she was. He thought so the first time he saw her and he kept on thinking so and in less than a year they were engaged. And then the natural course of events would have led them up a strip of red carpet to face a minister for Harvey had a good job in town as manager of the Perry Falls Button Co. of which Miss Rowntree's father was president. But then came the war and Harvey went.

Well he was in the Army two years and saw service in France and Germany and then had his ankle broken in an accident and was sent home and discharged. He came limping back to Perry Falls and his place in the button company which was working double shift because of course soldiers need buttons like anybody else. But after a month or so he was not so sure he had got back his place with Ellie.

The thing he noticed most at first was that she seemed to have no opinions of her own any more. She deferred to him a lot. If he said Let's go to the movie tonight, she said quickly Of course darling! although in the past she had always advanced a counter-proposition to all his suggestions. They had argued over everything and got mad and yelled at each other and it had been very stimulating. This ready compliance he found rather dull.

But in one thing the compliance was lacking. He had supposed that when he got back they would be married at once. But she kept putting forward the date. He didn't mind too much for it would be hard right now to take time off for a honeymoon but he didn't really like it.

And then there were other things. If they did go to the movies and he laughed heartily she would squeeze his arm and say something that distracted him from the picture. What's the matter with you? he demanded once. Am I disgracing you by laughing too loud? Of course not darling she said. I want you to enjoy the picture. And he thought That certainly doesn't sound like Ellie. Yet there was nothing very definite. He just had the feeling that she was watching him all the time. It made him uneasy.

Well every Saturday night everybody in Perry Falls went up to the club for dinner and they danced afterwards. Harvey couldn't dance on account of his ankle and he sat around and talked and had a few drinks and now and then he would cut in on Ellie and take her out for a walk in the moonlight. When he wasn't with her he watched her for he thought she was the most beautiful thing in the world which of course she wasn't but it was nice that he thought so. Well he noticed that most of the time she didn't pay any special attention to him but when she was with Dustin Price they both kept glancing toward him and he thought they were talking about him. And when he had checked this observation several evenings he said to himself Oho! So Dustin is the snake in the ointment!

NOW this Mr. Price was the leading local exponent of culture and the cosmopolitan outlook. He was in his middle thirties and before the war had traveled a good deal and dabbled in the night life of several European capitals for he had an income which permitted such goings on. In 1942 he came home. He tried twice to get into the Army but both times in the physical examinations he failed to qualify and he then settled down in the ancestral home on Willow Street to wait until such European bright spots as escaped destruction were open for business.

Mr. Price had been more or less underfoot since Harvey's return but so had a number of other young men. He didn't trust any of them. But since Ellie had expressed her preference for him publicly he felt safe. Now he wondered if he had been wrong.

So one evening he said Look here Ellie are we engaged or aren't we? Of course we are darling she said. Well then he said when you're with Dustin Price why are you always whispering in corners and looking at me? Is it a plot or something? Don't be silly said Ellie and don't go imagining a lot of foolishness. Dustin is a good friend of mine and of yours too Harvey. He always says the nicest things about you. I mistrust people who say nice things behind my back Harvey said. What kind of things? Why just—things said Ellie. I can't remember. Uh-huh said Harvey. Well skip it.

SO they sat for a while and Harvey wondered what he could say to really make her mad. He thought if they could have one of their good prewar rows it would clear the air and everything would be all right. So he criticized the way she did her hair and she said she'd change it. And he said he thought her best friend Doris Leveret was a sap and she agreed. And then he groaned and said Ellie what is the matter with you? You certainly have changed. Why if I'd said those things two years ago you'd have tried to claw my eyes out. She said Well but I think you're right.

Oh Lord give me strength! said Harvey and then he jumped up and grabbed her by the shoulders and shook her and said Ellie snap out of it! Stop being such a horrible little lady! Please Harvey—please! she said. Oh don't get so excited—it isn't good for you! So he sat down again. All right he said you win. And he thought for a minute and said Look Ellie why don't we get married next week?

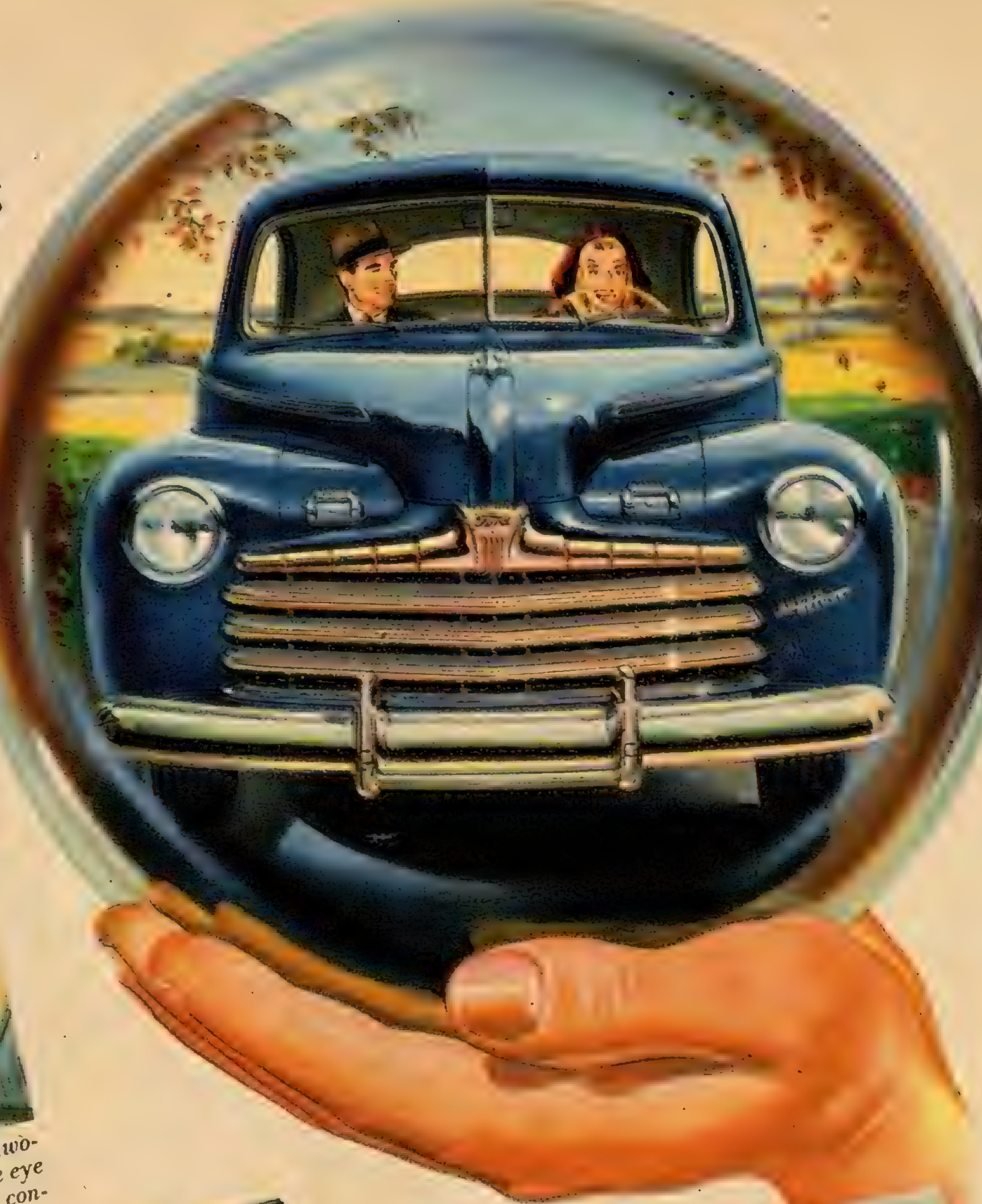
Ellie stiffened and she said Why—I thought it was all arranged. For September. We can't do that Harvey. You know Aunt Moira wants to come and she can't now. And you've been back such a short time and—well you were wounded. I wish you wouldn't use that word said Harvey crossly. My ankle was no more a wound than your finger was that night I pushed you out of the hammock and you broke it. And this was perfectly true for Harvey had been driving a jeep containing a couple of visiting congressmen when a truck had sideswiped him. They had all been thrown out and the congressmen had landed on their heads and had thus sustained no injury but Harvey's ankle had been smashed.

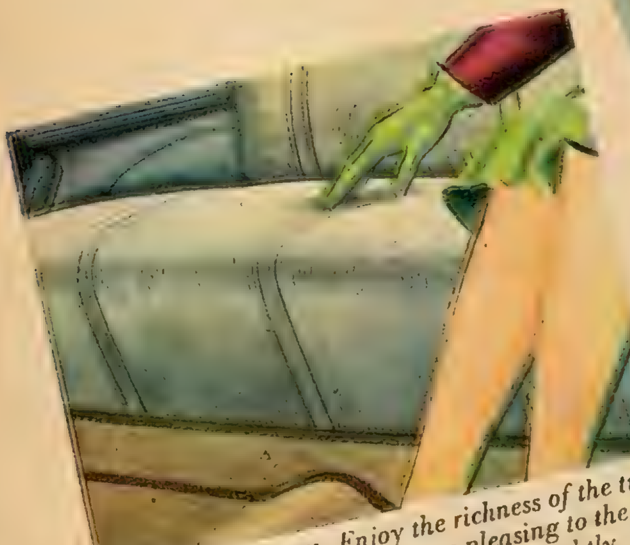
Moreover he said I dare say I could hobble around Niagara Falls. Oh did you want to go there? said Ellie. Well I guess that would be nice though I thought you wanted to go to your camp in the Adirondacks. I was using Niagara Falls in the symbolic sense said Harvey dryly.

Well poor Harvey he didn't know what to do. He could go choke some

(*Continued on page 74*)

Advancements everywhere you look . . .





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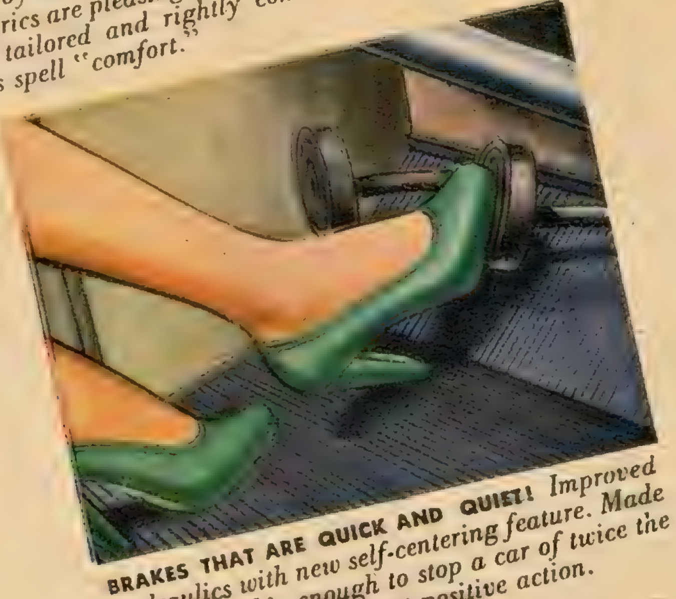

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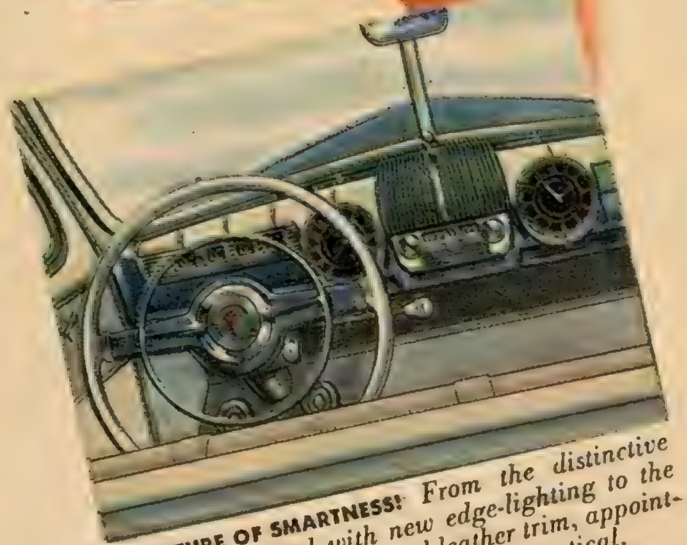

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Keep in touch with your Ford dealer—for the smartest, most comfortable Ford car ever built.

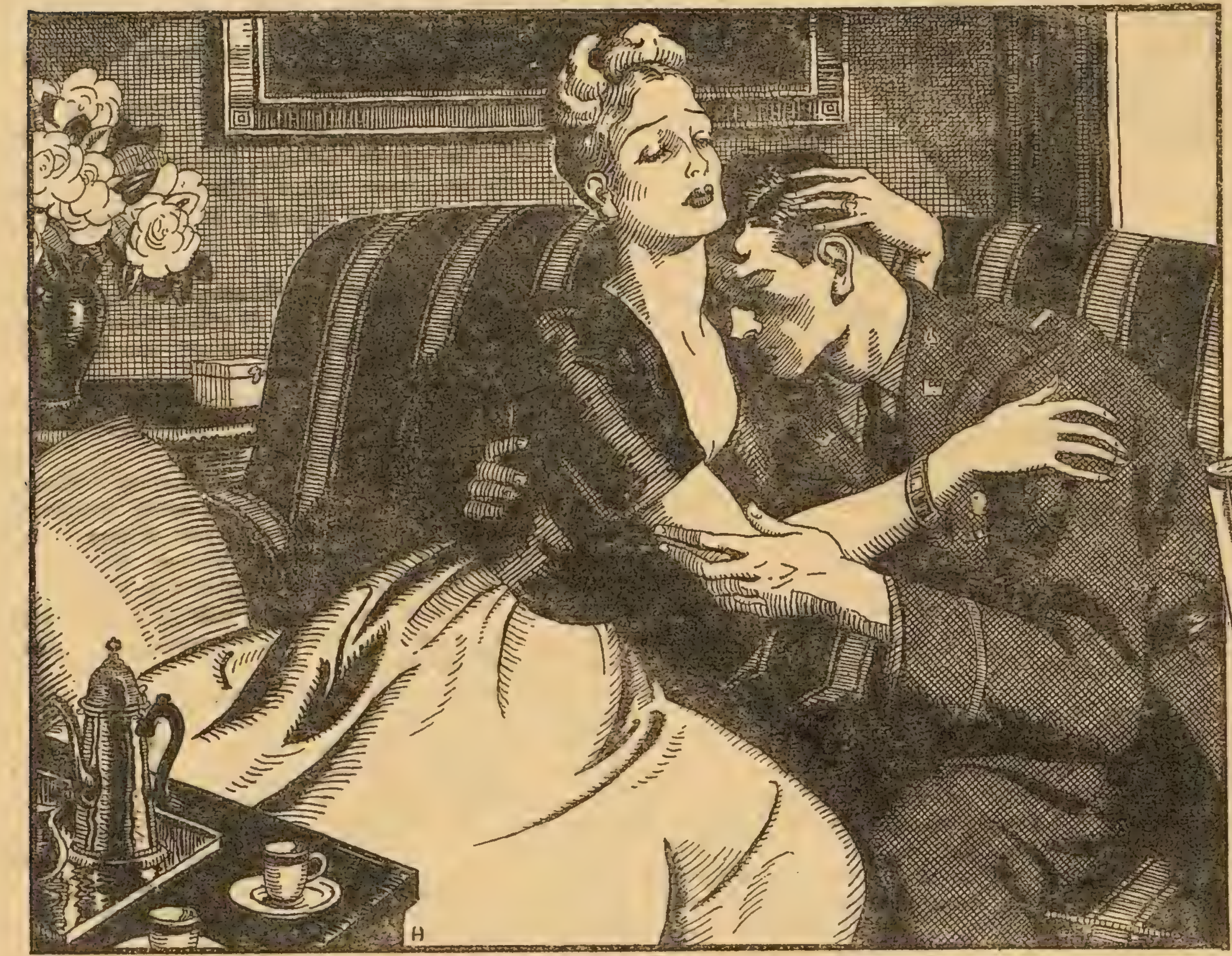
FORD MOTOR COMPANY

There's a Ford in your future!

No Shortage of Men

A package of firecrackers would have made a good coat of arms for the women of the Courtney household. Ellen was a delinquent grandma; Eileen liked to think of herself as a frustrated wife; Ellena was the heir to all their charm and mischief. Their triple-barreled romance is one of the season's high spots of gaiety.

BY ETHEL HUESTON



A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY W. EMERTON HEITLAND

ELLENA

When I got home after the day's refined grind at Miss McAllister's Secretarial Institute, Mother was sitting in the most uncomfortable chair in the living room, tapping one foot on the Chinese prayer rug. Ordinarily she was upstairs touching herself up for the evening, or in the dining room touching up the table in her own inimitable way.

"Your grandmother is back from California," she announced curtly.

To us Grandmother is "Gram." When we are pleased with her or wish to be affectionately insulting, we call her Duchess. "Your grandmother" boded ill and I knew it.

"Is she here?" I asked.

"No. She is in Washington. She wants us to go down immediately for a family conference."

"I can't go this week end," I said firmly. "I am going to New York. We bought our theater tickets two months ago. What's the matter? Is she sick?"

"I haven't the faintest idea what is the matter. Her telegram just says she is there and requests—or commands—that we go immediately. She wants your father, too, and he will be furious, called away from whatever it is he thinks he ought to be doing for the war up there in Boston. But after all, she is my mother and we can't very well refuse."

"Mother, why don't you call up His Excellency and ask what it's all about?"

"Your grandfather is in Russia, she says."

"He would be! His only wife, his only daughter, his only grand-brat in a jam like this, and he's in Russia."

"Well, I suppose I must call your father," Mother said drearily.

It took quite a while to get him, and from Mother's attitude I inferred that it was a particularly bad moment for

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him to be got. He could not leave that night, but he would not let Gram down in such a crisis. He said he would wangle things somehow. He called back a little later and said he couldn't get the air reservations but had them for the train, and we should meet him at the Pennsylvania Station at two.

I listened attentively while Mother phoned Gram in Washington. Gram said she was fine; that as far as she knew, "your father," though in Russia, was still intact; that we'd better take a taxi up from the station as she was out of coupons.

Mother looked resentfully at me as she recounted this conversation. I reciprocated.

"It seems to me," I said reproachfully, "that if you were on the approved daughterly terms with your parent, you could have got more out of her."

"Do you consider yourself on approved daughterly terms with me?" she asked.

"Well, yes, I think so," I said, with some doubt.

"Well, you're not getting as much out of me as you think you are," she said cryptically.

Upset. We were very much upset.

AS far as I can remember, we, our family, took the steps to war just like everybody else. My father, who had gone to West Point long before he met me or Mother either, and had served in the other war, was yanked out of his neat little job and chivvied back into the service. But they stepped him up to a colonelcy and his uniforms were lovely. Mother and I stayed on in our house in West Orange while he dashed around over the country getting refresher courses.

I finished high school. I had really wanted to take a course in dramatic art with an eye on the movies, but dramatic art seemed frivolous in the face of war, so we compromised on the Secretarial Institute. Mother took a nurse's-aid course, to take the edge off Gram and the last war.

Gram had been up to see us a time or two but mostly she stayed at home in Washington, and His Excellency got out his brief case and his best clothes and went on some kind of a mission. He was not really an ambassador; he wasn't even an excellency. But he was some kind of an expert on some sort of intricate economic problems and knew his way around in politics, too, so he was always being sent somewhere. When he went to South America, Gram wrote that she was going west for a little mountain air. She had now been gone four months.

Ordinarily I like travel. Especially when I travel alone. And it isn't too bad going either with Mother or Dad, one or the other. It's ghastly going with both of them. Perfectly all right they are, my parents, but they had reached that dreadful stage where they never dreamed of being interesting to each other. Polite, always polite. But dull.

We took a cab up to the house on Twenty-eighth Place just off Massachusetts Avenue. It was a very nice house. Big enough for all of us when we were there but not too big for Gram and His Excellency when they were alone.

Hortense, Gram's colored maid who had known me before I was born, met us at the door. She hugged me as usual and shook Mother's hand and said beamingly to Dad, "Howdy, Sa'geant Dave, sir, how's the wah?"

"Colonel Dave, Hortense, if you please," Dad said pleasantly.

We were very fond of Hortense.

"Is Mother sick?" Mother asked.

"No'm, no'm, Miss Eileen, she ain't sick. She be right down."

Then from the top of the stairs, "Hello, below!" Gram's voice. Silvering hair, well kept; slim hands, impeccably manicured, on the mahogany stair rail; slim, straight figure, smartly gowned; friendly eyes; smiling lips. We hugged and kissed her. She made us mad once in a while, but we really doted on Gram. She was a scant five-four. Mother was taller, perfectly figured, five-seven. I was an inch taller, a little too thin for beauty perhaps but fashionably thin. I was eighteen, Mother thirty-nine. Gram was sixty. Think of living long enough to be sixty years old!

We went into the living room and sat down, and Hortense came in with drinks.

"Your telegram scared us, Duchess," Mother said.

Gram sipped her sherry. "I didn't mean to frighten you. I felt I should tell you myself before you stumbled across it somewhere outside, from some friend or from the papers. Be calm, Eileen. It's nothing to get excited about. Your father and I are divorced."

WE sat there in the most awful silence imaginable. What can you say when a grandmother you dote on informs you that she is divorced from what you have always considered a very swell grandfather?

"Mother, have you considered it carefully? After all—you can hardly have fallen in love with somebody else—at your age," Mother remonstrated feebly.

"Now let's straighten the record immediately," Gram said briskly. "I have not fallen in love with anybody. And, yes, I did consider it carefully but not at any great length. Your father said he wanted a divorce. So I went west and got it. I just thought you might like to know," she ended drily. "I got it on the grounds of incompatibility. When a man says he wants a divorce, I consider him absolutely incompatible."

"What did he want it for, Gram?" I whispered.

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"Didn't you ask him?" Dad said explosively.

"Certainly not. I didn't consider it any of my business."

If it had been Mother and Dad I think I could have understood it better because they so obviously bored each other. But Gram and His Excellency had never bored each other. They always had more to talk about than there was time for talking. Or had they been bored? Had it all been pretence between them?

"Anyhow, Duchess, you have nothing to worry about," Dad said comfortingly. "You just come right along and live with us and more than welcome."

"Live where?" Mother asked. "If she can live with you, it's more than Ellena and I can manage to do. We've hardly seen you since the war started."

"Oh, she can follow me along from camp to camp," Dad said cheerfully. "My barracks shall be her barracks and my C rations hers."

Gram laughed. "Thanks, Davie, but I do not anticipate starvation. Not yet."

After dinner we went upstairs. We said it was to unpack our bags and get settled, but really it was just to move around, do something, relieve the tension.

We stopped at the door of Gram's room. It was a lovely room, the only one in the house, except the maid's room on the third floor, that had a private bath. The big luxurious double bed was now strewn with silken cushions in delicate pastel colors, the dainty bedside lamps wearing matching shades. His Excellency had abhorred frills except on women.

"You and Dave will take the guest room as usual, Eileen," Gram said. "Ellena, the little room across the hall. I think you will find everything all right."

We wanted Gram to go back to New Jersey with us and either Mother or I would willingly have remained with her in Washington, but her refusal was a relief to us and we were glad to be on the train going home. Dad was disturbed. He had always loved Grandfather, just as we had. When a man like His Excellency goes haywire, he said, you can jolly well bet there is some dizzy blonde in the background. Mother and I thought, so, too.

A FEW weeks later Dad was shifted down to Fort Jackson in South Carolina. In the middle of the summer, when the Secretarial Institute finally washed its hands of me and Mother advised against my going to work until fall, he wrote that he had a nice hotel apartment lined up and invited Mother, Gram, and me to come down and spend a month with him.

Mother declined without even rereading the invitation. She said South Carolina did not agree with her hay fever. Gram telephoned from Washington she would get a real kick out of chaperoning me for a while, so I went down.

A couple of weeks passed very pleasantly. Then Dad telephoned in and said there was going to be some special speechmaking at the Fort and he was sending the car to bring us out. No less a person than Winston Churchill had consented to make a few remarks in passing.

Our seats were not very good, far enough away so the minor introductory remarks wouldn't distract our attention from the columns of young men lined up smartly in their best uniforms, eyes slanted right. There was one in particular—I counted down the line—the fifteenth to the left of a second lieutenant. His eyes seemed to be glued where they were supposed to be glued, but I did not think so. I am intuitive about such things. He looked nice in his uniform.

"He can't be looking at me," I told myself, looking hard at him to make sure. "It's an optical delusion. Somebody would smack him down if his eyes were lefted when they should be righted."

Too soon, it was over. We milled around awhile with some people we knew and went to the Officers' Club, but I was in a blue daze.

"Dad," I said, frowning thoughtfully as if my sole interest was in military procedure, "does the army keep records of men who stand in certain spots in certain rows at special events?"

Dad laughed. "What do you think we are, the Follies? We are just one jump ahead of the chain gang. We don't go entirely by number but darned close to it."

"Then nobody could conceivably figure out who stood—well, say fifteenth to the left of the second lieutenant in the front row?"

"Only himself and God," he said good-naturedly. "His sergeant would know. His officers might, especially if he had been in trouble a good many times."

He dismissed the subject smilingly, but Gram regarded me reflectively.

I hounded the camp until, if it hadn't been for my first-class credentials, they would probably have thought I was an A-1 spy. I strolled the streets. I went to movies. But no luck. Then I started out of the hotel one day, and there he was! He was sitting on the stone wall right across the street.

I got over there and turned to pass him. "Oh, excuse me," I said apologetically. I couldn't say "Hello" to a stranger, and I had to say something.

He got off the wall, took off his hat, and said, "Pardon me, but could you tell me where Grove Street is?"

"Grove Street," I repeated thoughtfully, as well I might, having never heard of Grove Street. "I think I've seen the sign. Perhaps it is down this way, the way I'm going."

We walked sedately to the corner and looked at the sign. We walked down that block and looked at the next sign. We laughed cheerfully. We walked another block. No Grove!

"I'm in no hurry to get there," he said. "Couldn't we rest in the park awhile? We've walked quite a distance and you must be tired."

"I am a little tired," I admitted. So we moseyed into the park and found a bench that was almost secluded.

"My name," he said, "is Cliff Lindley."

"I am Ellena Courtney," I said primly.

"Yes, I know. I asked a newspaperman. Newspapermen know everything. He told me who you are, where you live and that your grandmother is chaperoning you. He also told me 'no soap' because everything between two bars and two stars is looking out for you. But I figured that anyhow a GI cat can look at a colonel's offspring."

"That was brilliant of you," I said with honest admiration. "But at least you had something to point at. I didn't. And I couldn't go around asking who was the fifteenth to the left of the second lieutenant in the front row."

"Then you did see me," he said happily. "I kept thinking maybe you did. Was I really fifteenth to the left of that little squirt?"

We laughed heartily, as if it were some rare joke we had played on the War Department.

"Perhaps I should not tell you," he said, "for you are probably badly spoiled already, but since that day I have spent every off-duty hour and some hours which while not exactly AWOL were not strictly in the line of duty—sitting on that spot on the stone fence. I figured you would have to come out for air sometime."

"I come out nearly all the time," I assured him. "I'm amazed I didn't see you. I was looking—farther away. What hours do you usually have off?"

"That, alas, is a choice military secret. They never let me know in advance. But I'm always alerted. When I get them, I grab them. It's a surprising thing, but close up. . ." He stopped and looked at me. "I give you my word, Ellena, that close up you are even more beautiful than at a distance."

I had looked at hundreds of men, maybe thousands. I had been engaged twice, but not very long and not seriously. But when I looked at Cliff all of a sudden there was nobody else in the world.

"Oh, Cliff," I said, "I wish there wasn't a war."

"Ellena, how else under heaven would I ever have found you? Do you know where I come from? Iowa. And once this little chore is over I expect to go back and do business there. . ."

IT did not seem at all odd to be using first names. We were holding hands by that time, too. When I noticed, I remember hoping faintly that I hadn't started it. But I didn't really care.

"When will you be off-duty again, Cliff?" I asked.

"Sunday. I don't suppose it would be brass-hat military for you to go to the service men's dance Saturday night? They are having trouble getting enough girls."

"Who is running it?" I asked breathlessly.

"The Women's Club. Mrs. Gilding is managing it. Do you know her?"

"Gram," I said. "If she doesn't know Mrs. Gilding now, she will before Saturday night. How much time will you have off Sunday, Cliff?

"All day. Until midnight."

He took my telephone number, gave me his camp address and told me how to reach him by wire if I wanted him in a hurry.

"Do you know how I shall spend the day if anything gums up the works for Sunday?"

"How?"

"I shall sit on my familiar perch on the stone wall and look at that very ugly hotel which houses you—but isn't ugly any more. It has big blue eyes and dark brown hair and a sweet smile and a husky little voice and I adore it. I am terribly afraid, Ellena, that I am by way of falling in love with you."

"I'll try to stand it," I said.

When it was time for him to catch his bus we crossed over to the hotel and said good-by. It didn't feel like me at all, the girl who ran down the corridor to our apartment. I threw my arms around Gram.

"Gram, you ought to be ashamed, cooped up here in this stuffy room! It's the most beautiful world in the world outdoors!"

"Yes," she said quietly. "Not often, but once in a while, it is the most beautiful world in the world."

"Gram, do you know Mrs. Gilding?"

"Never heard of her! Who is she?"

"Oh, she is some woman's club that is giving a dance Saturday night for the enlisted men. She's having a terrible time getting enough nice girls for it. There's a dance at the Officers' Club, too, but I thought maybe you could persuade a few of us girls, as a patriotic service, to sacrifice the shoulder *décor* for one night and help poor Mrs. Gilding out of her jam."

The telephone rang and I went to answer it.

"Is Miss Courtney—is this you, Ellena?"

I gasped. "Where are you?"

"In the lobby. Somehow, like a fool, I got your purse in my pocket. Or you put it there to frame me! Anyhow, there it is. So I brought it back."

"Tell him to come up," Gram cut in sharply.

"Cliff . . . uh . . . Mr. Lindley . . . uh . . . my grandmother . . . she says . . . bring it up"

I was in a panic of inner excitement but acted calmly. I got out cigarettes and opened the candy jar.

THE Duchess was all right. She extended a small hand when I introduced him, and said, "How do you do, Mr. Lindley? Won't you sit down? It was good of you to return Ellena's bag. She is a nice enough child, being my granddaughter, but she is a sad dropper and loser and forgetter. Perhaps we could talk the army out of you and appoint you her picker-up-in-chief."

"It would be a pleasure, Mrs. Dorchester, but the talking would be strictly up to you. The army and I are not on such confidential conversational terms."

"You are from the West?"

"Middle. I am from Iowa. I am going to OCS next week. I had a little basic training at the university but not enough to carry me up to a brass bar."

"What university?"

"Iowa. Iowa State."

Gram frowned thoughtfully. Suddenly she brightened. "Iowa State! Why, of course! Then you must know my old friend, Dean Fanshaw. He's at Iowa State. . . Ellena, fancy that! Mr. Lindley turns out to be a protégé of one of my best friends. A splendid man, Dean Fanshaw. Salt of the earth! This is delightful, Mr. Lindley. You must come and see us often."

"Well, to be honest," Cliff said, "I knew him fairly well. But since I was only one of ten thousand students—"

"Don't be modest, my boy. I can imagine the pride and pleasure he is taking in your progress. I shall write him immediately. I hope you can be at that ridiculous service dance Saturday night," Gram went on. "I am trying to get a few girls together to help poor dear Mrs. Gilding out, and it would be a pleasure to be sure of one familiar and friendly face in that mob of strangers. I shall chaperon my own group, of course."

Cliff glanced at me and smiled broadly. "Fast work, very fast work," he said with apparent pleasure.

"Yes, I always work fast," Gram said complacently. "What are you doing Sunday, Mr. Lindley? . . . What is your first name, by the way?"

"Clifford."

"Cliff for short, I suppose. Well, since Ellena and I are to mother you for Dean Fanshaw's sake, we may as well buckle down to first names immediately. Cliff, if you can get Sunday off . . . You know, we've been stuck in this foul hotel ever since we've been here. But about fifty miles away, up in the hills, there is a small but lovely inn. . . I suppose you can drive a car?"

"Yes, of course."

Can you imagine? There it was all done, as simply as that. The dance. Sunday.

Gram called Mrs. Gilding at once, introduced herself over the telephone and arranged about the dance.

She went to work on Dad at dinner. "Dave, you can never guess who I met this afternoon! Cliff Lindley!"

"Who's Cliff Lindley?"

"You remember my old friend Dean Fanshaw?"

"Never heard of him. Who's he?"

"Oh, you must have heard of him. Well, this Cliff Lindley is one of his pet protégés. He's stationed here and is going up to OCS next week. Dean Fanshaw, a dear man, one in a million, will be very happy. He's the dean of the college Cliff attended."

"That's nice," Dad said pleasantly. "Very nice."

After a brief pause Gram said, in a different voice, more appealing and less enthusiastic, "Dave, dear, you've been very nice to us and we're having a grand time but . . . would it be possible for Ellena and me to have the car Sunday? There's a little hotel up in the hills where we could have a long, lazy day alone with nature."

"Yes, of course, Duchess," he said heartily. "Do you want me to take the day off and go with you?"

"Dave, you are the most generous man that ever lived! But of course we wouldn't let you do that. You would be bored to death, sitting under a tree, smelling air all day. Maybe if that boy, Dean Fanshaw's protégé, can get the day off, he might drive us up. But Ellena and I can manage if we have to."

"Give yourselves a nice day of it," Dad said. "Will twenty dollars be enough?"

"More than enough, Dave. I certainly picked myself a nice son-in-law."

We laughed at that. Mother and Dad had eloped when Mother was in college, and Gram had never even heard his name before he was suddenly her son-in-law.

WHEN we got home from the dance I tried to tell Gram how I felt; that this was no passing flirtation like those other times.

"Ellena," she said kindly, "you needn't have any qualms about happiness. When eventually you attain to my ripe and doddering senility, you will look back and regret many things. But not any moment of happiness."

Sunday was a momentous day. Cliff and I got engaged.

"Ellena," he said, "I love you so much—I give you my word, I even love your grandmother. Though I think she is a little crazy."

"Cliff, I love you, too. I will try to love Iowa and all your relatives, although I am willing to bet they are all a lot crazier than my Gram."

We said a few silly things like that. Not many. It takes only a minute to admit you are in love and get engaged. It's the repetitions and the confirmations that take so long.

"Mrs. Dorchester," Cliff said after we had broken the news to Gram, "don't you think it is going to be a little hard explaining all this to . . . the Colonel?"

"Why explain? What business is it of his, anyhow? And we are only going to be here ten days longer."

"Yes, I know. But I haven't even ten days. I'm leaving for Virginia on Tuesday."

"I don't suppose they would dream of letting you off so you could come for dinner tomorrow night?"

"Yes, I can get off," he said. "We're just marking time until Tuesday. But are you sure the Colonel—"

"You come for dinner," she said.

THE COLONEL

I don't know when I've had such a jolt. And that was odd, for Ellena had been falling in love all her life. But this time it seemed to knock the world out from under me. The fact that Eileen, her mother, was not there to apply a gentle checkrein added to the gravity of the situation. That put it strictly up to me.

I had never so much as heard the name of this Dean Fanshaw. It was a damned queer coincidence that the GI Ellena had taken a shine to should turn out to be a protégé of Ellen's precious pal. Skulduggery somewhere. Still, I was more irritated with Eileen than with the Duchess. A mother's place is beside her young daughter during wartime. I had invited her, too.

I made some confidential inquiries about the boy, and concluded that he was a good regular, average chap. We met at dinner. He looked all right, well groomed, pleasant, personable.

"Sir," he said quickly when we had a few minutes together, "I . . . I want to tell you . . . I really don't know how Mrs. Dorchester got the idea that I was any favorite of the Dean's. I give you my word I didn't say so. She just seemed to leap to the conclusion and I couldn't talk her out of it. I am just one of thousands of students who have gone through under him, that's all.

"If you would like references or anything," he went on in some embarrassment, "I can give you names of people who know me and my family—"

"Not necessary," I said airily. "I am not hiring you. We may as well face this thing reasonably. We are in for a long, hard war. You and Ellena are young. Your affections may change; they may not. At least you will have plenty of time to find out."

When dinner was over and after we had had coffee and liqueurs in the living room, the Duchess said, "Ellena and Cliff, since this will be your last night together for some time, would you like to run off to a movie or a dance and be alone together for a while?"

"We should like to be alone together for a while," Ellena said.

"Very much," Cliff corroborated promptly.

"I suppose you can drive a car, Cliff?" I said.

"Mine's down in the garage." I handed over the keys, shook hands, and wished him all the luck in the world. He thanked me gratefully and said he would really dig in at school so next time he came to see me he wouldn't feel self-conscious if he didn't use the service entrance.

"Duchess," I said when they had gone, "would you mind telling me where and when you got so thick with this Fanshaw?"

"Dean Fanshaw? Oh, I never met him myself," she said innocently. "You remember my friend Janet Shoreham. Her niece Marian married his son a couple of years ago. Janet went to the wedding and wrote me all about it. He must be a wonderful man or Janet would never have permitted her niece to marry his son."

"Just as I thought," I said grimly.

"Good night, David. And again, a thousand thanks. I can't tell you what a load of worry and responsibility you have taken from my tired old shoulders. These things are very hard on a sensitive woman."

EILEEN

After the first shock of surprise, all I felt was an immense and overwhelming pride in Mother and Father. This belated divorce had taken sheer courage. I, after twenty years, was fed up with my way of life, but I hadn't the courage to pull myself up to the edge of my rut and steal a timid glance into the rut adjoining.

I had nothing in particular against Dave. I was just tired of him. He was so boresomely dependable. He was tired of me, too. I sensed that. I could hardly believe he was the dashing young officer who had swept me off my girlish feet. When we were alone together we were—just married. Married to the high heavens and back again!

Now for the first time I felt a faint glimmer of hope. After all, I was my parents' daughter. There must be something of their dauntless audacity in me somewhere. So I wanted Ellena to go south to her father and leave me alone for a while. I wanted to explore my shallow depths in search of guts.

I was amused at Ellena's first letters about her love affair. Then one came saying, "I am engaged to him and it is the loveliest thing in the world." I skipped hurriedly over the ejaculatory sentences and concentrated on others. "Dad has given his blessing." "Gram admits she likes him." "Dad calls him Cliff, too."

Dave and Gram had known all about what was going on, had known for days. Yet they wrote to me of the weather and the dances and army routine—even of food!

"They want Ellena to shoulder her own responsibility," I thought hotly. "They don't trust me or my judgment."

There was a hard rain the day Ellena came home, so I did not meet her at the station. I met her at the open door. She dropped her bag and threw both arms around me. She was laughing. But she put her face to mine and tears came.

Suddenly she shook her head vigorously, dashing away tears and rain drops, still laughing. "I'm so happy," she said. "He's wonderful, Mother. He's just wonderful." There was a deepened undertone to her fresh young voice.

When we went upstairs after dinner, she read me some of his letters, excerpts from them, breaking off now and again, "Oh, no, not that" . . . "Not that" . . . "Here, this."

There was a letter from Dave the next day. I expected the letter, and knew almost verbatim what he would say:

"I suppose Ellena has let you in on the new volcanic betrothal. Don't let it worry you. Another flash in the pan. They think right now that this one will last forever. We know better. He's an engineer and engineers are needed, so he will be shipped out pretty pronto. He's not at all a bad youngster. I checked his records. They are good. I met him at dinner. Quite presentable; capable, I am sure; rather clever. Very likable."

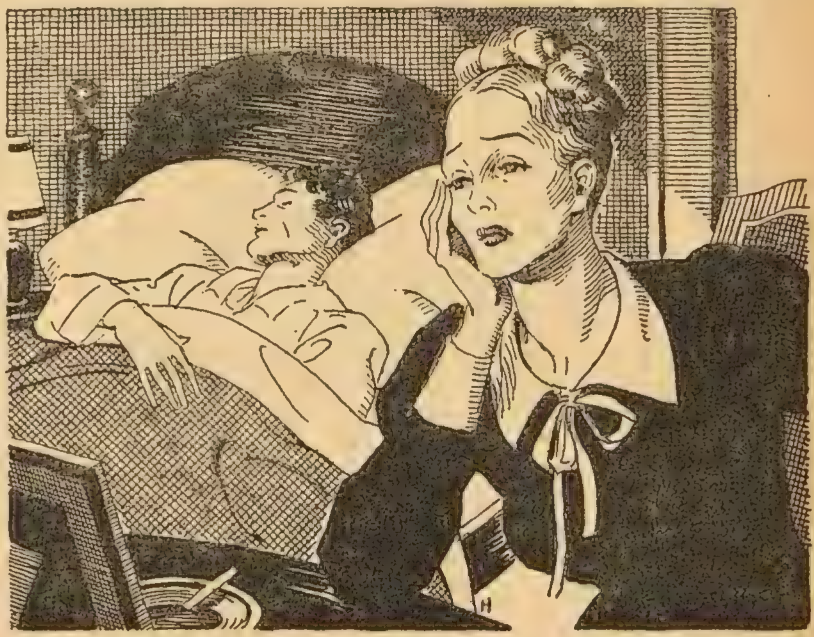
It was two months later, almost midwinter, when Cliff got the coveted three-day leave and after considerable expensive long-distance telephoning and wiring, it was arranged that we were to meet in Washington for the brief reunion. Dave could not take the week end, but agreed to fly up for Sunday.

Ellena and I went down, in our best raiment, exalted by the most expensive hair-dressing and manicuring to be had in New York. But Ellena did not require outside exaltation. She hardly spoke at all. Just sat motionless, shining. Once in a while she reached over and took my hand.

"Mother, love him. Please love him."

"I do, Ellena. I love him already."

He looked young and eager and a little tired; a little frightened, too. He was direct enough. Before one polite hour had passed he said, "Mrs. Courtney, may I tell my mother that Ellena and I are going to be married—sometime?"



I was surprised. "Haven't you told her?"

"I have told her about Ellena, of course. But I didn't say things were settled. The Colonel and the Duchess are so easy—I mean, Ellena can handle them so smoothly—that I had to wait for you to give official sanction."

I laughed. "You want to know if I am going to throw a monkey wrench into the engagement. I am not."

Dave came, as planned, on Sunday. In twenty years I had never known him to miss a plan. When we were at dinner that night, Ellena announced that if she had anything to say about it she and Cliff were going to be married as soon as he finished OCS.

"Don't muff your courses, Cliff," Dave said quietly. "If you're too slow about it, there won't be anybody on hand to give the bride away. I shall not be in these parts much longer."

We looked at him. He did not raise his eyes from his plate. Ellena plied him with questions. He insisted he had no idea when, no idea where. But he was going.

A little later he said, "I was wondering if it wouldn't be a good idea for you gals to team up for the duration. There's a housing shortage already and it's going to be worse, and there's going to be a fuel shortage and a gas shortage. It will cut down on the overhead, too—a big argument for us husbands."

"Do you want us to come here, Dave?" I asked.

"I think you should team up somewhere," he said. "Here or there. I think Gram would be happier in her own house. No difference to me."

They left together, Dave and Cliff. Cliff was taking the train for Belvoir, Dave flying to Fort Jackson. I did not see Dave alone. There was no need. He had said all he had to say. I knew all his plans would be perfected, his papers in order, every detail punctiliously worked out.

At the door Cliff held Ellena in his arms. He said nothing. Mother and I moved past them and talked to Dave, waiting at the top of the steps.

"Anchors aweigh, my lad," he said suddenly. Cliff went at once.

When the door closed after them, Gram said abruptly, "Well, one good thing, we don't have to let Dave Courtney run us. We can do as we please until he gets another leave. Right now, I please to go to bed. You girls talk it over and give me the gist in the morning. But not before coffee. No gists before coffee."

WE decided to team up in Gram's house. I had known from the beginning that we would. I kept telling myself that this was a good time for me to begin putting my foot down and standing out against everybody on every issue. But I did not. And in a way, it was a jail break.

Ellena at once landed a hypothetical job in the fabulous Pentagon and lost herself there professionally in its labyrinthine corridors. I signed up for five hours a day as nurse's aid.

Everything went along like clockwork. Cliff did all right at OCS and got his commission. Also a five-day leave which he spent rapturously with us, before reporting back to Belvoir for his first assignment.

It was late winter, almost early spring, when Dave came on a ten-day leave at last. He looked very well. Younger, brisker, very alert. He teased the Duchess, petted Ellena. Took me for granted, all as usual.

It was at dinner that he said, "This is the last leave I am going to get and it's the last you are going to be seeing of me until I bring you a few Nazi scalps on a silver salver."

Gram went quite pale. A sudden flash of crimson swept up from Ellena's slim throat and suffused her face. I looked at them to keep my eyes away from Dave.

Ellena stood up. "I must put in a call to Cliff," she said. "He must come quickly. There isn't a minute to waste."

But Cliff could not get so much as a two-day pass.

Dave put all his affairs in order, gave me due power of attorney, arranged with Gram for financing the Washington menage, and went away again.

Several weeks later Cliff telephoned late one evening.

"Cliff's going, too," Ellena said briefly when she came back into the room. "Ten days, like Dad. He's flying to Iowa to tell them good-by and then coming here. We'll have to be all set to get married as soon as he lands and then we'll go some place for a day or two. But we'll come back before the ten days is up."

"Ellena," I said timidly, "are you sure? Wouldn't you rather wait . . . a little while longer?"

She shook her head dizzily, as if hardly understanding my words.

We met Cliff at the airport. Gram drove the car, and Ellena, Cliff and I had the back seat. Cliff held both Ellena's hands and pressed them against his lips now and then. There was no effort at polite conversation.

Then, very soon, we were driving back to Washington and Ellena was a married woman.

They went to New York on the afternoon train. We had rapturous telegrams from them in New York and then they came back. They, too, were rapturous.

We had not heard from Dave since he left the country, but as he had a San Francisco APO we knew it was the Pacific area and many weeks would elapse before we had definite word. Cliff had a New York APO, which indicated the European theater.

THE DUCHESS

Eileen came in late one afternoon. "Guess who I met today," she said chattily. "Bob Vandermere! You remember Bob and Edith Vandermere, don't you? We used to see a lot of them before they moved west. He is here now, with Intelligence. We stopped at the Shoreham for a cocktail."

"That's nice," I said. "How is Edith?"

"She's dead, Mother, don't you remember? It was several years ago and we've been so out of touch it was on the tip of my tongue to ask about her, but instinct prodded me just in time. He asked me to go to dinner and a show tomorrow night. Does anybody see any objections? You can voice them now or forever hold your peace."

We saw no objections. We had none of those old-fashioned ideas that a married woman mustn't have tea with an old friend, or that a husband can't buy his wife's friend a sandwich and a coke if he wants to. Casually, of course, just casually, in a nice, friendly way.

After that they dined together, danced, played bridge, and I was delighted that Eileen was having a good time. It was obvious that she was enjoying a belated flirtation, and in my heart of hearts I thought it was a good thing. When a woman gets to be around forty and is feeling herself dated and passé it helps her morale to discover that she is still attractive and can win men and influence heartthrobs. And Dave, knowing as he did how completely dependable and unchanging she was, could not possibly object and would be rather pleased than otherwise.

He always wanted her to enjoy herself.

ELLENA

January, 1944. Our wedding anniversary. I had been a married woman for a year.

I felt terribly married the first few months. Completely, entirely, enthusiastically married. I don't know when it began wearing off. I don't know why. It was nothing Cliff said. But it was mutual. I sensed that gradually.

I hardly ever knew where he was at the time he was there. His brief, infrequent letters seemed timed to fit his departures, and often there were long lapses in our correspondence. He was in North Africa first, and was stepped up to a First Lieutenancy. He was in Sicily and then in England. He was at Normandy and then in Belgium.

From a hospital in England he reported that he had been wounded in Belgium but was coming along all right and might presently be rating a sick leave.

It was late in the summer when he telephoned from New York. He was at Halloran Hospital, feeling fine, thanks. My heart seemed to sink right through the soles of my rationed shoes, but I pulled myself together. A week later he came to Washington.

We had been scrupulously saving our coupons to have a little gas on hand during his visit, so I got the car out to meet him at the station.

He looked gaunt and haggard. He was wearing the Purple Heart. He hadn't mentioned that. He said, "Hello, Ellena."

We shook hands. Then I put my arm about his shoulders and kissed him. His lips were cold.

"They wanted to come, too," I said nervously. "Mother and Gram. But I wouldn't let them. I wanted the first look at you myself."

"No vision of beauty," he said gruffly.

"You look all right," I said staunchly.

I drove off, slowly. "Do you have any pain, Cliff?" I asked. "Does driving hurt you?"

"No, not at all. Just damned weak. Damned weak and damned irritable. I'll get along out west as soon as I can. Did you take the day off from your work?"

"I took a vacation. They were very nice about it. They said a returning soldier was much more important than a common Christmas."

"To whom?" he asked wryly.

I turned down Twenty-eighth Place and pulled up to the curb. Gram and Mother came down the walk to meet us. They kissed Cliff and bustled solicitously around him. I carried his bag. He smiled at Gram.

"Heard from Dean Fanshaw lately?" he asked, more pleasantly than he had yet spoken.

"If he is still deaning, I consider him a slacker and he is off my corresponding list," she said cheerfully.

"Upstairs with you, my lad, and pronto," Mother said when we were in the house. "Into your pajamas and into your bed! Right, Colonel?" She appealed to Gram.

"Right, Corporal," Gram approved.

We all moved upstairs.

Mother swung his bag onto the small trunk rack and opened it. She tossed him his pajamas and slippers and pointed to the bathroom across the hall. Gram turned back the covers of one of the twin beds. I stood in the center of the room and watched them.

Cliff came back and stretched out on the bed, stiffly.

"You'll have to do the running up and down stairs, Ellena," Gram said, "because you have the youngest legs and are proud of it. How about a shot of brandy all round?"

I DAWDLED around as long as I decently could and then went up with the tray. My spirits rose a little when I entered the room. They had drawn chairs up near the bed and were sitting there, quietly talking. I must say Cliff looked as relieved as I felt.

Most of the time the first few days he lay quietly on his bed, usually pretending to be asleep. I encouraged that pretense. After the first day he came downstairs in the midafternoon and walked in the garden or went for a short drive and stayed down for an early dinner. I was passionately helpful with the housework, especially downstairs, away from him.

On the fourth evening after dinner when we were sitting in the living room he said suddenly, "You have all most considerately refrained from asking my plans, but at least I can assure you that I am not going to park on you in perpetuity. I shall go home soon and see what if anything is afoot in my own parts."

"Cliff," Gram said, "we decided to postpone wedding presents until you got back because Ellena thought you would enjoy receiving them together. But you rate a wedding present from me and I know what I want to give you."

He looked at her diffidently. That was better than the way he usually looked at me, which, if he looked at all, was definitely askance.

"If it's all right with Ellena, I think wedding presents are expendable until . . . until things are more settled and we know what we are going to do."

"Mine isn't that kind of a present," Gram said. "I know your mother can hardly wait to see you, and Ellena is anxious to meet her. We are all anxious to meet her. So I want my wedding present to be a round-trip ticket for her to come here and make us all a nice long visit."

"That's very swell of you, Duchess," he said, with a twisted smile. "And Mother would like to come in ordinary circumstances. But she can't. She has to stay there with . . . with my kid brother. He got his eyes knocked out in his first engagement. He is at home with her now. He is blind. He's only nineteen."

I think I really hated him when he said that. I wasn't pretending to be his wife, I didn't expect to be treated like a wife, but we were married. His own kid brother and he had never told me!

Gram was shocked, but it was hard to stump her. "Would he be able to come too, Cliff? I'll expand the present to include him. We'd love to have him. There's plenty of room."

"I don't think so, thank you," Cliff said. His voice was gentle but very weary. "Bob could probably make it and I dare say it would be an interesting change, but, you see, my sister is there, too. With her two little children. Her husband was killed six months ago. It's all rather a mess. But I know Mother. She wouldn't leave them."

His sister. Her name was Hildegarde. They called her Gardy. Her husband's name—I could not remember his name; Cliff called him Skinny. The babies were Betsy and Bill. I didn't know Skinny was dead.

"Cliff," Gram said gently after a painful pause, "let me get this straight. You really are not the most loquacious person in the world! Your mother is a widow, isn't she? Your young brother is at home and blind. Your sister's husband is dead and she is there with her orphaned babies. Is that right?"

"Wrapping it up in a bombshell, that is right," he said harshly.

"Then, Cliff," she said, "you are not going home until you have put a little complexion on your face and at least thirty pounds under your belt. You are not going home until you can get a ring in your voice and a grin on your lips and show the world that you are man enough for any troubled household. You are not going until you are ready to go, if I have to . . . hog-tie you!"

He laughed drearily. "Oh, I can buck up to it if I have to."

"You couldn't buck up to a termite, the way you feel!" Gram said derisively. "Go and fix him an eggnog, Ellena. He'll never fatten up on cigarettes!"

Before, I had been frightened and aloof and chilly. Now was added hot resentment. Instead of writing me what the top soak had said to the Pfc he could have told me about Bobby. Instead of bumbling along about the weather and the rations, he might have mentioned Gardy and the babies. So I went on doing the things I had been doing, but I never spoke to him at all except out of strict necessity or out of politeness, answering when spoken to.

ON the seventh night I corralled Gram and Mother in the kitchen.

"Listen to me," I said. "You've got to let him go! I can't stand it any more. He wants to go home. You know he does."

"Sit down, Ellena," Gram said. I obeyed gladly, for my knees were trembling so I could hardly stand.

"I take it," she said, "that the great romance has become a dud."

I nodded my head. I could not speak.

"Has he said he does not want you?"

"He doesn't have to say so. It sticks out all over him. You can see it! You must have seen it."

"I don't think we have to consider it from Cliff's point of view," Mother said, speaking slowly and thoughtfully. "As far as we are concerned, we have only to deal with Ellena. It seems to me it is entirely her problem. And however she decides—whatever you think you should do, Ellena, and whatever you do—it is all right with me. I only want you to be happy."

"Then you both feel," Gram said, in a silky voice, "that Cliff should go at once, alone, out to his mother, his blind young brother and his widowed sister with the little orphans and . . . just weather things out with them as best he can?"

I did not like her way of putting it, and hesitated for words.

Mother came to my help. "I do not see why Ellena should be expected to weather it for him or for any of the rest of them," she said. I was surprised at her courage in speaking back to Gram. "If they still loved each other, there would be no question about it. Ellena would go because she would want to go."

I went over to her and hugged her hard.

"Very well, Eileen," Gram said at last. "She is your daughter and she is a free soul. And since we are three women who love one another, would you mind telling us, with a frankness equal to Ellena's, just what your own plans are for the years ahead?"

Mother drew a sharp breath. She looked, not at Gram, but at me and without flinching.

"As soon as your father comes home," she said evenly, "I am going to ask him for a divorce so I can marry Bob Vandermere."

THE DUCHESS

I noticed Ellena's instinctive recoil from her mother at her frank avowal. At least they were no longer in solid alignment against me. It was each for herself from this on.

I turned to Eileen. "I think you are a hundred percent right. A little late about it, but right. Ellena or I would have done it years ago. I wouldn't have stood it so long. Ellena wouldn't."

Eileen brightened. "Do you mean it, Mother? Do you really understand?"

"Of course I mean it. I've marveled all these years, the way you stood it! I couldn't imagine what you were made of! Ellena must have marveled, too. She is too clever not to have seen how things were with you and Dave." I laughed lightly. "After my own debacle with the Pimpernel, how can you think I would have the temerity to find fault with either of you, no matter what happens to your picayune little amours? But I still feel there are amenities to be preserved."

"I don't believe that you are quite justified in calling a marriage of twenty years 'picayune,'" Eileen said quickly.

"Cliff and I may not hit it off very well, but there's nothing 'picayune' about us," Ellena added.

"Anything that isn't big enough to stand the wear and tear of time is picayune," I said airily. "As with His Excellency and me. It didn't wear. Picayune! Playthings! Pouf! But, girls, I look at it this way: These men, your men, were going through plenty of hell for several years. Oh, yes, I know they had to! But you know as well as I do that every last man felt that if anything was to be gained out of it, it was gain for his woman. His sweetheart or his wife or his mother, whomever he had. Some took it four years; many will be taking it for a long while to come. Say they had an average of two years. Well, by my kind of figuring, you owe your men two years of time."

"They had time!" Eileen said. "Dave had twenty years of me."

"Yes, and you had twenty years of him," I reminded her. "And twenty mighty comfortable, easy years they were. You waited till he was off over there going through hell and you were financially independent, and now you are going to meet him at the dock with divorce papers. I call it downright indecent. I think you owe him a couple of years."

"What do you figure I owe Cliff?" Ellena put in. "Don't mention money. I have saved every cent of the allotment he sent me, most of it in war bonds, and I will give it back to him with pleasure."

"I don't mean money. You promised him a honeymoon, didn't you? Well, let him have it. Be kind and sympathetic and patient. I admit he's cross as billy-the-damned. He doesn't know where to turn. He doesn't even appreciate good food when he's eating it. But you owe him two years, and I should have more respect for you if you would make an effort to pay your debt."

"You will have more respect for me if I play the hypocrite for two years?"

"No. If you play a part. You wanted to study for the stage, didn't you? Call this a martyr role if you want to, but see what you can do with it."

"And you want me to live a lie with Dave," Eileen said. "I have never done that. I have always been honest with Dave."

"That is a lie and you know it," I said cruelly. "You pretended to be glad when he came and sorry when he left, but it was just the other way round. Two more years of the same kind of play-acting won't be more dishonest than you've been for years."

We sat there glaring at one another.

"Suppose Cliff doesn't want me," Ellena said. "Suppose he doesn't want my two years."

"Then, my dear, I hope you can relinquish your role as gracefully as other stars of the stage and home have done," I replied graciously.

Eileen and Ellena were looking at each other, a crafty, buy-and-sell regard.

"Very well," Ellena said suddenly. "I'll do it if you will."

Eileen still hesitated. "It's different in my case," she argued faintly. Then her voice changed suddenly. "Do you mean, Ellena, that you will really try . . . try hard?"

"If you will," Ellena said.

"Very well, I will!"

"There's not to be any funny business about it," Ellena warned her grimly. "No love-making on the sly, no secret meetings. It's got to be strictly on the up-and-up."

"All right, Ellena."

Ellena held out her hand to her mother. "Okay, sport," she said cheerfully. "Here we go!"

ELLENA

I was ashamed of Mother. About Van, I mean. It had been a little disgusting, watching her giggling gaiety through the flirtation. Disgusting, but nothing to worry about. I had spoken of it, kiddingly, in my letters to Dad. I called Van Mother's bald boy friend. I knew Dad would get a kick out of it.

But until Gram cornered her, it had never once entered my head that she would chuck her whole world, and Dad, and me, just to hang onto him. Van, in my opinion, just plain wasn't worth it.

But I was proud of Mother for burning her bridge behind her. I knew I could trust her. And she could trust me, too. We both knew we couldn't trust Gram out of our sight, but that didn't matter, because this was a contest to the finish for Mother and me.

When the talk was over and we were separating for what was left of the night, I went into Cliff's room and yanked an armful of clothes out of the closet . . . Cliff's room. Gram and Mother had started off referring to it sentimentally as "your room," but it wasn't. There wasn't any "our" about it. It was Cliff's. A pestilence placard on the door would not have made it more obvious.

I did not try to be quiet that night. It didn't make any difference whether he was asleep or not, he would pretend to be. And so he did.

Gram and I were first down for coffee next morning, and I had already sprung on her a little plan I'd thought up in the night, when Mother came in, looking wan and dispirited. "I knew you two would be up to something," she said. "Is there any aspirin?"

"You don't need aspirin," I said. "Here! How about coffee?"

"Are you really going through with this, Ellena?" she asked, faint hope in her voice.

"Not unless you are!" I said fiercely. "And this is your last chance to make up your mind."

"My mind is made up. I just wanted to be sure of you."

I had not been trying to look particularly nice before Cliff. He didn't look at me anyhow. I had worn crisp, businesslike clothes. But that morning I had got out my best blue and gold pajamas, sleek satin, that I had been saving for state occasions—like honeymoons. I fixed up my hair with little flowered combs to match the blue. I had thumbed my nose at the mirror.

"Do I have to kiss him?" I inquired, when I was starting upstairs with Cliff's tray.

"I shouldn't think so," Gram said thoughtfully. "He's pretty sick and I'm not sure these wartime cosmetics are hygienic."

"You can turn your face sideways and make a sibilant noise," Mother added.

"Just wait till it's your turn," I said. "I'm already thinking up dirty cracks."

Cliff was lying there, hands locked behind his head. I put the tray on the bedside table. He glanced at me dourly, an up-and-down glance.

I sprawled out on my bed, across from him, head on elbow at the foot, and pulled a pillow under my hips.

I dangled my fifteen-dollar blue and gold mules up and down.

"Eat heartily, Cliff," I said. "You are going to need vitamins. You are moving today. You're being chucked out of this room into another one."

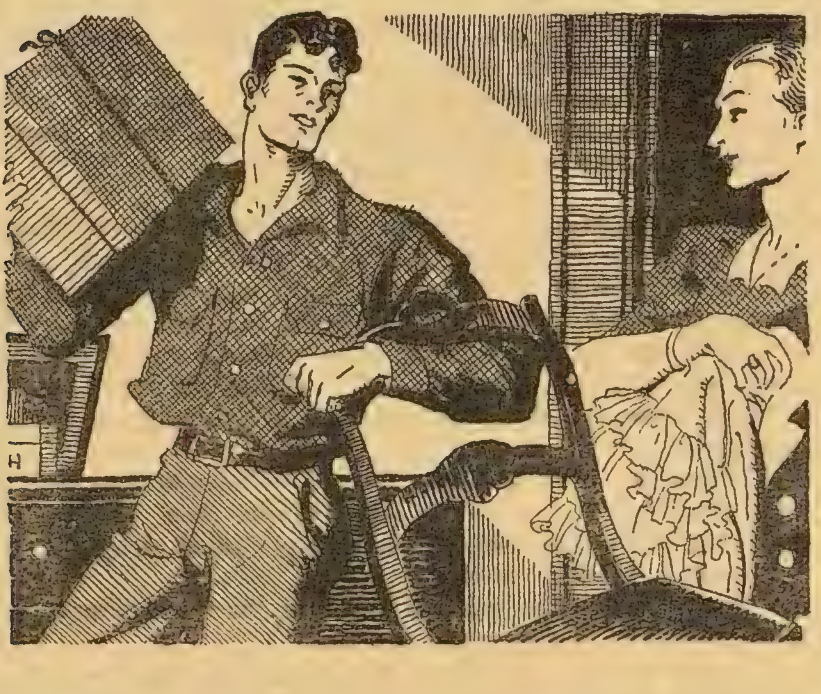
"Am I getting in somebody's way?"

"No, not specially. Gram wants to come down here so she and Mother can gossip about us back and forth at night when we are locked off down the hall and can't hear a word."

He raised his eyes from his egg just high enough to reach a point about an inch below my left knee, modestly sheathed in blue satin. He regarded it frowningly. I leaned over and looked.

"If it is a hole, it is either a moth or Gram dropped a cigarette ash on me," I said. His eyes returned immediately to the egg.

I got through breakfast all right. And in spite of himself he was interested. He didn't want to be interested. I had done it in spite of him, and that was an accomplishment.



Gram's room was lovely, with ten windows overlooking the garden. It had a library alcove and another alcove for the big bed. Mother laid a small fire in the fireplace and Gram got out the best towels and rugs for the rose-tinted bathroom.

At noon we went into Cliff's room with a trayful of sandwiches and salad and deviled eggs. We flopped exhausted on the beds and Cliff got up and did the honors, passing things, pouring coffee. Gram wore slacks and a sweater. Mother had resorted to brief shorts and a bra. I stuck to the blue and gold pajamas. Mother had a skinned knee where she had stumbled down the stairs, and a little trickle of blood had run down to the rim of her socks. Gram had a smudge on one cheek. I had torn a big gash in the knee of one pajama leg. Cliff could hardly keep from laughing at us.

"I am consumed with curiosity," he said, almost pleasantly. "I can't tell by the sounds whether I am to be transplanted to basement or attic. There has been action on both fronts."

"More coffee, please," Mother said. "I should have known better than to let Ellena select my son-in-law. It *would* be somebody comfortably sick in bed while we are moving furniture!"

We made Cliff lie down for a brief rest after our luncheon. I took a slow bath and dressed in a nice, frilly printed gown. Then I opened the door of Cliff's room. "Coast all clear," I said. "Ready to be transplanted?"

He got up with alacrity. "What's become of the movers?" he asked.

"They've gone to the basement so they can't hear your bellows of rage if you object to your new quarters."

He followed me down the hall. The door of Gram's room—our room—was open. He stopped in the doorway.

"How very lovely!" he said. Then he looked at me. For the moment I forgot I was acting a part.

At dinner that night Cliff wore his best uniform with all the ribbons. It was the first time he had bothered to put it on. We had cocktails and were quite gay.

I was excited, not always sure where my role left off and my natural self began. Gram and Mother played up.

"Cliff," Gram said, "I stumbled over the sports page of the paper today and it reminded me that I know less than nothing about you. Were you interested in sports when you were in college?"

"Didn't Dean Fanshaw tell you?" he asked.

"Dean Fanshaw is not sports-minded," she retorted quickly. "The question is, were you interested in sports?"

"I was and am. Any sport and all sports. Particularly in good sports, of which you are three sterling examples. As for my extra-curricular activities, I played in everything I could get into. I was never All-American, but I was a darn close runner-up a time or two. . . By the way, did either of you censor Ellena's letters to me overseas?"

"Certainly not! What do you think we are, a couple of snoops?"

"You overlooked a bet there. You would have found it highly edifying. I did. But I was more mystified than edified. It was the most amazing collection of clippings: poetry, sports, cartoons, off-color jokes, pin-up pictures, excerpts from sermons—a collection for a chameleon. I think maybe I am beginning now to see what she was driving at, but I didn't get it then."

"Is that some kind of a decoration you have on?" Gram interrupted cheerfully. "And if so, does it mean anything or is it one of those foreign hotel ads they used to plaster on suitcases?"

"It is a decoration. It is the D.S.M."

"Did you buy it or earn it?"

"The answer is a literal no on both points. It was given to me."

"What for?" Gram asked. "I don't know why we are still saving tin cans if they have enough metal to pass medals out wholesale."

"This isn't wholesale. I got it, believe it or not, for falling on my head. We were building a road and all of a sudden the bombers came over and we got the alert. I had the distinction of being the most alert in our outfit when the alarm came. So I dived headfirst into a foxhole. But it was not a foxhole. It was a neat little Nazi nest and they were so taken aback, or upside down, that they surrendered. When I got back on my feet they were disconcerted to find I was not an entire regiment and tried to withdraw their surrender, but I stood on the Geneva Convention and held them to their bargain."

"That's very interesting," Mother said. "If the War Department had any sense, it would train all our soldiers to fight upside down."

When we went upstairs, Cliff sat down on the couch in our new room. He held up his hand to me and I sat down beside him.

"Ellena," he said, "I was very much in love with you. I still think you are the loveliest girl in the world and wonderful in every way. But it was so long ago. I can't remember what it was like to be in love. I just feel old and cold and tired. Uneasy about everything. I wish the Heinies had got me."

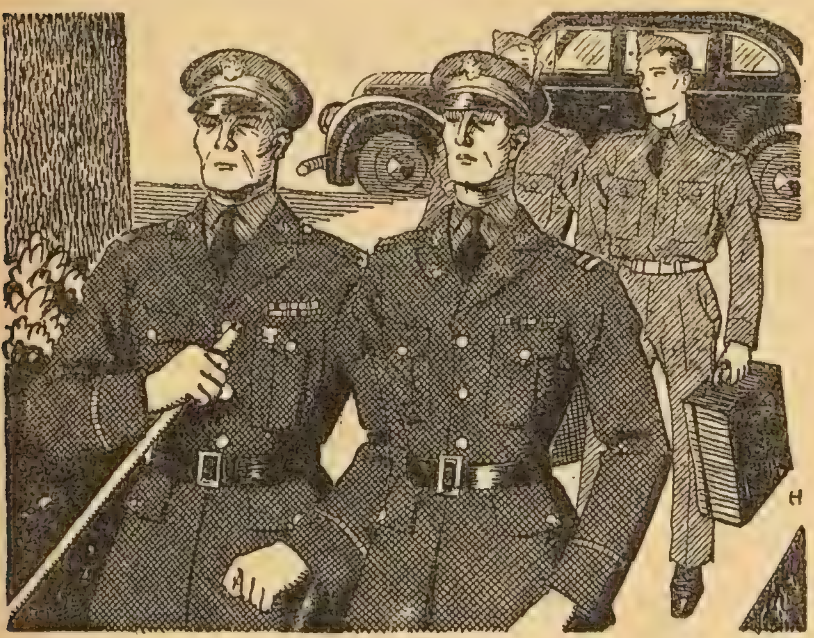
"Cliff," I said. "I know how you feel. I was in love with you like that, too. I thought at the time it was perfect ecstasy, but now I can't for the life of me remember what was so nice about it. And there's nothing to feel uneasy about; we don't have to stay married. But since for the time being we really are, shouldn't we at least try to get acquainted again? After all, we want to be friends, don't we? We may get to be quite fond of each other, one never knows about those things. Anyhow, I am willing to try, if you want to."

He turned suddenly and put his arms around me. He pressed his face against my shoulder and cried. Cried hard. I cried too.

I held him in my arms until he shivered suddenly.

"Into bed with you, quick!" I cried. "Do you want to bring that hornet's nest of nurse's aides down on us? Hurry! If you so much as sneeze I'll make you swallow two hot-water bottles and sleep with a box of aspirin at your feet! Hurry!"

Two years! I think I comforted myself a little with the thought that it would not take two years. If Ellena and Cliff didn't discover some lingering love long before that, they would be too impatient to order their lives by calendar months. I had no compunctions about Dave. Our divorce might disrupt his routine, but the disruption would be brief and barely discernible on the surface. He was too well schooled for that.



"It won't even upset his digestion," I told myself.

I adhered strictly to our agreement. Van was off my schedule for two years.

It was not long before I began reaping the fruits of my sacrifice. Ellena did a magnificent job. It was hard at first. Cliff's nerves were badly shot, and as far as we could see he hardly tried to restrain them. But in a surprisingly short time their eyes were all for each other again, rapturous and warm. Their voices were tender and their hands touched often, lingeringly. Well worth two years of a mother's life, even at forty-two.

Cliff would not ask for the medical discharge to which they said he was entitled, but when his month's sick leave was up they gave him another thirty days. It was Ellena, not he, who suggested they take a holiday trip to Iowa together. She said she wanted to go to prove to the Lindleys that she was a legitimate appendage, and, besides, it would not do Cliff any harm to begin making contacts tending to a job when and if the War Department had enough of him.

They spent over three weeks there. The house seemed quiet and dull without them, but Mother and I were still on cordial and appreciative terms, so we weathered it.

I had continued writing to Dave, still in the Pacific area, my regular long weekly letter, the same kind of letters I had been writing for twenty years; twenty-two years it was, now. And he, too, wrote regularly, and just as he had always written, both as to quantity and content, not saying much, but then we took it for granted with Dave that the less he said the better things were going.

Sometimes I wished that he would hurry along home so I could get to work on my own two-year stretch.

After a longer interval than usual I received an airmail special from him. He was in California. He would be coming as soon as possible, but did not yet know the exact time.

This was the news we had for Ellena and Cliff when they returned from their joyous jaunt to Iowa.

Ellena gave me a straight challenging look. "That's nice," she said. "That's very nice, Mother. Curtain going up on act two. He will be here to officiate at the christening of his first grandchild."

"Ellena!"

"Well, it's nothing to get upset about," Gram said. "It's about time we had a war baby. Heaven knows we've had everything else."

"Who's upset?" Cliff demanded. "We're not."

"Quite the contrary," Ellena corroborated cheerfully. "We're just plain set."

I was upset, for one. I was terribly upset. Not about the baby. About my act. It wasn't going to be so easy for me as it had been for her. I lost ten pounds in the ten days that elapsed before we got word that General Courtney (Dave had won himself two stars) was actually leaving California and on his way.

"Where . . . where will we put him?" I asked nervously.

"Oh, we'll have to do another job of moving," Gram said calmly. "You'll switch back to the guest room and I'll stow away in the small room."

"I suppose we could be magnanimous and surrender the bridal suite," Ellena suggested, without much enthusiasm.

"Oh, no!" I objected hurriedly. "The guest room will be fine for us. We really prefer twin beds."

Cliff helped with our moving and the necessary readjustments. He was gay, laughing immoderately over his memories of our first upheaval. He tried to persuade us to dress for the occasion in our original costumes, slacks and shorts and gold-and-blue pajamas, but there was no responsive gaiety in us. Gram eyed me with dogged determination. Ellena looked at me with sympathy, but with infuriating confidence. She could trust me. Everybody had always trusted me.

DAVE telephoned as soon as he got to Washington. It was noon. He asked in detail about the exact state of health of each of us, by name, and explained that he had some reports to turn in to headquarters but would arrive at the house at four-thirty. I offered to drive down for him, but he said, "Oh, no, don't bother. If my stars don't rate me the use of an army car I'll chuck them into the garbage."

"Have you a long leave, Dave?" I asked, and felt myself flushing, for I knew that Gram and Ellena were intently regarding the back of my head, which I kept studiously toward them.

"Very long. The rest of my life, in fact. They figure I've done my share and I am out."

"Dave, you . . . you mean you are out of the Army? For good?"

"Yes. I got a shell fragment in one of my legs and developed a distinguished but unmilitary limp. See you at four-thirty."

"Shell fragment!" Gram said, when I told them. "Whoever heard of a general in range of shells?"

"Plenty of generals have been bumped off in this war," Cliff said. "Generals are more expendable then they used to be."

We got dressed and sat about, waiting quietly. Cliff was in his best uniform again.

At four-thirty a long army car pulled up to the curb. A driver and another enlisted man were in the front seat. They swung down and began removing baggage. A young captain stepped out and stood watching but did not offer a hand as Dave got out. Dave started immediately for the house, the captain beside him, the enlisted men following with the bags. He did not exactly limp but walked stiffly.

"He could put that on for effect," Gram said softly.

He looked tanned and healthy. We watched from the window. We did not go out to meet him. He did not like fussing over him, especially before service men. When he rang, I went to the door.

"Well, Dave," I said, just as I had said every day for twenty years when he came in.

"Hello, Eileen. Everything okay?. . . Leave the bags right there, boys. Thank you. . . Thank you very much, Captain."

He shook hands with the captain, the three men saluted, and they went briskly away to the car.

When the door closed behind them, the others came out into the hall at once. Gram and I kissed him, Cliff and he shook hands and grinned. Ellena squeezed him in both arms and he patted her shoulder. He was still in uniform. Cliff took his gloves and hat and we trooped back to the living room and stood there while he looked us over and we looked at him, smiling.

"Do sit down, everybody," Gram said. "Are you trying to show up my age? I'm glad you've got a game leg, Dave. Maybe you will be willing to sit down once in a while."

We sat down, still persistently smiling.

"Were you really shot, Dad?" Ellena asked.

"I was really shot and very thoroughly shot. I can prove it."

"Does it hurt, Dad?" she asked, paling slightly.

You see how easy it was for me. Just as always, when others were around to do the talking. I sat there and looked interested, as I had for twenty years.

"No, it doesn't hurt. How could it? It's artificial, you know. Not a peg leg. Mine is rubber, pretty pink rubber. With dimples. I'm thinking of having the other one lopped off too, to make it a pair. My original set was efficient enough, but no dimples to speak of."

Before the silence became unbearable, he glanced across at Cliff. "You're looking pretty much all right," he said.

"Sir," Cliff said awkwardly, "do you mean you lost a leg?"

"That's right." Dave was quite cheerful about it. "They say once you get used to handling them, you can get around as slick as the devil. They gave me their word of honor I would soon be rug-cutting. That will be an achievement. I never could do it before."

Ellena went over and sat on the arm of his chair. "Dad," she said, "Why didn't you tell us?"

He pulled her around onto his lap. "There was no use to tell you maybe I was going to die, because if it turned out I didn't, you would have had all the worry for nothing. And if I died, you would have plenty of time to do your worrying afterward. Then when the leg was gone and I got this bathing beauty in its place, I thought there was no sense in worrying you in advance."

"Will you kindly tell me," Gram said, "what kind of a lousy administration this is, not to notify us that you were temporarily incapacitated?"

"I pulled a little rank. It's the only thing I ever got out of my stars and I figured it was worth it."

Suddenly I felt, with horror, that maybe all through our life together things had been happening to him, important things, terrible things, beautiful things, and he had not mentioned them.

I could have sworn I knew in advance his every thought. Now I knew nothing.

WE had cocktails and then dinner. When we went upstairs, Cliff carried Dave's bags. "Sir," he said, "you—somehow you seem to represent everything I wanted to respect in the Army, and I came home not quite respecting it. And now all of a sudden, the things that burned me up seem very petty. I hope you are going to like me, sir."

"Cliff," Dave said, in his quiet, friendly voice, "have you forgotten that it was the Duchess and I who picked you out and threw Ellena into your arms? We saw what was in you and made a grab for it."

"Thank you, sir. I haven't seen anything in me yet, but keep working on me."

Ellena kissed her father and went away with Cliff.

Gram came to the door. "We may as well draw cuts to see who rates the bathroom first," she said. "If anybody had told me that, at my present indeterminate age, I would be reduced to taking turns at a bath!"

Dave looked mildly surprised. "What's the matter? Other bathroom out of order? I've heard repairs are hard to get."

She curled a sensitive nostril delicately. "The other bath is now part of the dovecot. I have been harried from roost to roost. I will try to share considerately with you, but I warn you that my complexion takes more time than formerly."

"How are the mighty fallen!" Dave ejaculated. "And serves them right, too, serves them damn well right."

"All I have to do," I reminded myself when we were alone, "is keep on smiling and making interested ejaculations now and then. He would drop dead if I tried to make love to him."

He prepared for bed, slowly.

"The children seem normally maudlin," he remarked. "I was afraid from your letters that maybe things were slightly on the rocks with them. Have you been hearing from His Excellency?"

"Once in a while, not often."

"He's been writing to me very regularly. He gets a great kick out of my legless estate."

"Do you mean you told him when you didn't tell us?"

"Yes. Why not? I knew nothing would shock him. I think he enjoyed it." He got into bed. I went over and sat on the edge of it. "It's all been very tough, Eileen. But it's all over now. Don't worry. Hop into bed and get a good rest. You need it."

I kissed him, turned out the lights and got into bed. "Dave," I said, "Ellena is going to have a baby."

He did not answer. I waited awhile. "What do you think of it?"

"Why, very nice. I was thinking of Cliff. It ought to help bring him back to reality. Over there, everything was nightmarish and strange and hellish. It's hard, getting back to balance. A baby ought to be a big help. There's nothing dreamlike or phantasmagoric about a baby."

THE GENERAL

I was enraged at Eileen. She had no business letting me come home to face the music. I had made it easy for her to get out from under while I was away and she had deliberately waited for my return. That was pretty low-down.

When I first realized that she wanted to get away from me, I was irritated but I wasn't heartbroken. I thought she was a fool. But I was willing to humor her. I left everything in perfect shape for her, power of attorney, allotments, financial independence.

While I was gone, that was the news I expected in every letter. "This is the works," I would remind myself when the mail came. And as proof of my philosophical acceptance, I let the letters stand unopened on my desk for several hours. Every letter, all those months, I expected it and didn't get it. Finally I figured it out. As long as I was fighting and dying, she would stick it out. When I lost the leg, I laid low. I wasn't going to let pity stand in her way.

I was surprised when I began getting onto what was up with Bob Vandermere. I had never figured on another man. Eileen didn't seem the type for that. I got the first hint from her own letters. She wrote about him at length, amusingly. Then she stopped mentioning him. But I knew from Ellena and the Duchess that they were seeing plenty of him.

Another man in the running gave it an uglier slant. But not much. And nothing against Van. I liked him.

I had to go home eventually. I practiced with the damned adjustments until I could manage tolerably. I took exercises, ate strengthening foods, drank tonic. . .

I felt like a fool when we were alone that night. She didn't say much. I pretended to go to sleep. A long time later, she got up quietly and pulled a robe around her. She sat in a chair by the window a long while. For the first time I wondered, "What the devil is she thinking about?"

I had always read her like an open book. I knew what she was going to say before she opened her mouth. But that night the covers of the book were closed against me. Maybe, I thought, there always were a few closed pages, sealed off by themselves out of range of prying eyes. Maybe she is thinking of Van.

ELLENA

Things went along swimmingly for several weeks. Cliff got his final discharge and was busy dickering for an engineering connection out west, preferring to be near home for a while, to buck his family up with moral support when young Bob went off for his institutional training.

Mother was doing a perfect job. I wouldn't have dreamed she had it in her. She seemed so exactly what she had always been. Now wonder that Dad, poor, dear, dumb dope, was completely taken in.

We were having tea and highballs in the living room one afternoon when a car pulled up to the curb. Mother, sitting nearest the window, glanced out. Her face went suddenly white. "Mother! Dave! Look!"

Naturally we scrambled to the windows. His Excellency was stepping jauntily out of an impressive limousine. A liveried footman drew out bag after bag, boxes, brief cases, while His Excellency stood impatiently tapping his stick on the edge of the curb, watching to make sure nothing was overlooked. The driver got down and assisted the footman with the luggage.

"Hello, hello, hello!" His Excellency said cheerfully when he came in. "Just a minute now, don't rush me. Take the bags up, boys—the big bedroom at the head of the stairs. Just leave them in the center of the room. Be careful of those brief cases. . . Hello, Dave. Got a couple of spare dollars on you? I'm running short of change. . . Hello, Duchess. Hello, Eileen. Well, Ellena, so this is your young man! How do you do, sir? Glad to meet you at the moment. If I turn up anything against you, you'll hear from me later. Well, Dave, how's the dimpled digit?"

He carefully put hat, stick and gloves on the hall table and dusted his hands gently, as if at the end of a rather tedious business.

"Well, as far as I am concerned," he announced cheerfully, "from this point on, it is their war. Let them have it. Ellen, my dear, have you done something to your hair? It's much more platinum than usual. But quite becoming, my dear, quite becoming. . . Well, here we are! No place like home! No tea for me, thanks. Brandy, neat."

I flew out for the brandy, and flew back.

His Excellency had appropriated the most comfortable chair, innocently unseating poor Dad to whom by common consent we had carefully accorded it.

"As for our bet about the rug-cutting, Dave," he said, sipping his brandy, "you may as well pay me. I have had no less a one than Argentina teaching me the latest wrinkles. . . I hope you are not short of ration points, Ellen. Mine always manage to get themselves mislaid. . . So your name is Cliff. . . And as for your Dean Flatbush, I never heard of him in my life, Ellen, and you never did either. She always was a liar," he confided to the rest of us pleasantly, "but in a nice way. I always said I would rather be married to an interesting hellcat than a good bore. I hope you aren't having chicken for dinner."

"Are you staying for dinner?" Gram inquired quietly.

"But of course!" ejaculated His Excellency. "My war is over. Home they brought her warrior alive and kicking."

You couldn't help loving the old fraud. I could see that Cliff, though spellbound, was slightly aghast. Dad beamed. I didn't dare look at Mother; there would be no repressing laughter should we share glances.

WE went out to dinner. His Excellency marched to his usual place at the head of the table. Cliff and I slid quickly by to our chairs. Mother hesitated and then stood by the chair on His Excellency's right. Dad came in with Gram. She stood stock-still for a moment, then walked quietly to the foot of the table.

Grandfather was the center of such gay attention that I seldom took my eyes off him long enough to glance down the table toward her. When I did, I noticed that her right hand was lying upturned on the table beside her plate and that Dad's hand was covering it closely. He was a swell person, Dad.

When we had finished coffee in the living room, Gram said, "Please excuse me a few minutes. I'd better have a look at the rooms."

Mother was on the alert. "I'll help you, Duchess."

"If there's any heavy shifting to be done, they will require my muscles," I said brightly, heading after them.

"Can I help?" Cliff offered politely.

"Oh no, thanks. We're extremely proficient. We've had so much practice."

I shot up the stairs and just in time. They were standing in the bridal suite, staring down at His Excellency's impressive array of excellent luggage.

"I'll sleep on the couch, Gram," I offered breathlessly. "Cliff can take the little room, you and Mother can come in here, and Grandfather and Dad will take the twin beds."

She gave me a hard, straight look. "I might have known I would be driven to the attic before this war is over," she said. "Come on. He can take the little room and like it, and if anybody wants to put sand on the sheets or mice under the pillow, I shall try to stand it with my usual equanimity. He isn't going to get away with this! It is only for one night!"

Mother winked at me and we went off into gales of laughter.

"I hope you are not forgetting, Duchess," Mother reminded Gram slyly, "that the poor dear has been waging war on the diplomatic front, risking his morals and digestion in foreign courts. He is entitled to two years of recompense. Shouldn't you think so, Ellena?"

"Oh, at least two years," I said, as well as I could for laughing.

Gram laughed grudgingly.

"He's going to raise the roof about sleeping in the little room and taking turns at the bath with Dave and me," Mother said.

"Be a good sport, Eileen," Gram begged her. "Monopolize the bathroom all you can. Keep him standing in line for hours! He thinks coming home means to a house," she went on hotly. "Coming home doesn't mean to a place; it means to people; it means to a person."

I took Grandfather's breakfast tray up to him next morning. I had to see him alone.

"I am glad you are going to have a baby, Ellena," he said. "I approve of babies. But if you do not mind my speaking frankly, may I say that I hope you and Cliff will remember that the use of my room is strictly lend-lease and not permanent?"

I laughed. "Don't worry, darling. Cliff has landed a job back in his precious Iowa and we are on our way out almost immediately."

"I like your young man. But in the circumstances, the sooner he departs the better. He apparently is dead set on spoiling the Duchess and she spoils easily."

"Grandfather," I said, "why did you want a divorce from Gram?"

"I didn't want a divorce from Gram. I did not want a divorce from anybody. I approve of divorces for everybody but myself. In my own case, I consider a divorce an aspersion on my impeccable good taste, which I resent."

"Then, Grandfather, how did it happen?"

"It happened," he said frankly, "that we were in the midst of an acrimonious discussion one night and I remarked that what we needed was a divorce. I said if we had been divorced after some ten years of married bliss, I should have gone to my grave considering her the most delightful episode of my eventful life. I am afraid I added, more tempestuously than I should, that forty years was entirely too much. To my surprise, she took my remarks literally."

He did not come downstairs until almost luncheon time. The Duchess was still out of sight and none of us blamed her for that.

Luncheon at one. We went out, laughing and talking. Grandfather noticed first. No place was laid at the foot of the table.

"Hortense," Grandfather said quietly to the maid, "is Mrs. Dorchester indisposed?"

Hortense twisted a corner of her apron nervously.

"Mista Do'ches'ta, Mis' Do'ches'ta, she tol' me she done got he'se'f a complete nu-vous breakdown. She say she goin' off somewheres an' get herse'f a good long res'. She tell me make you-all com'f'ble as can be and have yo'se'fs a good time while she's gettin' a good long res'. Somewhere."

THE GENERAL

I began to think I was making an ass of myself over something that did not exist. Maybe I was psychoneurotic, though it was not on my medical papers.

Eileen had not changed. She was the same to Ellena, the same to me. The unexpected return of her father had been a shock, but she had rallied to it with her usual dignity. I went to the doctors for a checkup. They insisted that all my reactions were perfectly normal—my physical reactions, that is. Questioned, they admitted that the shock of any such wound as mine might conceivably produce psychopathic results and frequently did, but they said I showed no symptoms of it.

We missed the Duchess. To me, her absconding merely confirmed what I had suspected from the first—that it was she who had wanted the divorce. I did not like the way they took it, Eileen and Ellena, with such calm, even smiling acceptance. Most unnatural.

It was not so hard for Ellena. She had only one week of it and then she and Cliff went west. His Excellency hurried them as much as he could without outraging the spirit of hospitality. As soon as they had gone, he went to the bridal-nursery suite and stayed there awhile, alone. There was no more beefing about his quarters. I stayed away from the house as much as I could.

AT the Shoreham lounge one afternoon I saw Van. Bob Vandermere. He was sitting alone at a small table back in a corner. I excused myself to the men with me and walked slowly over. He was very drunk.

"Hello, Van," I said. "How are you? Haven't seen you for quite a while. What are you having? Brandy? Good!" I sat down and motioned for the waiter and ordered more of the same.

"What did you come over here for?" he asked in a thick voice.

"To talk to you. Why not? Haven't we always been friends? We've had good times together. We always had much in common."

He gave me a bleary, drunken look.

I lost my head a little. "Much in common then. More now. My wife, for instance."

He took a long, slow swallow of brandy. "I'm sorry about it, Dave," he said. "I hate it like the devil. That it had to be your wife, I mean. I couldn't help it. I suppose this damned probation is as hellish for you as it is for me."

"What do you mean by this probation?"

"That's what I call it," he said. "Paying you back for winning the war. Trying us out for two years to see where we stand. Didn't she tell you?"

"She didn't set a time limit," I said, speaking very carefully.

"Two years," he said bitterly. "Don't ask me why. I don't know why. She just said she was going to give you two years. I don't know why the hell I had to fall in love with your wife. God knows I didn't want to. I didn't expect to. God knows—"

I shoved back my chair and went away. I forgot the check. I had to get away. I struck off up the avenue. I walked several blocks. I thought, I can't go home. I'll kill her. No woman is worth it.

I was in front of the Wardman. I went in on sudden impulse and got a room. Then I had them phone His Excellency to come right down.

I ordered a bottle of brandy and drank a full glass. The brandy, or maybe the ice I'd put in it, cooled me off a little. I figured it out carefully. I must not lose my head before the old man. That would give him just the chance he loved—to be calm and superior and put me in my place. I must be calm and superior myself and put him and his daughter and his whole damned family in their place. Dirt-low. That was their place. Dirt-low.

"Have a drink," I said cordially, when he arrived. "It's a great day in my life. I'm celebrating. The chains are unshackled."

He tossed his hat, stick and gloves on the bed and pulled up a chair. I filled a glass for him.

"Here's freedom!" he said. But he barely tasted the liquor. "What's eating you, son?"

The brandy had me ice-cold by that time. With matter-of-fact brevity, I told him.

"Not Eileen!" he said incredulously.

"Eileen! I didn't care about her leaving me. I didn't object to Van. But probation—damn her!"

"You are absolutely right," he said. He sipped his brandy slowly. "We've got to teach these women a lesson they'll remember as long as they live. They've pulled us around by the nose long enough. But I must say I am surprised at Eileen. I never dreamed she was taking after her mother. I always thought she was more like me. We've got to teach them a lesson. We'd better take a plane and go some place. Some far, romantic place where they would like to be themselves and can't get there."

"You don't have to start going places," I reminded him. "You're not stuck with anybody. As far as I can see, the Duchess has the edge on you. She started going first."

"That's so, too. That is a complication. We'll have to go in the opposite direction."

"We don't know which direction she went."

"That's so, too." He brightened suddenly. "We don't have to go any place at all. This is our home, and eventually this is where the Duchess will return. But we've got to get shut of women, once and for all. We'll fire Hortense and get us a young Chinese to wait on us. Now how can we get Eileen out of the house?"

"We can't. Not for two years."

"We'll send Van! We'll have him tell her the probation deal is off and he can have her and welcome, but she's got to go immediately because if she doesn't one of us is going to kill her and I would hate to be a—what is it they call fathers who murder their daughters? I'm a bit confused, but I wouldn't want to be one. How can we get hold of this wife-stealer?"

"You're right about that," I said. "If I go home I am going to kill her."

"And quite right, son," he agreed heartily. "Except that she happens to be my daughter and I would have to protect her. Besides, it would make me an accessory. I wouldn't stoop to being an accessory. No, we'll just get her out of the house. Much tidier. How can I get this Vandermere?"

"He was half under the table at the Shoreham when I saw him," I said.

HIS Excellency was extremely dignified. After some elegant sparring, he said, "If you cannot come here we shall be happy to oblige you by going there."

A brief intermission. "That's quite all right, I assure you. We shall not mind waiting. Thank you."

I smiled happily at him.

"In the meantime, son, suppose you pull yourself together a bit," he said briskly. "You should be slightly less maudlin than he is. It's too bad the Duchess isn't here. She gets such a kick out of other people's business."

We removed the bottle of brandy. He called room service and ordered a pot of strong black coffee and dinner sent up. After coffee, he insisted that I have a bath, followed by cold running water.

Considerably to my surprise, I ate with good appetite. His Excellency was in fine fettle, but I did not follow him closely. I was impatient.

It was around eight thirty when Van came. He was diffident but wary. His Excellency poured out a moderate drink for each of us and passed cigarettes.

"Now, not to waste time," he began, as briskly as if he were merely arranging a twenty or thirty-billion-dollar loan, "the long and short of it is this: the probation is off. The terms are not acceptable to my client. The General and I feel that you are entitled to the privilege of breaking the good news to Eileen. She is at home. She is alone. You are at liberty to tell her that she is at liberty. Is that quite clear?"

"It isn't at all clear," Van said. "I don't like it. I think you've got something up your sleeve."

"Not at all," His Excellency said reassuringly. "The General and I are through with women. We plan to retire to some jungle fastness—preferably with a harem or two in the not remote distance, just for the sake of variety, you understand. We are going to spend the remainder of our lives meditating and cursing and making an intensive study of local pathological conditions. Does that make it clearer?"

"No, it doesn't," Van said doggedly. "It only fogs things up."

His Excellency tapped his forefinger on the table impatiently. "If you insist on words of one syllable, sir, I will try to accommodate you. The General is a man of action, a man of instantaneous decision. He repudiates the two-year truce. You may have her and welcome. But immediately."

"But it can't be immediate. She hasn't secured the divorce."

"Let her get it. Let her go quickly and get it. The point is that she must go immediately. Tonight. We do not care to see her. You probably know some nice place for her to go. She is to go, and immediately."

"I don't get it," Van said doggedly. "Dave, are you giving me the green light?"

I said, "The green light. And may God have mercy on your soul!"

"But don't forget the terms of the surrender," His Excellency broke in quickly. "Immediacy. She is to remove herself from the premises. We trust you may be depended upon to notify us when the conditions have been fulfilled. We wish you good night, sir."

Van looked from His Excellency to me. "I'm sorry, Dave," he said. "God knows I never wanted this damned mess."

When we went out His Excellency said thoughtfully, "Now the next thing we have to turn our minds to is how the devil we can get the Duchess back without losing something of our dignity."

EILEEN

I was shocked when I saw Van at the door. It was as if I had been caught in some unworthy act.

"You can't come in," I said quickly. "I'm alone."

"Yes, I know," he said. "That's why they sent me."

I stood back from the door and he came in. "What are you talking about?" I asked.

"The probation, Eileen," he said with a sudden warm smile. "It's all off. Dave doesn't like it. He's through. We don't have to wait two years, Eileen. He gives us the green light."

"What does he know about it?"

"Everything. Mr. Dorchester knows too. They were both there. They said go right ahead. But they want you to leave here right away. Tonight. You can take my apartment. I'll go to a hotel."

"Who told Dave?"

"Didn't you? I don't know who told him. He came over to my table and congratulated me. He took it very well, just as you said he would."

"Do you mean that Dave and my father told you . . . to go ahead . . . and for me to go away from here?"

"Yes. That's what they said. They are going somewhere, taking a long trip together. But they have to come back here first for their things. That's why they want you to go tonight."

"Van," I said, "it's my fault. I can't be like them, Mother and Ellena. It just isn't in me. I can't leave Dave. I can't ever leave Dave. I should have known it. It isn't because he was wounded and lost his leg. That hasn't anything to do with it. I knew the minute I saw him getting out of the car, before I knew what had happened, that Dave is my husband and I am a one-man woman and it is for the rest of my life. I tried, Van. Tried hard. It just isn't in me."

I managed to get out of him where they were, Dave and Father, and got rid of him as soon as I could. I went upstairs and dressed. I couldn't get a taxi, so I took our own car. I drove carefully, not to get myself killed on the way down and give Dave an easy out.

I did not stop at the desk. I had the room number. I did not resort to a ladylike touch on the door. I banged. I banged officially.

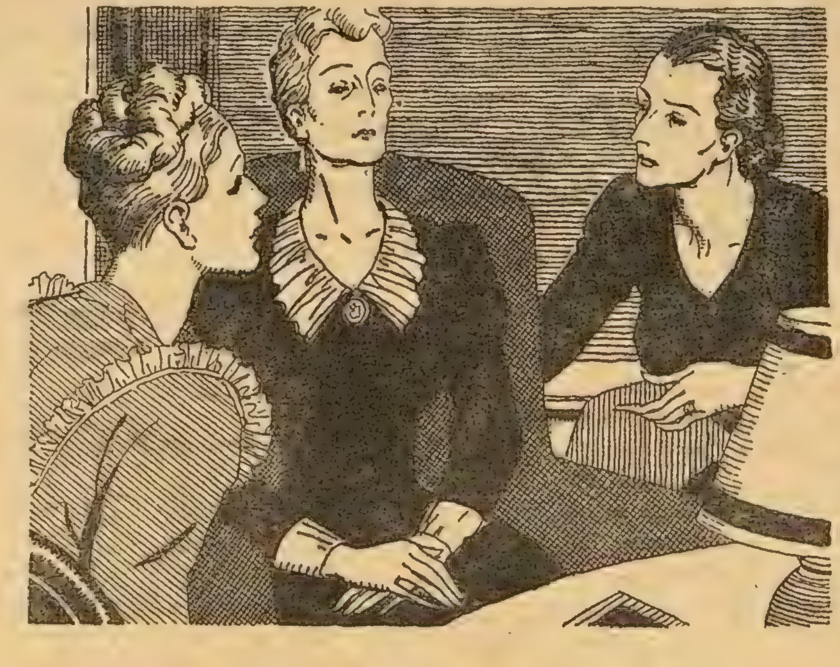
Father opened the door.

"You!" I said contemptuously.

I swept by him, as well as one can sweep in short skirts and a sports coat.

Dave was sitting by the table. I stood still and looked at him.

"Let me tell you one thing," Father said firmly. "I will not give you away. I was willing and even anxious to give you away the first time and you repulsed me. I will not give you away."



"Sit down, Father, and shut up," I said. "Dave, you've been drinking."

He met my eyes but said nothing.

Father shoved up a chair for me, put ice in a glass, poured brandy over it. Dave and I continued to glower at each other.

"Very well, Dave," I said. "I thought I was in love with Van. Maybe I was. I wouldn't know and I don't care. I don't want him. I'd rather be bored with you than excited with anybody else. As for that silly probation stuff, the Duchess thought it up for Ellena and Cliff. They were out of love with each other and Mother thought if they would give themselves a little time they would be back in love again. I agreed with her. She used me as a kind of pawn to get Ellena to sign on the dotted line. A two-year stretch Gram called it, but it was elastic. Ellena and Cliff were in love again inside of two weeks. And it took only long enough for you to get out of the cab for me to know where I stood. If you try to pull a fast one and get rid of me, I'll sue you straight up to the Supreme Court of the United States."

"All this is interesting, perhaps, to some people, but very much beside the point," Father interrupted impatiently. "The point is—where is the Duchess and when is she coming home?"

I laughed heartily. "I don't know where she is and I don't care. Wherever she is, I know she is doing all right by herself. And speaking of probations, dear Papa, you are on one—a nice private little probation of your own. A two-year stretch. After she had cornered Ellena and put me on the hot spot, we argued that she owed you two years of extramarital domestic ties in return for your far-flung diplomatic lies."

"Where is she?"

"I don't know. And if I knew, I wouldn't tell you. But she did say, Father, that she would give you two years to find out that coming home means coming back to a woman instead of to a house."

"Two years!" he ejaculated. "Why, I may be dead in two years!"

"Well, if you're dead you won't be coming at all, so why worry? Dave, please pull your alcoholic wits together and come home. And you are not going home to anything. You're taking it with you."

Dave stood up.

"You can stay here if you like, Father," I said. "The room is already paid for."

"The house is paid for, too," he said. "And the beds are better."

We went down and drove home. We put our wraps in the hall closet and stood awkwardly at the foot of the stairs, looking at one another.

"Not that you deserve it, Father," I said. "But I am a weak-minded woman and not above giving you a hint. I don't know where Mother is. But I have a little imagination. Ellena is going to have a baby. Do you think for one minute Mother will give me a chance to see my grandchild before she does?"

Father looked at me and then at Dave. "Son," he said, "maybe we have slightly underestimated the opposite sex. They are hard to get along with, they are not to be trusted, they have no sense of decent decorum. But they are so damned suspicious of each other, and so sleuthy at heart, that it would be hard getting along without them. Good night, my child."

ELLENA

The Lindleys, Cliff's family, were lovely to me. They wouldn't let me do any work at all. When I protested, they said I was doing something nobody else in the world could do—I was interesting blind young Bob. The little children were sweet, and his sister Gardy too.

Cliff had bought, on partial payments, a house a couple of blocks down the street and it was being remodeled.

One afternoon Gardy came to my door. "Ellena," she said breathlessly, "you have a caller."

The Duchess! Elegant, pleasant, wickedly gleeful at slipping one over on Mother.

"I had it in mind from the beginning," she said. "This is the last place in the world the silly fools would think of looking for me."

She had registered at the hotel, but the Lindleys would not hear of her returning there. They said they had plenty of room, did a little readjusting among themselves, and Cliff fetched her bags from the hotel. She smoothed her way into that household like a worn shoe.

We were in my room one evening, Cliff and I, Gram and Bob, when the doorbell rang. Someone answered and there were low voices. Gram stood up suddenly, alertly listening. "Him," she said. She was right. It was His Excellency.

Gardy escorted him upstairs. He kissed me affectionately. "I came for the christening," he said. "I enjoy formal functions."

Mother Lindley had come in, and all the family.

"You will have absolutely nothing to do with the christening of my great grandchild," Gram said firmly. "You would crash a champagne bottle over its little cranium. An empty bottle, of course. You would take care of that detail beforehand."

"I brought It a present," Grandfather said. "My war bonds. I don't expect to live long enough to cash them myself—not the kind of life I'm being led at present. I brought It that one of yours, too, Duchess—the one in the secret drawer of your private desk."

"That's diplomats for you," she explained to the speechless Lindleys. "Lying with their lips and snooping with their hands. Thank God, Cliff is an engineer."

Gardy brought up a trayful of cookies and glasses with a bottle of homemade wine.

"Not wishing to appear boastful," Grandfather said, "I hope I may remark in passing that it is a good thing I got home when I did. Otherwise, Cliff my lad, you would by this time be paying homage to a brand new father-in-law. Good-looking. I'll say that for him. . . Drunk. Very drunk. But good-looking."

He stopped there. He lighted a cigarette slowly. Gram sat motionless, attentive.

I couldn't stand it. "What happened, Grandfather?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all. Dave and I moved out on her and went down to the Shoreham. . . No, it was the Wardman Park. It was the Shoreham where they almost had the duel. But not quite. . . We sent this man—Van, that's his name, Vander something or other—we sent him up to tell her to vacate the premises. I think she gave him the air. I think so. All I know is that she came down and took Dave and me by a couple of ears and administered a tongue-lashing that would have put a fishwife to shame and escorted us home. All just as I planned, of course."

Gram and I were able at last to look away from him and look at each other—a gloating look.

"Where are they now, Grandfather?" I managed to ask.

"In my house. Where else would they be?"

"Did you tell them you were coming here?"

"Certainly not. I told them I was ordered back to Russia on a delicate secret mission. That's why I brought the brief cases."

The Lindleys were lovely. They tried to figure out a way for Grandfather to stay at the house too and Grandfather wanted to stay, which made it harder. They knew he was divorced from Gram, but he did not act at all divorced. Ostensibly, he remained at the hotel. But literally he was at the house all the time. And everybody catered to him and hung on his words.

Things went along swimmingly for four days. On Sunday, when we were all in the living room, a car pulled up to the curb. And it was Mother and Dad.

They had already checked in at the hotel and left their luggage there. They tried to talk Gram into moving down with them, to complete the family party.

"It would not be decent," she said flatly. "I have been compromised too much already. But I will not go to the extreme length of putting up at hotels with extraneous gentlemen."

His Excellency was anything but extraneous. He was so doggedly present Mother and I had to resort to subterfuge to get Gram alone to work on her.

"Two years is a long time," I reminded her. "Why, your great-grandchild will be almost ready for kindergarten before you can legitimately side-step the armistice."

She took it cheerfully. "I am willing to make great personal sacrifice in order to legitimatize our great-grandchild. For the sake of our fourth generation, I will remarry the brute. But it has got to be preceded by a proposal."

MOTHER and I tried every way we could think of to drop the needful hint to His Excellency. I think in the end Dad gave it to him straight. Mother said they went down to the bar one night and stayed a long time.

For two days His Excellency was unnaturally subdued. Then, as we might have anticipated, he did it publicly, when we were all together in the living room after dinner.

"Duchess," he said portentously, "I have been making inquiries and I find they have a very good minister of the gospel here, duly authorized to administer last rites and sacraments. It seems to me that, at your age, with at least half your painted toenails already in the inevitable grave, and in view of the imminent arrival of a new and innocent generation, you should abandon your life of seclusion if not sin and unite with me in the holy bonds of acrimony. I mean matrimony. Or are they synonymous?"

"Stripping your words of their diplomatic persiflage," Gram said quietly, "is that remark to be construed as a proposal?"

"It is. And it was all your fault that we got that damned divorce in the first place. If a man can't remark, in his own home, that he has been married too long and what matrimony needs is the reviving tonic of a first-class divorce, then where is all this freedom we think we've been fighting for? However, the least said, the soonest mended. Hence, as usual, I say nothing. Will you marry me?"

"In order to give our approaching great-grandchild a legitimate though reprehensible ancestor, I will."

"A family of gorgeous imbeciles," Cliff said to me that night. "I hope It inherits a little of it. Not much, but some. I hope It takes after you."

THE END

Puzzle 341 11/3/45

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Joseph Anthony

THE cult of Emperor-worship in Japan is a comparatively recent development, **Andrew Roth** maintains in **Dilemma in Japan.**

"The term 'Son of Heaven,'" says Mr. Roth, "was apparently first used in 1889. Bowing toward the Emperor's portrait was begun in the eighteen-nineties. Simultaneously there began a 'Shintofication' of Japanese history, designed to prove that since 660 B. C. Japan had been 'reigned over and governed by a line of Emperors unbroken for ages eternal.' . . . Actually there was no authentic Japanese history before about the fifth century A. D."

Andrew Roth

To bear out his point that the myth of the Emperor's divinity is a recent creation, Mr. Roth quotes from the published diary of Dr. Erwin Baelz, a German who served as personal physician to the Emperor Meiji:

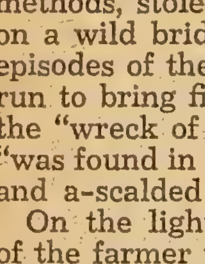
"Tokyo, November 3, 1880. The Emperor's birthday. It distresses me to see how little interest the populace takes in their rulers. Only when the police insist on it are the houses decorated with flags."

We cannot afford to accept the Emperor's present "son of Heaven" status with an indulgent smile, says Mr. Roth. He holds that it was created by the Japanese militarists as psychological preparation for a program of world conquest, and must eventually be deflated in the interests of world peace.

Mr. Roth was recently indicted on charges of illegal possession of government documents. The case was at first scareheaded in the press, then dwindled to a technicality. Don't look for sensational revelations in this book, but for an interesting array of neglected truths about the Japs.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price $2.50.

THE heroes, bandits, tramps, poets, and lovingly careful mechanics whose names have become associated with the history of American railroading pass in colorful review in the pages of **Railroad Avenue,** by **Freeman Hubbard.**


Freeman Hubbard

Here you will find the authentic story of "Casey" Jones, his wonderful six-chime whistle and his tragic death, immortalized in a ballad composed by an uneducated Negro laborer in a roundhouse. Jesse James rides again, an interesting fellow to meet, even when stripped of the false legends about the nobility of his character. Here is the gallant story of the Northern raiders who, anticipating modern commando methods, stole a Confederate locomotive and set out on a wild bridge-burning expedition. Here, too, are episodes of the Johnstown flood; of the open-throttle run to bring fire equipment to burning Chicago; and the "wreck of the old 97" in which Engineer Broady "was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle and a-scalded to death with the steam."

On the lighter side, Mr. Hubbard tells the story of the farmer who hired out as a brakeman. He was paid by the mile, so that when the train gathered speed on a steep grade he was thinking gleefully of how easy a way this was to make a living. The other brakemen worked frantically to prevent a runaway. At last one of them demanded why the new man was watching idly instead of setting brakes. The reply was: "Me set brakes? I should say not. Two cents a mile! Why, I never made money this fast before in all my life!"

Published by Whittlesey House, New York. Price $3.50.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

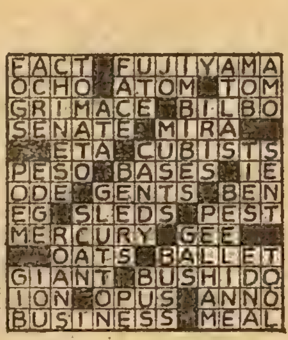
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

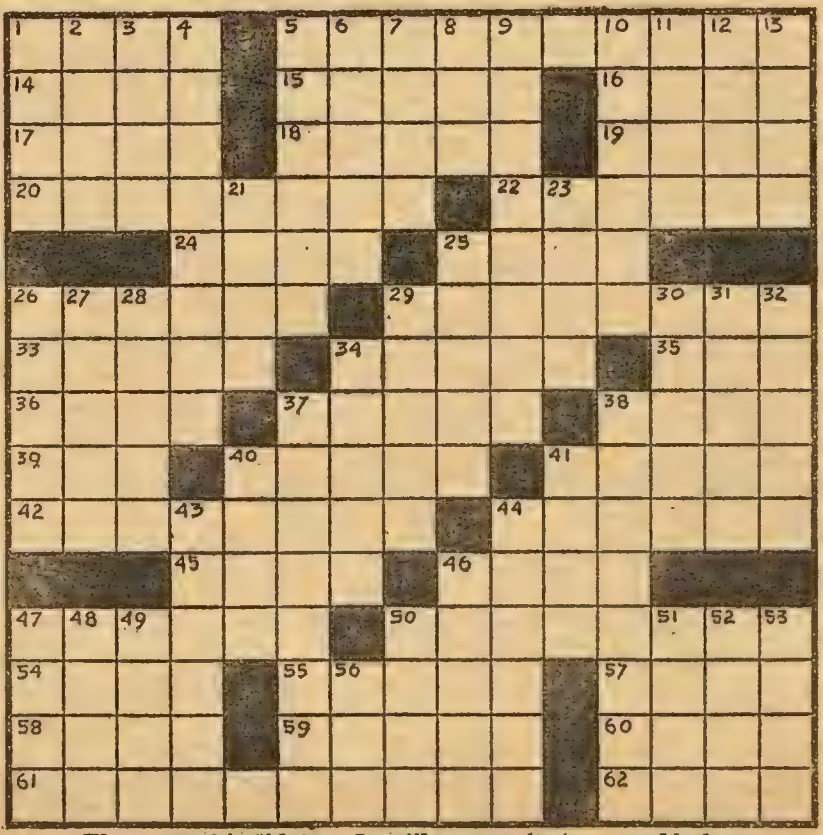
1 A very definite female no
5 World's mitiest policeman (two words)
14 Psychic aroma
15 Men with shaking bones fall to their knees and pray for this
16 A word full of bitterness
17 Animated barrel staves
18 Basic Brooklynese
19 Gas light
20 What the Scotchman shaved with (two words)
22 Comeback
24 Places
25 Wash and polish the body
26 Groans musically
29 On your dad's family side
33 Soaks up the wave lengths
34 Klondike golf
35 There'll be a crack-up of this in Alaska next spring
36 First on a shoemaker's mind
37 Dey get peepul from Brookalyn in duh end
38 Man for whose sake much is done
39 Doe in poetry (anag.)
40 Der Vatch on diss hass been vound up
41 General appearance of a joint (Fr.)
42 You can't say this guy isn't trying
44 Hot things grabbed by base men in the diamond business
45 Necktie
46 All wound up
47 Automatic pilots
50 An old woman's false (pl.)
54 It's little, but oh, my!
55 Bulloney
57 Vesuvius gush
58 Stoic's classroom
59 Place where folks are full of Krupp
60 One for you, also for me
61 Suckers' merry-go-rounds (two words)
62 This has several thousand feet odd

VERTICAL

1 Hiss water; fresh lip
2 Warm kind of person
3 Tonsil workout for Tibbett
4 After two days at sea, you look like the picture on this
5 Most folks' are exactly nil (pl.)
6 Snitches
7 This is almost pear-shaped
8 A thousand things on a college gal's mind
9 Tearings (anag.)
10 Verbal fun
11 It's being used in the current smear campaign
12 Franco Christian killer
13 Natural talent, sounds pretty crooked
21 Exed beasts
23 What we want peace for
25 Lily Pons opera the cullid chap wanted his gal to do to him
26 There's a call for her in a popular song
27 Feeds the brain with the eyes
28 The Gardens of Allah
29 Here's one for the butcher
30 What only one of two brothers can have by the other
31 Assassinator of Hamlet
32 Strokes the mustache, rolls the eye, and eats up the heroine bit by bit, heh-heh!
34 Balance that sounds like male offspring
37 Contemptible fellow, sounds like a hoss beater
38 Original swingster
40 What the Hindu life of the party was
41 Plush remover
43 Perfumes de Cabbage
44 Super crashes
46 Algonquin's Hotel
47 It has a spotty, feverish career, bumpy too
48 He looks the same coming and going
49 Leaden lummox
50 Circle with stuffed insides
51 Queen of the East
52 A day's sufficiency
53 Stuff and press the gills
56 Restore Split Atoms! (abbr.)

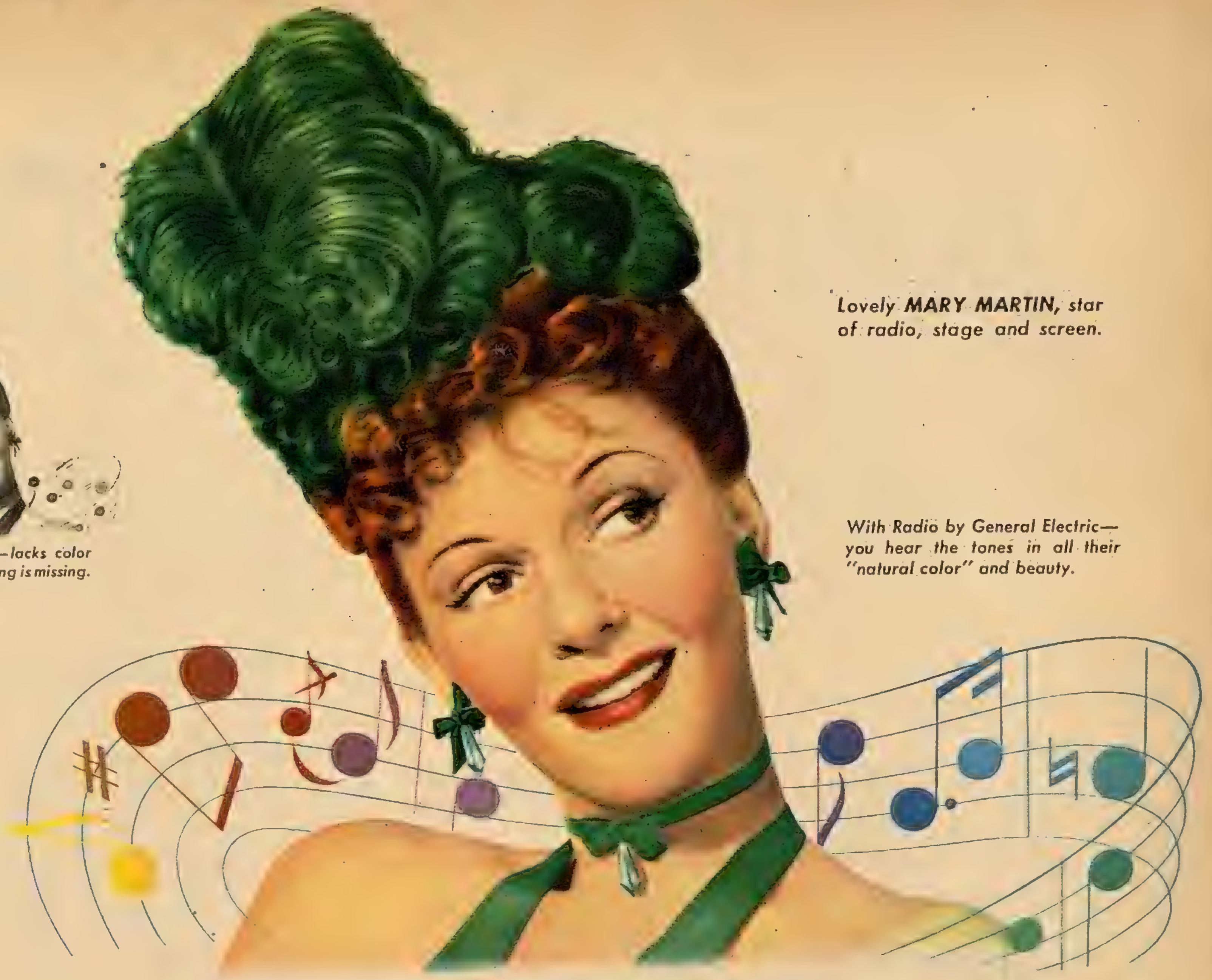

FACT FUJIYAMA
OCHO ATOM TOM
GRIMACE BILBO
SENATE MIRA
ETA CUBISTS
PESO BASES IE
ODE GENTS BEN
EG SLEDS PEST
MERCURY GEE
OATS BALLET
GIANT BUSHIDO
ION OPUS ANNO
BUSINESS MEAL

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Conventional Radio—lacks color and richness. Something is missing.



*Lovely **MARY MARTIN,** star of radio, stage and screen.*

With Radio by General Electric—you hear the tones in all their "natural color" and beauty.

Mary Martin—even more sparkling in natural color tone on a great new radio

THERE'S thrilling new magic in Mary Martin's voice when you hear her on the new General Electric radio. Its glorious "natural color" tone recreates all the glamour of her captivating personality.

Never Before—This Natural Color Tone

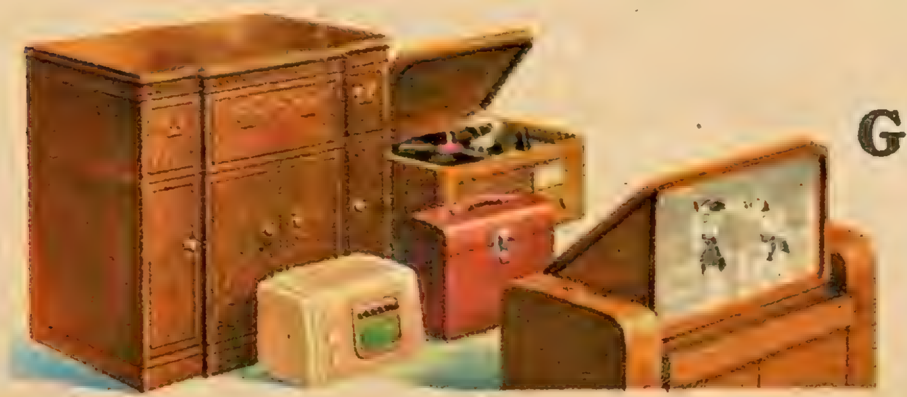
This revolutionary General Electric radio reveals in all their rare beauty the rich tones and overtones—many of them unheard on the radios of today—that give to every voice and instrument its own charm—its own distinctive musical character.

Never Before—Such Flawless Reception

When you listen on this amazing new radio, reception will be incredibly free from fading or station interference. Static will never drown out its matchless purity of tone. Gone at last are all barriers between you and the artists. Space itself seems to vanish as you listen, entranced, to programs so vivid, so real, it seems that the artists themselves stand within the very room.

Everything in Radio and Television

Coming also are the revolutionary self-charging G-E portables, radio-phonographs with the amazing new G-E Electronic reproducer that reveals new beauty in recorded music . . . and television receivers by General Electric with pictures large enough for the most spacious living room. You'll want a General Electric because you want the finest. Whether you are looking for a radio or radio-phonograph — an attractive table model or a magnificent period console—you'll find that the new General Electric radios surpass your greatest expectations.



GENERAL ELECTRIC

170-D9

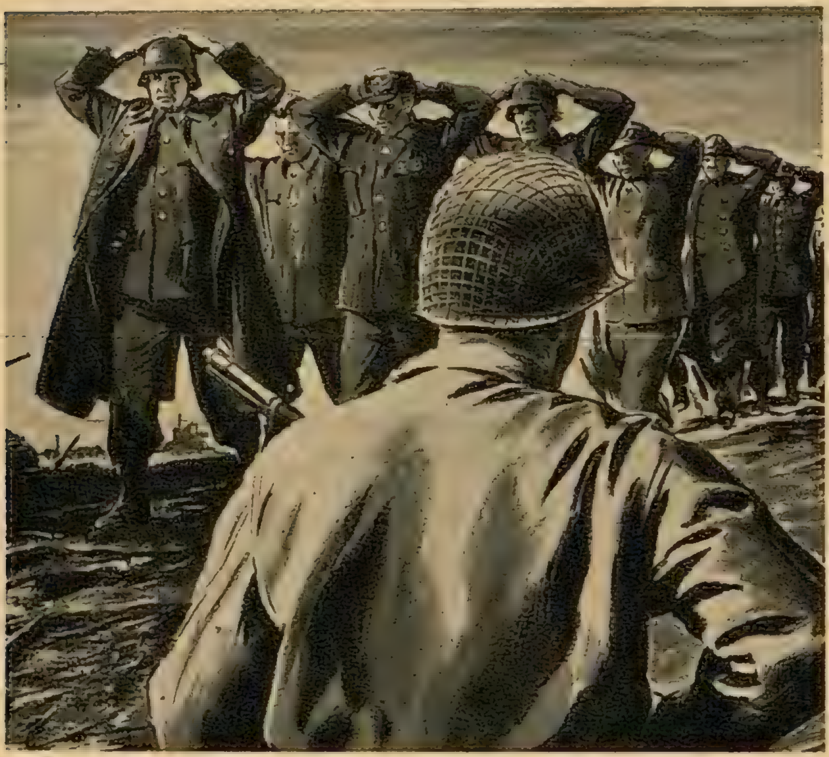
LEADER IN RADIO, TELEVISION AND ELECTRONICS

RADIOS

How the Nazis pulled a fast

A **RATTLESNAKE** has been known to inflict fatal wounds even after its head has been severed from its body.

Similarly, Germany, as she died, crushed and beaten, performed a last-minute act that might have prolonged our war against Japan and made it much more costly in terms of American lives lost. ***This is what happened . . .***



Too late for Germany

Last winter, the Nazis were working desperately in underground factories to mass-produce the fabulous Messerschmitt 262—a new jet-propelled fighter **with a top speed approaching 550 miles per hour.**

Fortunately for us, the deadly Me 262, like the advanced versions of other V-weapons, **came along at least six months too late . . . for Germany.**

A dying gift to Japan

Although jet propulsion came too late for Germany, **Goering himself reported to his American captors that blueprints of the Me 262, together with several complete turbo-jet units, had been turned over to Germany's Pacific partner.** And Tokyo radio bragged that this was so.

With the disturbing knowledge that jet fighters are extremely effective as defensive aerial weapons, our military strategists realized that *a quick knock-out of Japan was more imperative than ever before.*

What did we do about it?

The development of a jet fighter, like that of an aerial weapon such as the atomic bomb, takes time. Heartbreaking months and years of designing, testing, redesigning, working out operational "bugs," constant experimenting and modification . . . **all these things must be done before, finally, the plane is ready for mass production.**

As a matter of fact, the first Allied jet-propelled fighter was flown as long ago as May, 1941. Its top speed: **"over 400 miles per hour."**

In the spring of 1944, a new Allied jet fighter took to the air. Its top speed: **"over 450 miles per hour."**

Later in 1944, two American jet fighters were born—one for our Army Air Forces, and one for our Navy's carriers. The top speed of both these planes was conservatively reported as being **"over 500 miles per hour!"**

So, we made rapid progress toward meeting the threat imposed by Germany's dying gift to Japan.

But there's something we haven't told you . . .

Why were we caught short?

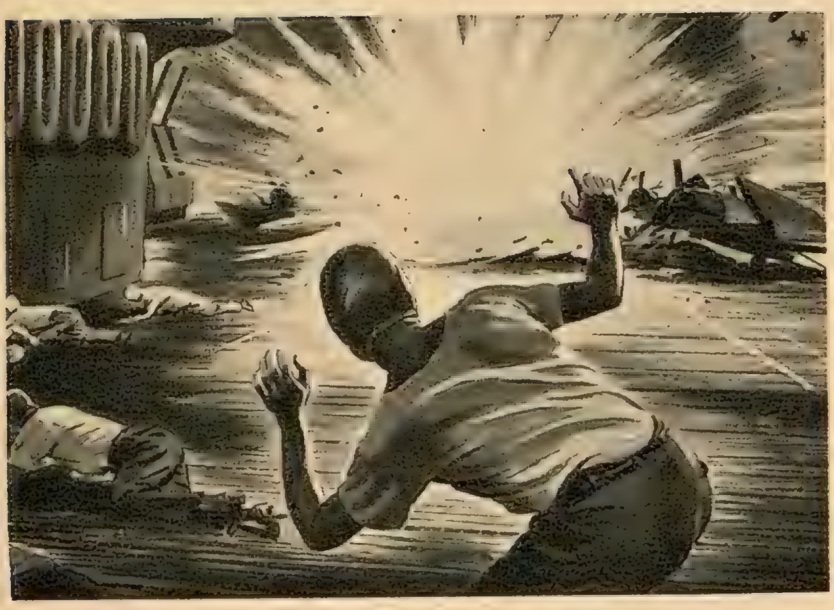
As far back as the summer of 1942, the Germans were flying a jet fighter capable of doing over 450 miles per hour!

Why, you may ask, did we allow the Germans, or **any** nation, to beat us to the punch in the development of jet-propelled fighters — the world's fastest planes?

Well, we'll tell you — and you won't like it. **You, yourself, can take part of the blame.**

So can all of us. As citizens of peace-loving, ocean-protected America, we didn't see much point in setting up a program for safeguarding our security from attack by air. The Nazis hadn't yet ravaged Poland, France, or Holland. The Japs hadn't yet struck at Pearl Harbor.

one on us!



A lesson the war has taught us

We didn't see much point in maintaining a strong national air program before these things happened. **But a lot of people have changed their minds about that!** We hope you have!

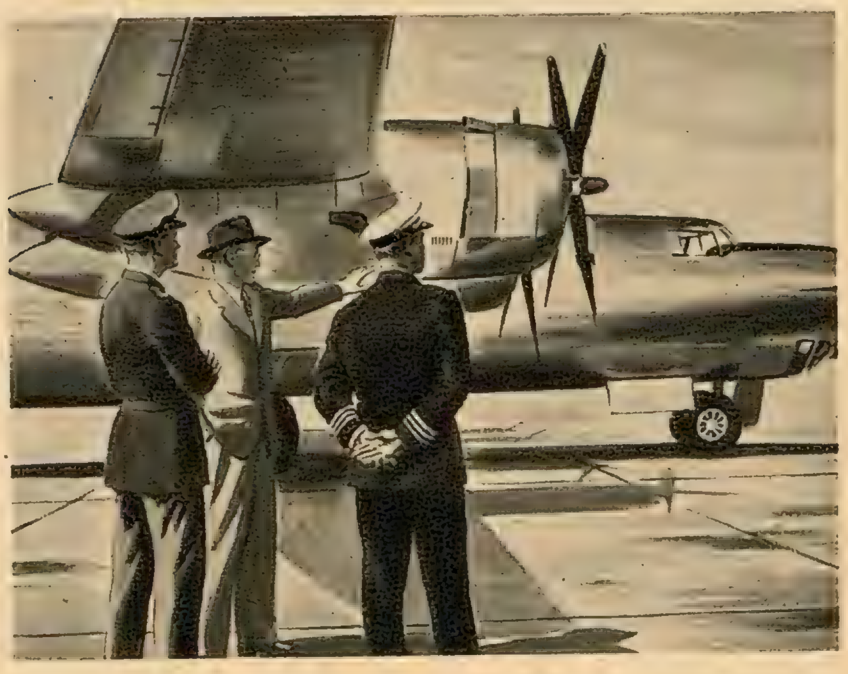
For, if any aggressor nation runs amok in the future, you can bet your bottom dollar that this country—with its tremendous capacity for war production—will be Target Number One. **And there will be no warning—no time to prepare.**

That is why, though we have won victory over Japan, we dare not lag—**ever again**—in maintaining our **present-day** pre-eminence in the air and guaranteeing our **future** air supremacy.

Air Power is Peace Power

Even now, after Victory, the aircraft industry and the Army and Navy must continue to work together as a team . . . pooling ideas, carrying on tireless research and experimentation.

But experimental research is only the first step in winning the race that will insure America from attack in the future.



The best planes resulting from this research must be put in production in sufficient quantities to develop manufacturing techniques and tools and to keep the nucleus of a manufacturing organization which can be quickly expanded if ever needed.

We must also have enough planes for our armed services to train the flight and ground crews in their use. One or two experimental planes of each design is not enough to keep our air force and manufacturing organizations ready for any emergency.

Only when the design and production "bugs" always present in a new plane are revealed and eliminated by use—can our ever-improving aircraft be considered *proved* military weapons.

LET'S KEEP AMERICA STRONG IN THE AIR!

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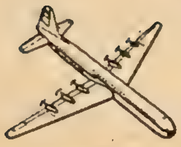
Member, Aircraft War Production Council



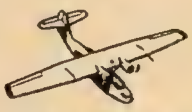
CONVAIR MODEL 37
Pan American Clipper

LIBERATOR
4-engine bomber

LIBERATOR EXPRESS
transport

CORONADO
patrol bomber

PRIVATEER
search plane



CATALINA
patrol bomber

CONVAIR MODEL 110
commercial transport

SENTINEL
"Flying Jeep"

A HUNK OF RESPECTABILITY

Continued from Page 43

The woman's voice rose to a pitch of fury: "Because I can't tell which of them big piles of tin cans it's hid under!"

"Cans!" cried Six Shirt.

"In the rubbish dump over at Hondo City."

"But the road down into Hondo was blocked by a rockslide years ago," protested Six Shirt.

"They've built a road around the slide. I was over there and back again this morning. Git your rats and git in that car!" shrieked the woman.

Just at this point a truck rolled by. The surprised driver, a local citizen named Pete Fleming, almost stopped, but the woman peremptorily motioned him on. Six Shirt was too perturbed to notice this. He picked up his rat cage and reluctantly got into the front seat.

As soon as he sat down the woman seemed mollified. She reached within the intimate recesses of her shirtwaist. "Now I'm going to pay you what the job's worth. How much?"

"Thirty-eight dollars and six bits," said Six Shirt promptly.

She immediately brought forth four ten-dollar bills and handed them to him. "Keep the change."

Well, thought Six Shirt, this dame can't be so bad, after all, and he thrust the bills inside his innermost shirt. Two things he noticed about the bills: they were *not* the old large-sized ones dating back to the period of the woman's car and costume; they were modern, small-sized, and there was a brownish stain on two of them.

THE woman backed the car suddenly in a violent semicircle and headed it the way it had come. It lurched forward and the speedometer needle slowly crept up to fifty.

"Lady," breathed Six Shirt, "how old is these tires we're ridin' on?"

"Twenty-seven years old last September. But don't you worry. I stowed 'em in an airtight place. I knew I'd be away for a long while."

There were many implications in that statement, and Six Shirt didn't like any of them. So he kept silent for a long time. Finally he asked, "What's scheelite, anyway?"

"Calcium tungstate," the woman snapped.

"Oh, tungsten. Yeh, the government wants that."

"My boy Otto is bringing down a buyer in the morning to truck it away. That's why we got to find it tonight. The stuff runs into money and I need it."

"I never heard of no tungsten at Hondo." Six Shirt said. "I thought that was a gold camp that went bust about 1910."

"Sure it was a gold camp. My scheelite claim is up on the mountain twenty-two miles by trail, but only a couple or three miles air line. Old Man Holden put in a cable tram down to Hondo. From there he used to pack out the ore into Nevada. But they opened up the old wagon road last spring. Figgered on bringing the ore by truck over to this side." Suddenly she began to laugh. "He works all winter on that road, and we use it. The joke's on him."

LIBERTY

"Touching, isn't it?"

"Him?" asked Six Shirt. "Who's him?"

The woman just clamped her boot down on the throttle.

Six Shirt swallowed his upsurging insides and started thinking. Holden . . . The facts came to his mind slowly. Old Man Holden, "The last citizen of Hondo" they called him, had been killed in a quarrel over grubstakes rights back in '19. Shot by a woman who had sued him for a half interest in his claim. She lost the suit, then tried to collect with a gun. She was sent up for life.

Holy cow! thought Six Shirt. This dame's a henpen Hattie!

He shivered. A little farther on the car turned off the pavement onto an old road that crossed the main divide and ran along the eastern side of the ridge.

An object that looked like a lopsided obelisk loomed up right in the middle of the road. Six Shirt let out a strangled squawk.

"That's the Thumb," said the driver calmly. "There's where the road was blocked off back in 1909. They blasted the new road around the outside of it."

Six Shirt's eardrums popped. Then, fifty agonies later, the car was rolling along the short flat street of Hondo City—a street lined with squat rough store buildings and deserted board shacks.

The car swung around in the middle of the street, its headlights crossing a store front bearing a faded sign: HOLDEN'S HARDWARE AND FEED.

The name jolted Six Shirt's memory again. Old Man Holden had stayed on in Hondo for years after the big Glory Hole Mine had played out. Holden kept looking for the pinched-out lode. Instead of gold, he found tungsten ore up there on the mountain, and had been killed for it.

"Wake up!" said J. Jones sharply. "Here's where we go to work." The car had stopped in an open shed at the side of the store. On one side was an old-fashioned steam tractor that looked like a junior-size locomotive. On the other side were hay bales piled four high.

J. Jones hopped out and hurried away down the beam of light. Six Shirt just sat and gazed lovingly at the tractor. Any big complicated piece of mechanism always made his heart sing. This particular machine looked like an old friend. "Just like the one I run on that road job back in 1909," he said, and reached out and touched the boiler. An inch of soft caked dust fell away. The metal below felt smooth, rustless—thanks to Hondo's rainless climate. "Gee! Like new!" he marveled.

UP ahead, J. Jones rasped out a sharp command: "Turn out them lights!"

Six Shirt fumbled for the switch. He couldn't see the woman, but there was the town dump. The headlights fanned out across high-bodied old ore wagons, an old upright boiler, and piles of tin cans, clear back to the dimly discernible cliff.

He found the switch and thumbed it down. In the darkness his hand hit a holster on the steering column. A third gun. He seized it and thrust it beneath his shirts. He reached back for the rat cage, got out, and walked toward the sound of the woman's voice.

The woman spoke from the shadows: "He's gone. Either I didn't kill him complete, or somebody's come and packed him away."

"Who?" squawked Six Shirt.

"Buck Holden. The old man's boy. Well, get busy."

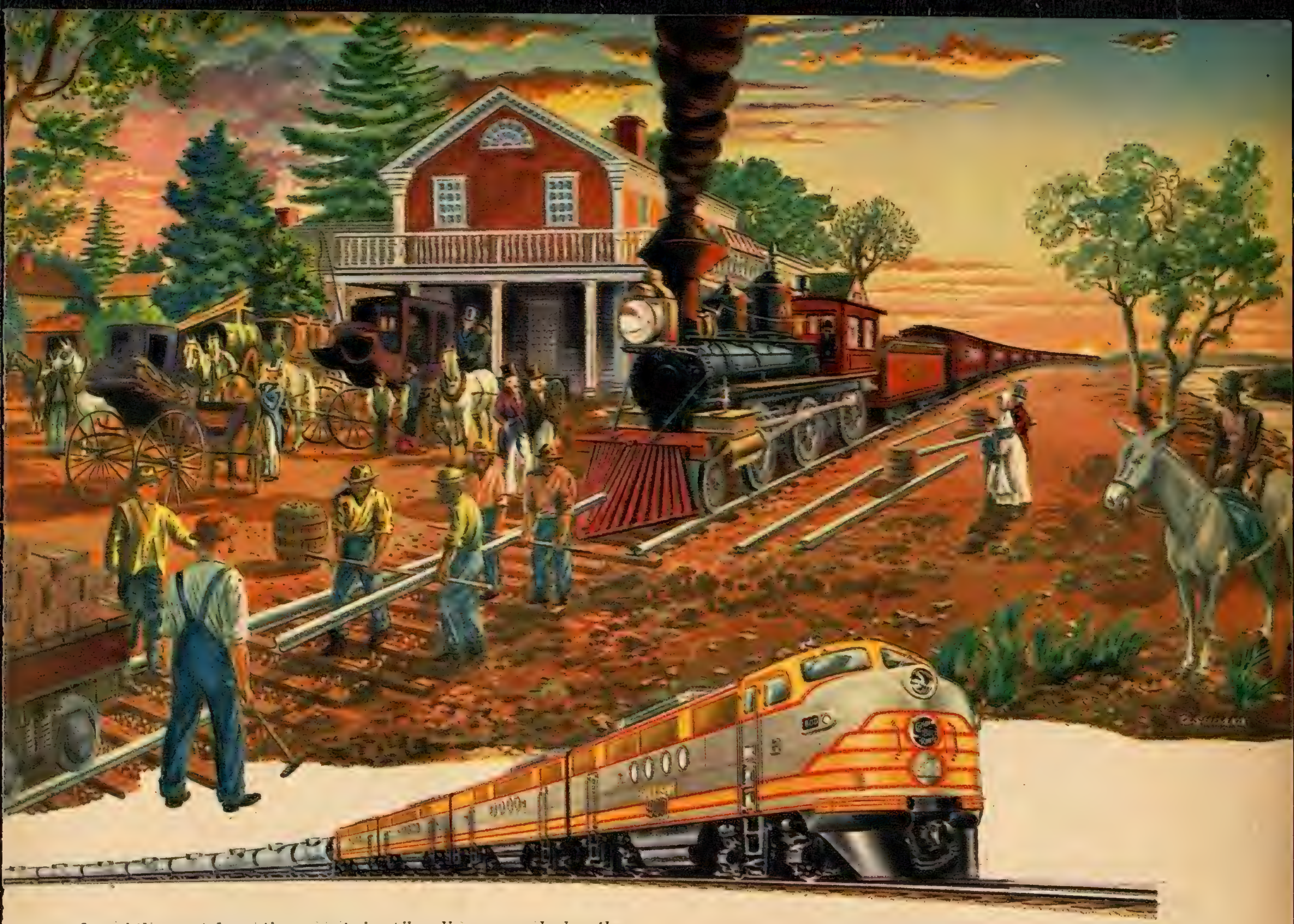
Trembling, Six Shirt squatted down by the cage and opened the little wicket. The rats ran out, sat up on their haunches, then made squeaking little rushes this way and that, disappeared into the nearest pile of tin cans.

Six Shirt's mind seethed with confusion. Buck Holden he knew. Buck was a friend of Lem Helker—they'd been in the same outfit in the old war. He was old Holden's son all right, but he was no miner. He was a kind of master of ceremonies with a rodeo troupe.

"How long before they'll be back?" asked the woman.

"Right soon," said Six Shirt. He was afraid to ask the question he

(*Continued on page 68*)



One of the great dramatic moments in railroading occurred when the Cotton Belt changed the gauge of its 419 miles of track in a single week end. The scene pictured above is our artist's conception of the closing hours of this successful old-time race against time.

CHANGING THE MEASURE OF RAILROADING

It was September in 1886. All along the Cotton Belt, from Bird's Point, Mo., to Texarkana, old spikes came out. Rails were shifted. New spikes sank home under swinging hammers. The entire railroad was changed from narrow to standard gauge over one week end. The Cotton Belt had stepped along with the times.

This railroad is still stepping along. It is one of 83 railroads and major industries where General Motors Diesel locomotives are changing the measure of railroading.

Watch what happens when complete lines and systems are GM Dieselized. Far faster freight hauls. Quicker, more comfortable, and more reliable travel for passengers.

And reduced maintenance by sturdiness that goes a million miles or more without major overhaul!

Yes, the measure of railroading is changing — for the better. And GM Diesel locomotives are helping to bring about this new benefit for the railroads, for the country, and for you.

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(Continued from page 66)

wanted to ask. The woman had a gun in each hand. So he asked another: "Why in the world would he hide the ore, anyway?"

"Because he was afraid of me. He knew I'd be coming. Hurry up them rats, will yuh?"

"Well, gosh, I don't know if you brought us to the right place," Six Shirt protested.

"Look! There's the end of the cable where the ore comes down. There's all those piles of cans right handy. You can't tell whether a pile of cans has been moved lately or not. As soon as I seen 'em, I said, 'That's where he hid the ore, because that's where I'd have hid it myself.' "

Suddenly small terrified squeals came out of the near darkness, and the rats burst into the open and headed straight for their cage. Six Shirt closed the wicket.

"Roust 'em!" demanded J. Jones, digging a gun muzzle into Six Shirt's shoulder.

"Some varmint's out there," said Six Shirt. "They won't work until we drive it away."

He was surprised to feel the gun muzzle removed. He heard the woman's boots go clumping away. He mopped his face with his sleeve. Then in a sudden decision he picked up the rat cage and sprinted for the car, saying silently, "Gosh, I don't think she locked it—I hope."

HE was almost there when a rope whistled out of the darkness and caught him around the body, pinning his arms to his sides. Great as was his surprise, he held onto the cage. Then one dally and then another looped along the rope and flipped over his head. A sharp tug and they pulled tight on his throat.

"Don't yell. I'll cut off your wind," said a girl's voice. "Now pretend I'm a jerk-line skinner and you're a mule. So, git up!"

Six Shirt moved forward slowly.

The rope tugged when he reached the street. "Gee!" the voice demanded.

He turned and walked blindly up the street about two hundred steps. "Whoa!" said the voice. He stopped in front of a plank door in a low stone-walled house.

"Open the door!" said the girl.

Six Shirt walked through the doorway. The door closed with a subdued clunk. The turns of rope around his neck slackened off, and he inhaled great gulps of cold, slightly musty air. He swayed dizzily and sat down with a sudden *plop* just as the girl lit a lamp.

Six Shirt sat hugging his rat cage in the middle of a red Brussels carpet in an 1890-type parlor complete with striped wallpaper, heavily framed pictures, and red plush furniture. He heard the girl say, "Get up. I want you to help me carry pop over to that woman's car."

"Well, dad gum it, you didn't have to choke me! I ain't no friend of that old she-buzzard."

"I know," said the girl, as she pulled the slackened loops over his head, "but I was afraid you might be startled and cry out." She was young and slender and moved with the precision of a trained athlete. Six Shirt noticed she wore rodeo clothes — slim-legged moleskins, high-heeled boots, and a loud checkered shirt.

"Who are you? You ain't Buck's wife—?"

"His daughter, Laura. My mother died a couple of years ago. Come on, help me with pop."

OVER on the red plush sofa lay a tall strongly built man dressed exactly like the girl. He had a bandage around his head and another around his left shoulder, both brown with blood.

The girl took him by the shoulders and raised him up. "Take his feet, will you? We got to get him to a doctor."

The man opened his eyes and demanded belligerently, "Who needs a doctor?" Then, seeing Six Shirt, he added, "Hellow, Ambrose. Welcome to the old Holden homestead. What brings you here?"

"Two females. One with a rope and one with three guns," said Six Shirt with some bitterness.

"*She's* back again, pop," explained the girl.

Holden sat up and began feeling over his clothes. "She got my gun and money."

"I got one gun," said Six Shirt. "Here, you take it, Laura. I'll carry Buck and you bring the rat cage."

"I'll walk," said Buck, pushing himself to his feet with his good hand.

"And I got some money she give me," Six Shirt added reluctantly, fishing out the four ten-dollar bills. "I reckon it's yours. It's got blood on it."

He shoved the money into Buck's shirt pocket, put his arm around Buck's waist and started for the door, telling himself sadly, "A night's work for nothing—and I'm a bum again."

Out in the street he heard revolver shots and scandalous language coming from the dump. Then commands: "Shinehammer! Come here, you bum, and drive this critter off me."

"That's my dog Benjie," said Laura. "I told him to keep her busy."

"That's what scared my rats!" exclaimed Six Shirt.

Laura ran swiftly ahead to the shed, opened the rear door of the car and shoved in the cage. "Here's a couple of blankets. Put pop on the seat and I'll cover him up," she said.

Six Shirt said, "All right. You fix him up and I'll get this thing started."

He got in the front seat and fumbled for the switch. It clicked.

(Continued on page 71)

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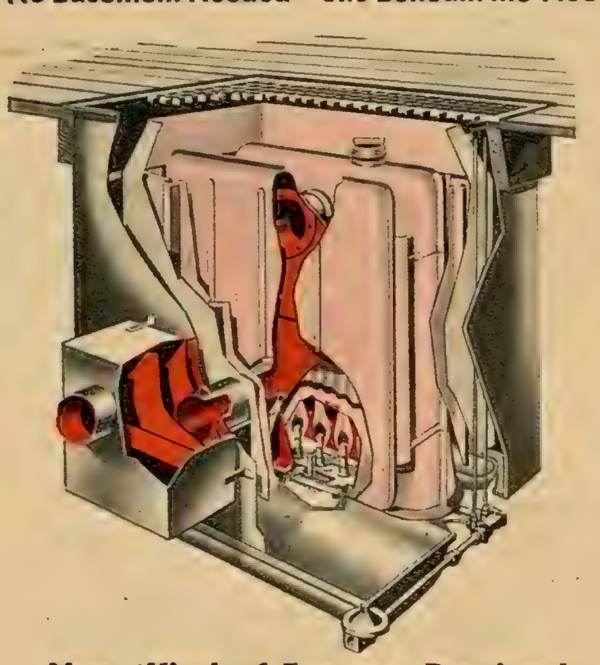

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(*Continued from page 68*)

He gave a grunt of satisfaction and fumbled for the choke and starter button. The starter began to clank and whirl.

Six Shirt took his thumb off the starter button, got out of the car, and went around to the back where he tapped on the gas tank with the toe of his shoe. It gave out a hollow sound.

"Don't suppose you got any gas?"

Laura, who had come back with Benjie, the dog, shook her head. "No, we had to come in on horses."

It seemed to Six Shirt then that fate had given him a final kick in the teeth. He slumped down on the running board. He was staring at the old tractor. He turned his head and stared at the dim hulk of the wagons on either side of the deadman. His spirits bounded.

"Buck," he said. "I don't think you hid your ore under no can pile."

"Well, who said I did?" Holden demanded and began coughing.

"*She* did!"

"She's crazy!"

"I know that, now," said Six Shirt. He was silent a minute, his brain buzzing. Then he said, "Is it worth thirty-eight dollars and six bits to get your ore up on the hard road by morning?"

"Well, that's cheap enough for a miracle," said Holden.

Laura started to insist, "We've got to get pop to—" But Holden cut her off. "Let him be. Lem's told me about his screwy ideas. Sometimes they work."

THREE minutes later Six Shirt was stalking among the can piles like a hunting bear. Two or three times he called out, and got furious replies from J. Jones who came stumbling along through the junk. When he saw her she was standing still, one gun tucked under her left arm while she broke the other and started to reload it. Six Shirt lowered his head, and charged. J. Jones dropped the empty gun and reached under her arm for the loaded one. The next instant she was jerked off her feet.

"Grab them guns," said Six Shirt to Laura, who'd been following along behind him. Then he said to the Jones woman, "I couldn't leave you loose to make us more trouble," and heaving her over his shoulder he carried her to the car.

"Tie her up good and permanent," he told Laura. He switched on the headlights of the car and rolled it back so the light fell on the tractor. Then he dived into the cab of the tractor and came out with a wrench. "Gotta have water!" he cried.

He remembered seeing a dust-covered reel of fire hose hanging on the back of the store. There was a gate-valve faucet below from which rusty water flowed feebly. "That's all the pressure this hose will take, anyway," he said.

Once he had water flowing into the boiler he began furiously turning down grease cups, knocking the caked dust from moving parts, and plying a long-nosed oilcan he'd found in the tool box.

"Gotta have fire!" he cried next. He gathered up loose hay, crammed it into the firebox and struck a match. The hay took off with a rush of flame. He grabbed the ash rake and scraped up a bushel of bark and splinters from the tender and heaved them into the firebox.

He looked at the water gauge. "Three quarters full. That's plenty."

Holden opened the door of the car and called out, "The man what brought that thing down the mountain said he wouldn't do it again for ten thousand dollars."

"I wouldn't bring it *down* for no money," said Six Shirt. "But I'm takin' it *up* for thirty-eight dollars and six bits, as contracted."

The Jones woman had been sitting quietly like a trussed turkey. Now she began to cackle viciously. "They'll kill you! You're down in a hole and can't get away!" Then she shrieked at the top of her voice, "Otto! Otto!"

"Who's she talking about?" asked Holden sharply.

"Well, she told me her boy Otto was bringin' a buyer down here in the morning to get the ore. Guess he's her son."

Laura spoke up. "Say! I bet that's the same Otto you hired to help blast out the road."

"Could be," said Holden. "I didn't know him."

"Otto got me paroled," said the woman. "He said you were going to steal my ore."

"Put a gag in her mouth so I won't have to listen to her," said Holden. "She never had no rights to the old man's claim. She grub-staked him once in 1912, but he found that scheelite vein in 1916. The judge threw her suit right out of court. So she waited until I was in the Army and went up and shot the old man in the back—just like she did me—"

Six Shirt didn't hear the rest of it. He had enough steam to move the tractor, so he opened the throttle and eased it over alongside the hay and began shoving one bale after another into the tender.

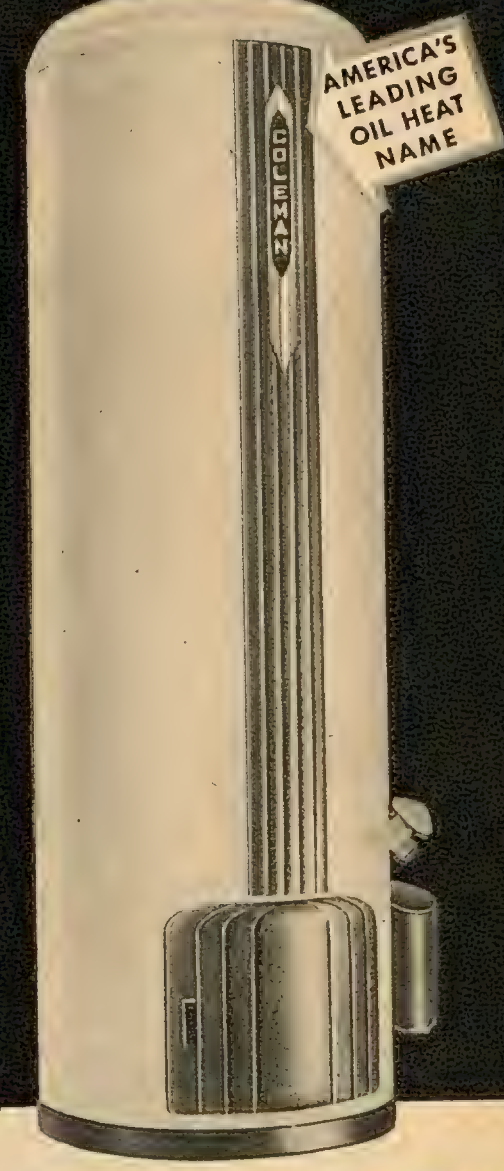
LAURA came over and told him, "I gagged her and got him quieted down. I think the wound in his shoulder touched his lung."

Six Shirt nodded. "We'll have him out of here in a hurry. The ore's in one of those wagons over by the deadman, ain't it?"

"In both of them. I wonder she didn't climb up on a wheel and look in there."

"Because she'd have hid it, and she thought Buck would, too. How come Buck waited so long to fetch that stuff out?"

"He didn't get out of the Army until 1920 and the road was blocked, and the price of tungsten had fallen so low it didn't pay to pack it out. So he just forgot it. Then, when my mother died, we both wanted to quit



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the show. Pop read about the government wanting tungsten, so we packed in here and found ten or twelve tons of ore lying up on the dump. Then pop went to work on the wagon road—"

"—and hired that snoopin' Otto to help! Well, that's all the hay it'll take. Let's hook onto them wagons." Six Shirt slid down into the cab, pulled levers that sent the tractor chuffing ahead, hooked the clevis in the front drawbar to the tongue ring of the first wagon and backed out to the road. He hauled out the second wagon, lined it up, hooked the two together, then clevised the drawbar of the tractor to the lead wagon.

He ran to the car. "Fetch the rat cage," Six Shirt said to Laura. "It goes in the lead wagon along with Buck."

He picked up Holden, blankets and all, climbed the front wheel of the lead wagon and laid him in on the ore.

"Now get that coal oil you said was in the store," he told Laura when she handed up the cage. Then he heaved J. Jones into the trailer wagon.

Laura came back carrying a five-gallon can.

"Get up on the tender and pour that on the hay. Slow like, so it will soak clear down through," Six Shirt directed.

He pulled levers. They were under way. He reached for the whistle cord and let out a short triumphant toot, and looked back to see if the sparks billowing out of the stack had lit on the tender where Laura was still pouring kerosene.

"Can't this thing go faster?" she yelled.

"Gal," shrieked Six Shirt, "we're practically flyin'! Three miles a hour at least. Now you lay a flake of hay on that ore scoop and start stokin'."

Up on the fifth grade he heard something new. He looked up and saw the truck just coming in sight, the puzzled driver's head thrust far out the window.

"If we meet comin' round the Thumb, we're sunk. Gimme steam!" begged Six Shirt.

They were around the Thumb. There, ahead, was the truck, a swarthy individual driving, and leaning out of the other side was a slick-looking customer, waving a gun and shouting.

Neither the shouting nor the gun made any impression on the panting, sweat-dripping Six Shirt. He kept saying, "I gotta keep right on goin'. I gotta—"

He heard Laura shooting. Then the tractor hit the truck, shuddered, and kept right on going. The truck driver's head and left arm hung limply out of the window. Slowly, maybe only a half mile an hour, the tractor kept going, shoving the truck ahead of it.

Not till then did Six Shirt notice that Laura was gone and the hay in the tender was on fire.

He never was sure how he got to the top of the grade or why there were friendly hands ready to pull him out of the cab. He remembered lying in the bed of the truck, with Buck Holden beside him, coughing and muttering feverishly. Later it seemed that he was back in the peaceful confines of the Sonora county jail. So he slept.

Finally Lem came in with a platterful of fried eggs and a quart of coffee. It was morning, a glorious morning. Six Shirt saw his rat cage was standing in the corner. "Well, home, sweet home," he said fervently. He gulped down half the coffee.

"How's Buck?" he asked.

"O. K.," said Lem. "A shot of sulfa fixed his pneumonia and the bullet holes weren't much."

"How come you happened to find me?"

"Well, I heard on the radio that the highway cops were looking for a crazy woman. So when Pete Fleming told me that she made you get into her car, I went looking for you."

"Where's she now?" asked Six Shirt hastily.

"In a strait jacket over in the insane asylum. You know that no-good Otto got her paroled just so she'd kill Buck! He was afraid of Buck, himself, but he figured if Buck was dead he and them other crooks could get away with the ore and split eleven thousand dollars."

"How much?" demanded Six Shirt.

"Eleven thousand dollars. That's what Laura sold it for. Say, that girl's a wonder. She was up at the mine when she heard the shots and she jumped right into the ore bucket and rode it down."

"Where's my thirty-eight dollars and six bits?" demanded Six Shirt.

Lem brought out three pieces of folded paper. "Here's your war bond."

"Well, look!" exclaimed Six Shirt. "A hundred dollars!"

"And here's your bankbook—and Laura said she couldn't see a man of your accomplishments living in a rented place, so here's a deed to Shorty's shack."

Six Shirt blinked four or five times and reached for his shoes. Then from under his mattress he brought forth a soiled and damaged jack of diamonds through which was thrust an exceedingly miscellaneous assortment of pins and needles. His topmost shirt had been so badly scorched it disintegrated at his touch, so to the bosom of his fifth shirt he skewered his precious possessions with large pins.

He got up and, after a few tentative steps he walked toward the front door. "I'm goin' to town," he called back. "I been to a lot of trouble to latch onto this hunk of respectability and I'm aimin' to show it off."

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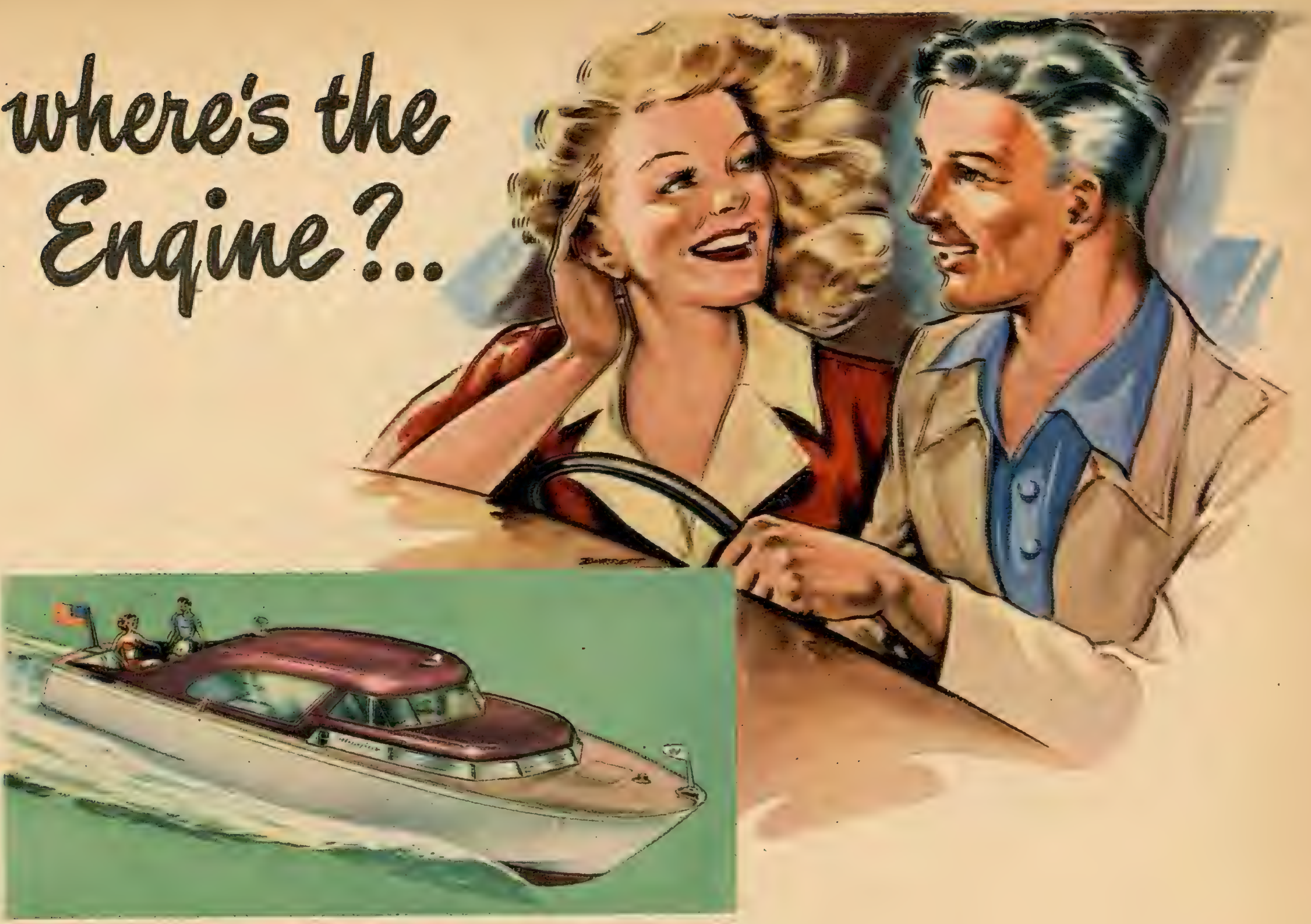

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MAN FROM MARS

Continued from Page 45

of the culture out of Mr. Price. But violence would only prove Price's point. Trying to make Ellie jealous wouldn't work either. He thought of asking her father's advice but Mr. Rowntree was an aged man of forty-five or so and although a good business man Harvey felt him incapable of understanding modern personal problems.

But one day when they were lunching at a little Italian restaurant near the plant Mr. Rowntree brought it up himself. You and Ellie don't seem to have as many hair-pulling contests as you used to he said. It makes my evenings more peaceful but I'm wondering how it affects you? Harvey laughed and said Why it's very peaceful for me too. And then he stopped and said No of course it isn't. It worries me. What's the matter with her sir? Is it Dustin Price?

Price is a clever fellow Mr. Rowntree said. If you mean has Ellie fallen for him I'd say no. Not yet. But I don't mean that he doesn't influence her. And he's talked to her mother a lot. I wish you wouldn't be so obscure said Harvey and Mr. Rowntree said I'm only guessing. And my guess is that Price is fishing in troubled waters.

Oh gosh! said Harvey I don't get it. All right I grant you they're troubled. But what troubled them? I didn't. That said Mr. Rowntree is perhaps just the trouble. He was pleased with this remark but Harvey frowned impatiently and he said quickly No no my boy—the point I think is this: you are a returned soldier. You have no idea of the guff that has been written and talked and preached about our returning soldiers. How to help them readjust to civilian life. Any woman attempting to follow these instructions inevitably appears irrational. Ellie and her mother have gone to some lectures. And they have talked to Price. Oh no doubt the advice is well-intentioned but— But I haven't changed Harvey interrupted. Exactly said Mr. Rowntree but Ellie is persuaded that you have. And this Dustin Price was psychoanalyzed you know and therefore considers himself competent to handle practically everything except the jumping jeebies. Ellie tries to soothe me all the time said Harvey and nothing is more irritating than being soothed when you don't need it.

So things went on like that for a while. When Harvey went to see Ellie Mrs. Rowntree seemed to be around a lot—very watchful. He began to spend some of his evenings with Cynnie Paige. Cynnie was his cousin and as cute as a spotted kitten and she knew how to use her claws too. Cynnie had a canoe with a sail in it down at the lake and they went sailing a lot and snarled happily at each other until they tipped over which happened often.

There was a little island about half a mile out in the lake and late one Saturday afternoon they sailed past it and saw a blur of smoke and a canoe drawn up on the beach. Cooking supper said Cynnie. Let's see what they're going to have. So they came about and made for the island. When they got closer they saw that it was Mrs. Rowntree and Ellie and Mr. Price. Quite a family party said Cynnie. Shall we go in? Why not? said Harvey. Oh well Cynnie said I just thought maybe if it was a consultation—well the patient doesn't usually sit in with the doctors does he? That isn't funny said Harvey. And Cynnie said You're darn right it isn't and if I were in your place— Well what would you do smarty? he asked. My good Lord! Cynnie said. Who's engaged to Ellie anyway—you or that sneak Dustin? It seems to me sometimes as if I was engaged to Dustin Harvey said. Oh you make me sick Cynnie said. Gosh I begin to think what they say about you is right. What's that? he asked.

As they had come into the lee of the island the breeze had died away. Now a sudden gust from the other direction caught Cynnie unawares. The sail snapped over and before they could release it or move forward to bring the canoe up into the wind they were in the water.

When Harvey came to the surface Cynnie was not yet in sight. But the

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moment her head broke the water he resumed the conversation as they worked at the sail. They say you're emotionally unstable — combat fatigue, isn't that what they call it? Cynnie said. Combat fatigue! Harvey exclaimed. Gosh have any of you people ever seen a case of it? Dustin has she said. Oh he doesn't think you're actually dangerous—but may become violent if unduly excited. Mrs. Rowntree is sort of worried—she thinks Ellie ought to break her engagement Cynnie said. I'd like to wring her neck! Harvey said. Good Lord I had no idea it was as bad as that.

Mr. Price had leaped into his canoe and dashed to the rescue. Actually of course no rescue was indicated. Capsizing was all in the game and they had developed a technique for furling the sail and unstepping the mast when the canoe was on its side which was worth watching. But Mr. Price did not watch. He picked up the paddles and then circled them shouting directions. Easy does it! Take it easy Harvey—we'll get you in all right.

Oh dry up Dustin said Cynnie crossly. With the sail out of the way they could right the canoe and flip the water out of it preparatory to climbing aboard. Catch hold of my stern Cynnie and I'll tow you in Mr. Price said. If you don't get out of our way *I'll* catch hold of your stern Price Harvey growled. My dear fellow Mr. Price said I'm only trying to help you. No need to get excited.

Harvey stopped working at the canoe and swam slowly toward Mr. Price. I've had about enough of your help Dustin he said. Now clear out. Clear out! he shouted angrily as Mr. Price hesitated. He put his head down and swam determinedly toward Mr. Price who dug in his paddle and fled toward the shore.

CYNNIE had got most of the water out of the canoe and had climbed aboard. Harvey helped her bail and then got in himself and stepped the mast. Let's get out of here he said. But Dustin's got our paddles Cynnie said. Let him have them said Harvey. We never use them anyway. He hoisted the sail. Glancing toward the island he saw that Ellie and her mother had come down to the edge of the water where Mr. Price seemed to be in difficulty. He was wading and pulling the canoe after him. The canoe was very deep in the water.

Cynnie giggled. He ran on a snag she said. Bet he put a hole in the bottom.

Harvey didn't say anything. As the sail filled and the canoe began to move along parallel to the shore he was watching Ellie. She had on a bathing suit what there was of which was a bright primrose color. She was certainly cute. And as he looked she waved to him. Harvey! she called. Come back!

Harvey waved but held on his course. How about it? Cynnie suggested. If he's holed their canoe they're marooned there. We'll go back later said Harvey.

Ellie ran up the shore evidently hoping to head them off on the little point which they would presently pass. She kept on calling and Harvey kept on ignoring her. And then Ellie dashed out into the water and began swimming.

Harvey let the canoe come up into the wind and waited. Ellie swam up and grasped the gunwale. You fool! she said. Why don't you come back? Then she said I'm sorry Harvey but won't you please come back? We'll be out here all night if you don't.

HARVEY shook his head. Sorry Ellie he said. You know how unbalanced I am. I'm afraid all the excitement and everything — and with Dustin there too— But Harvey she said I'm engaged to you— I'm— You're not the girl I got engaged to he said. She was quarrelsome and we got along fine. You're considerate and lamblike and we can't agree about anything. Cynnie giggled abruptly then she said Pardon me—I think I'd better join the others. And she jumped overboard and swam toward the shore.

You see? said Harvey. It's contagious. Cynnie's getting queer too. The psychiatrists have a name for it. You see if you treat people as if they were queer long enough they really get queer after a while. I suppose that's what Dustin is counting on isn't it? Ellie began to pull herself up out of the water. Balance the canoe she said. I'm getting in.

When they got ashore Mrs. Rowntree said sharply Well Harvey so you decided to help us after all? Harvey said I'll paddle you and Dustin over now Mrs. Rowntree. Then I'll come back and get the girls.

Mrs. Rowntree frowned. Then she seemed to come to a decision. No Harvey she said I'm not going in the canoe with you. We might as well have this out now. I'm willing to make every allowance — after all you're Ellie's friend— I'm engaged to her said Harvey. Well said Mrs. Rowntree — perhaps. In any case your actions particularly this afternoon— Mother! said Ellie warningly. Let me finish Ellie said Mrs. Rowntree. Harvey, you have deliberately tipped over one canoe today. You threatened Dustin and you turned your back on us when we needed your help. Under those circumstances I don't intend to ride in a canoe with you and furthermore— Just a minute said Harvey getting mad. Before you get into any furthermores let's get the record straight. Dustin here has apparently convinced you that because I've been in the Army I have to be treated with the utmost care if I'm not to go cuckoo. My dear Harvey! Mr. Price protested but Harvey went on. He's got Ellie so upset about it he said that she's hardly human. She seems to think that civilian life is so difficult that I have to take a course of training before I can re-

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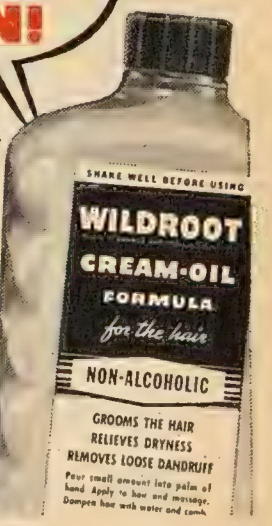

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enter it. Hasn't it occurred to any of you that I was a civilian for a good many years before I went into the Army? You act as if I was a man from Mars or something.

The man from Mars! said Mr. Price. In a sense old chap that's what you really are you know. Or you wouldn't be imagining all these things. You'd be taking us as a matter of course instead— He broke off and retreated behind Mrs. Rowntree as Harvey made a menacing gesture.

That's all very well Harvey Mrs. Rowntree said but it doesn't alter the fact that you seem suspicious of Ellie and of me—even of poor Dustin. You must realize how difficult you are finding it to readjust to civilian life. And until you do I certainly shan't permit Ellie to go about with you.

Harvey looked at Ellie but she only stared back in a sort of unhappy doubtful way. He went over to Cynnie who was sitting on the damaged canoe. Well she said if they won't ride with you what do we do now? Paddle across Harvey said and get Tom to come over for them. Cynnie said Tom was away for the day. There was nobody at the boathouse. Then you paddle 'em over and come back for me he said. But Cynnie shook her head. The way they act I'm as afraid to go with them as they are to go with you.

Ellie came to them. She put her hand on Harvey's arm. Look she said. I'm going to paddle over with you and Cynnie and get a boat. Mother can't talk to you like that. He said frowning You didn't stop her even when she practically accused me of being a homicidal maniac. Oh she said. Mother always exaggerates! That's just the point he said. You call it exaggeration and I call it malicious lying. Mother's not a liar! she exclaimed.

Harvey brightened. For a moment he thought she was going to get mad. But then she said Oh Harvey don't take it so seriously! Cushioning life for me again? he asked. Lay off the therapy will you? He walked away.

While he had been talking with Cynnie he had examined the hole in Mr. Price's canoe. The outer canvas was badly ripped and a hole was punched through the sheathing between two ribs. But he knew that if he could get the materials he could patch it. He thought a minute and then something occurred to him and he grinned delightedly. There were several tall spruces a little back from the shore. He ran across and began climbing one of them.

What on earth! Mrs. Rowntree exclaimed and even Cynnie looked a little alarmed. Oh the poor chap! said Mr. Price. But Harvey waved happily. Atavistic tendencies! he called. Failure to adjust often results in a return to the ape Dustin. Page fifty in the abnormal psychology book. He took out the knife which he always carried strapped about him when he went sailing in case lines fouled and began scraping off the gum that exuded from the bark.

Mrs. Rowntree and Mr. Price had gone into an agitated huddle. But before they could make up their minds Harvey was on the ground again. Want some gum! he said and clapped a sticky blob into Mr. Price's half-open mouth. Then flourishing his knife he said Now I want your left pants leg.

Ellie and Mrs. Rowntree protested. But he seized Mr. Price by the belt of his white duck pants. Sit down quietly Dustin he said. This is an outrage! Mrs. Rowntree exclaimed. Harvey you are going to regret this. But Mr. Price with the sickly smile of an unwilling martyr sat down on a log and Harvey began cutting off his pants leg at the knee. He slid the pants leg off over Mr. Price's shoe and then took it and the gum over to the canoe.

Now you see he said as he smeared the gum around the hole how easy it is to misjudge. Your idea was I suppose that my poor battle-weary brain had simply blown a gasket. Harvey cut the piece of duck in two and began fitting on his patches. And yet he continued my actions were quite rational. Since Mrs. Rowntree won't ride with me the only logical thing was to patch up Dustin's canoe so she could get home. Spruce gum is a good substitute for glue. And the only cloth on the island which would be suitable for a patch is in those pants.

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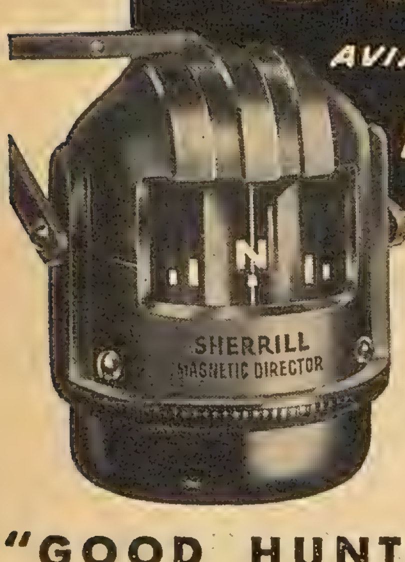

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Mrs. Rowntree looked at him. I never heard such outrageous talk in my life! she sputtered. And then Ellie laughed. She looked at Mr. Price and laughed harder than ever.

COME Ellie! Mrs. Rowntree said sternly. No mother Ellie said. Dustin can paddle you over. I'm going back with Harvey and Cynnie. Then she put her hands out to Harvey. Oh Harvey she said I'm afraid I've been kind of a fool. But he frowned at her. Confound it he said are you going to be all soft and yielding again? But I can't help it she said. I really have. Well Harvey said you know you've got something coming to you for that don't you? What? she said. And he said This! and slapped her face.

Ouch! she said angrily. You fool —that hurt! And Ellie suddenly swung a full arm blow and hit him on the ear. Darling! shouted Harvey delightedly and they were in each other's arms.

Well said Mrs. Rowntree I think this is disgraceful! Mr. Price had recovered somewhat. He got up and smiled down thoughtfully at his illmated extremities. Yes he said. Yes. Perhaps I have been wrong. One must acknowledge one's mistakes. There is a certain unbridled violence in them both which is not necessarily psychopathic. He shook his head. It's a pity though he said. If he were only a little maladjusted we could have done so much for him.

THE END

Save that Song on "The Wire that Remembers"

It's a precious strain — all her own. And priceless to those who love her. Will it be left only to fragile human memory? Will it fade forever?

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THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

Old Sarge Retires

THE time has come for Old Sarge to retire and turn this job over to a veteran of World War II. Now that the war is over, this column will continue into the future as a veterans' department conducted by a veteran in the interests of veterans of all the services. In his quest for a successor, Old Sarge sought a man who had been through the mill and knew what it was all about. To speak for the enlisted man he had to know the enlisted man's viewpoint. Old Sarge didn't want any shining brass, although a little rank earned the hard way wouldn't hurt.

In an Army hospital he came across Major Matt Urban, a fighting fool if he ever saw one, whose exploits are legendary in the First Army. Many soldiers have been called a "one-man army," but Major Matt really earned the title. He entered the Army from Cornell University, fought through Africa, Sicily, France, Belgium, and Germany, earned promotions to the rank of major on the battlefield, and came out of the fracas entitled to wear a Purple Heart with five clusters, six major campaign stars, two Silver Stars, two Bronze Stars, and two Presidential citations.

His six wounds rest lightly on him now, but he is very appreciative of the fact he owes his life to his own men who crawled out to him when a bullet passed clean through his neck, stanched the flow of blood, and got him off the battlefield despite heavy fire. The medics seized on his one chance in a million and pulled him through that one.

He knows servicemen, their needs and ambitions, and is determined to do all he can to help them in their transition to civilian life and through the years ahead. As Veterans' Affairs editor of Liberty he will devote his entire time to the welfare of his former brothers in arms. He will have his finger in everything that has to do with veterans all over the country—fight their battles for them, spot the phonies, proclaim the good and denounce the bad. He will be ready at all times to help any veteran in any way he can.

So these are Old Sarge's farewell words. Next week Major Matt takes over and he will be keeping track of the score for veterans week by week in this same space. He will be glad to answer any questions veterans may have, to dig up the dope if he hasn't got it on tap, to listen to gripes and do whatever he can to straighten them out.

Old Sarge has had a lot of fun working for you the past six years. He's made a few mistakes, as who wouldn't with the complexity of rules and regulations to contend with? But he's done his best and enjoyed every minute of it—even the gripes. Now, good luck to all of you and good-by.

OLD SARGE

* * *

Pvt. H. N. Arthur, Santa Ana AAB, Calif. No Navy nurse has been awarded the Silver Star to date. Thirteen have received bronze stars, and one, Lt. Ann Bernatitus, U. S. N., was the first person in the Navy to receive the Legion of Merit, for her work on Bataan and Corregidor.

* * *

Pfc. Gladys Cohen, San Antonio, Tex. Yes, any wife in uniform whose husband is a disabled veteran of the Armed Forces or of the Merchant Marine can get a discharge on request. See your First Sergeant for details on filing your request.

* * *

M/Sgt. Ken Baillis, Philippines. Yes, you will be eligible to receive $300 mustering-out pay, despite the fact that you will leave the service by your own request. Those who are discharged because they are past the age of forty are eligible, according to the War Department.

* * *

L. H. Segal, U.S.N., FPO, San Francisco, Calif. No, the members of the crew of the U.S.S. Franklin have not been awarded any citation as a group. There have been many individual awards, though. I agree

(*Continued on page 80*)

NOW! EVERYONE CAN PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT MUSICAL KNOWLEDGE!

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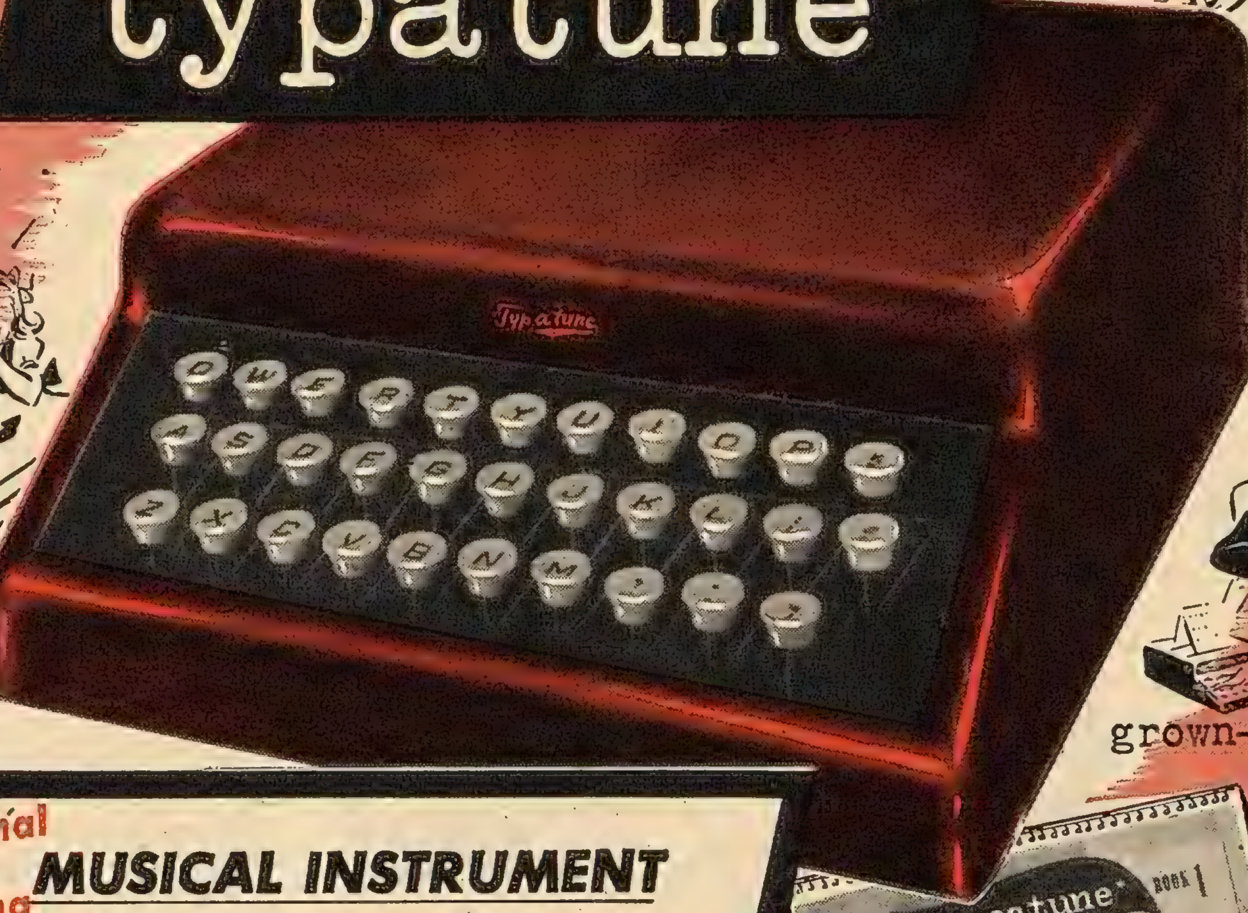
youngsters



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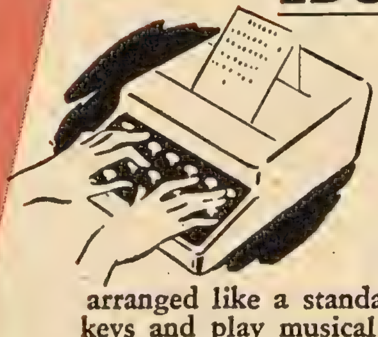

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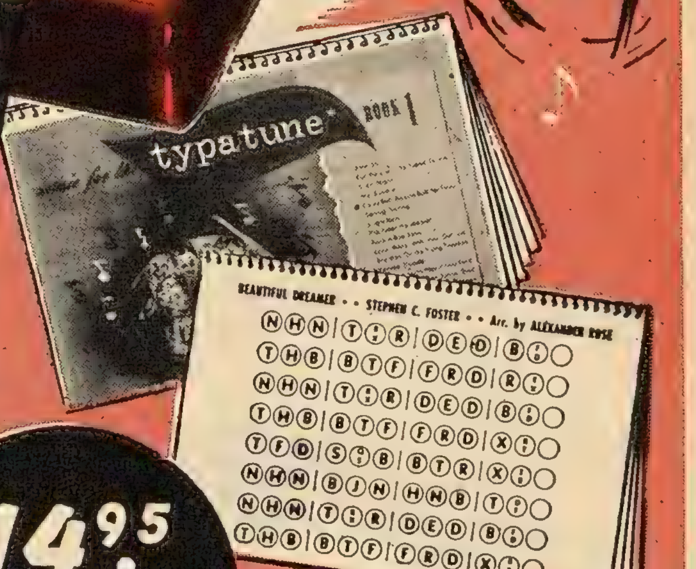
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(*Continued from page 78*)

with you that it would be a good idea to give the ship a unit citation.

* * *

Mrs. J. H. W., Riverside, Calif. Authority to award the Purple Heart has been delegated to the Commanding Officers of all hospitals. If your son deserves a Purple Heart, have him apply through channels to the C. O. of the hospital.

* * *

Mrs. J. M., Manchester, N. H. If your son in the Navy has made out an allotment to you, and has already started to have his share deducted from his pay without your having heard anything from the government, write to Dependent Benefits Section, Bureau of Naval Personnel, Navy Department, Washington 25, D. C. Give your son's full name, his serial number, and his last known station of duty.

* * *

Mrs. T. L. G., Huntington, W. Va. Your husband cannot refuse to grant you an allowance. Under the provisions of the Servicemen's Dependents Allowance Act, as amended, payments to wives are compulsory, and in the event that the enlisted man does not apply for the benefits in her behalf, a wife may apply by communicating directly with the Office of Dependency Benefits, Newark, N. J. (for Army wives), or the Dependent Benefits Section, at the address given in the previous paragraph (for Navy wives).

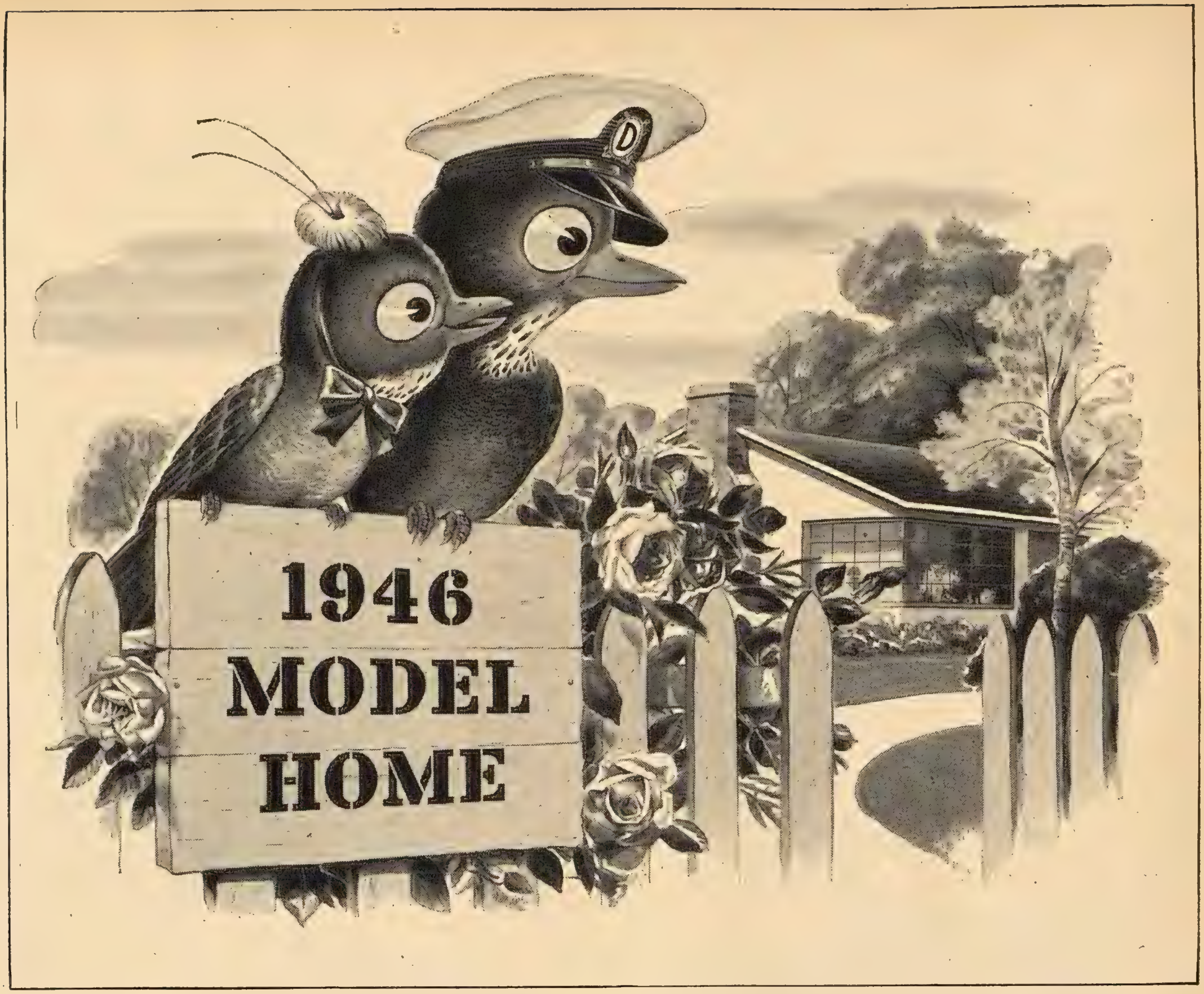
* * *

Don Warwick, S2c, Pacific. The motion-picture industry has supplied more than 54,000 prints to overseas troops at absolutely no cost to the government. In addition, it has supplied talent for shows that have traveled more than 2,000,000 miles entertaining troops. I certainly can't agree with you that the motion-picture industry harmed the war effort. On the contrary, I think Hollywood is entitled to take a bow on the job it did.

* * *

T. P. J., Washington, D. C. Yes, a man who receives a discharge "under honorable conditions" from the Marine Corps is entitled to all the benefits accorded to veterans by the G. I. Bill of Rights. This type of discharge indicates that the veteran was graded by the Corps at less than 3.8 in proficiency and less than 4.0 in conduct, but it does not mean that he had either a Deck or a Summary Court Martial.

This department of Liberty has been answering questions about the Armed Forces. It will be devoted hereafter to questions about veterans' affairs. No names will be used without express permission. Address your letters to: Matt Urban, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.



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Please send me further information about the 1946 Model Homes by Defoe.

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DEAR SIR: ABOUT THAT JOB—

Continued from Page 28

about selling behind the counter of my father's drugstore, I learned something about salesmanship from the Fuller brush people. I have had two years at college—Northwestern University—and during two summer vacations I sold brushes house-to-house for the Fuller Company. I also attended their night classes in salesmanship, and they taught me a lot.

I am just back from the war, where I served two years in the Marines as a second lieutenant. I am anxious to get back into business, and would very much like to get into the wholesale end of it in the drug field. In other words, I want a job as a traveling salesman for your company.

I am single; five feet nine inches tall; an American of Scotch-Irish descent; a Methodist; strong, healthy, and full of drive, and ambitious to get ahead. I'll live and travel anywhere.

Will you please grant me an opportunity for an interview with you?

YOUR letter, except in special circumstances, should include all of the following "must" items of information:

State your age—exactly. Don't say "I am thirtyish" or "past forty."

Be exact about your nationality and ancestry. "American" does not suffice: you might be a naturalized Mongol from Tibet and still be an American.

Be definite about your education, both general and specialized. For example, like this: "My education is as follows: Three years of high school, two years of night study of bookkeeping at the Y.M.C.A. here in the city, and two years' special experience in the U. S. Army as a bookkeeper at Fort Sheridan."

Your status as a single or married man (or woman) should be mentioned.

Be definite about the nature and extent of your experience, if any, at the kind of work required in the job you are seeking. If you haven't had any actual experience that fits the job precisely, possibly you have had some related experience that would be helpful; if so, describe it.

You should give character references: three, minimum. If possible, give the names of responsible and well-known persons.

Give without fail the name or names of your previous employers, if any, and include the names and titles of the persons who were your immediate superiors.

State your hobbies and special interests if you think they might strengthen your case. Perhaps, for example, you have been studying Spanish or French and are fairly adept at it; or possibly you are very expert with the camera. Sometimes a special "plus" of this kind helps.

Just as important as the musts are the "don'ts"—mannerisms and affectations that are likely to give offense. Looking over a big batch of the letters I have received, I find a lot of things I don't like.

Employers don't like insincere flattery, attempts to "butter them up" with such obvious blandishment as this: "Dear Sir: I have been told you are the smartest business man in the city," etc. Absurd!

They don't like smart-aleck letters in which the writer tries to show off his cleverness. Here's the opening sentence of a letter I received two or three years ago: "In a discussion of my career over a cocktail the other day with the Duke and Duchess of

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

LAPOPLEXY: Fainting on the boss's knee.

BOW WOWCH: Dog's yelp of pain.

HUSHER: Theater attendant who says "Sh!"

OILLIANCE: League of furnace furnishers. (Not a coal-ition!)

BELLYHOO: Propaganda hard to stomach.

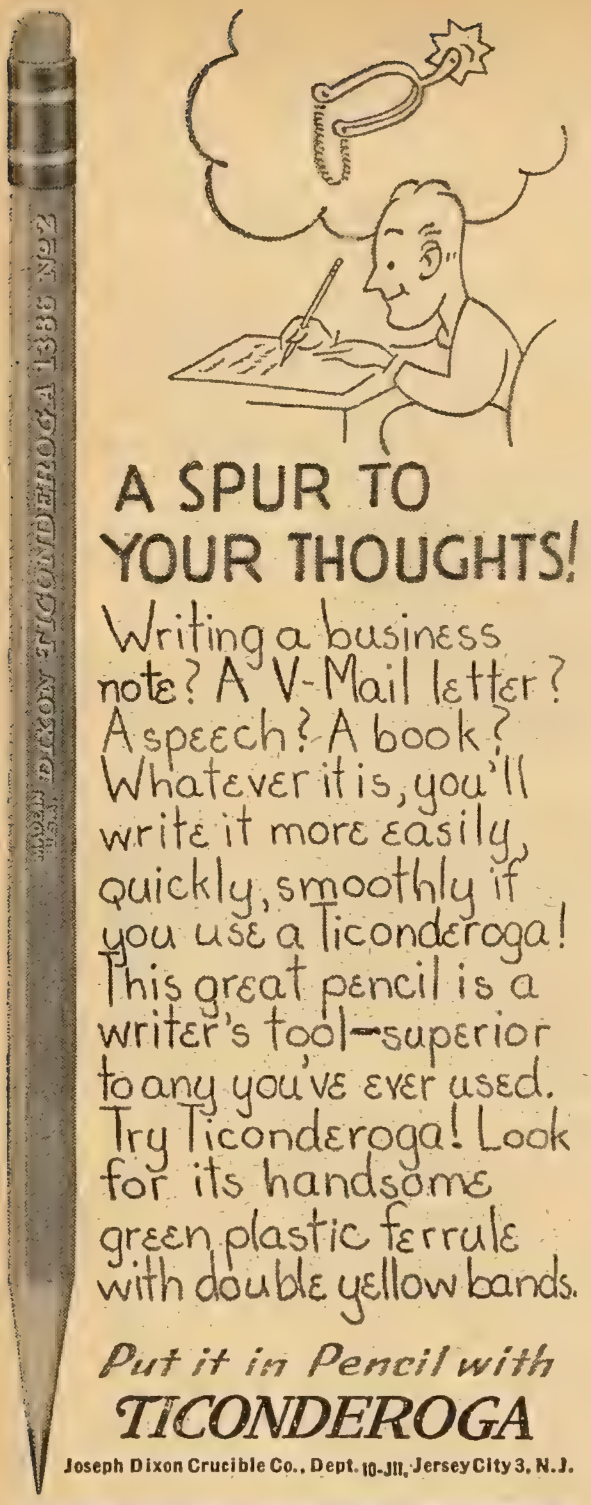
HIPPYCRIT: A fat faker.

COINEL: Rich army officer.

APR.OPOS: An umbrella.

DOCKED-OBER: Month Columbus landed.

GAUL-F: Caesar's favorite sport.



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Windsor, the suggestion was made that I write to you, etc." Nonsense!

They don't like big jaw-breaking words and stilted, imposing language, used to display the erudition of the writer. A letter I threw in the wastebasket began like this: "Dear Sir: One of the fundamental verities, as incontrovertible as the Einstein law of relativity when the proposition is formulated and expressed with terminological exactitude, is that industry," etc. Ridiculous!

They don't like slang. (It has its place, but not in a letter of application.) For example: "I'll tell the world," "Believe you me," "I've got what it takes," "I've got the goods," "I'm not talking through my hat," and so on. Childish!

They don't like cockiness, overconfidence, boastfulness. For example: "Dear Sir: If you are looking for the best traffic man in the city, bar none, a man who can step in and revolutionize," etc. Antagonizing!

They don't like silliness—letters written in jingles, for instance. Here is the opening stanza of an actual letter that came to my desk:

Are you looking for a smart young man
Who never says 'I can't,' but 'I can'?
No task is too hard for this brilliant bard;
His name, sir, is John Henderson Lann!

They don't like verbosity—long-windedness.

They don't like letters that go into the personal problems and frustrations of the applicant (*i.e.*, my wife is sick; she is expecting another baby soon; I have had hard luck all of my life; I was unfairly treated on my last job; I have never been able to afford the right kind of education; and so on). Business is business!

They don't like bad grammar. On the other hand, they don't like stiff, formal, pedantic English. Write easily and naturally, and at all costs avoid glaring mistakes. This is important.

They don't like servility, letters written in a humble, cringing tone. Be courteous and show that you respect the knowledge and authority of the man to whom you are writing; but don't, whatever you do, indulge in any form of self-abasement.

THIS advice is probably not necessary, but just to be sure: Your letter must be neat and clean, typed if possible. Every word must be spelled correctly, punctuation and grammar must be acceptable. I have seen the effect of many otherwise good letters spoiled by two or three mistakes in spelling, several carelessly erased errors in typing, soiled paper, ink splotches, and the like. This sort of thing is on a par with the man who asks for a job in person with mussed hair, dandruff on his coat, a necktie all awry, and his fingernails rimmed in black.

To write a good letter asking for a job you would very much like to have may easily be the most important thing you have done in your life up to now.

THE END

DRY STORAGE FOR WARSHIPS

Continued from Page 21

ing and a container of moisture-absorbing material inserted to dry the air inside the package. The hole in the coating is then sealed with a glass window. Just inside the glass a humidity indicator constantly registers the moisture content of the air. Rising humidity indicates that the dessicant has absorbed all the moisture it can hold and must be replaced with fresh material, but one "fill" will last six months or more. When the ship is to be returned to service, the chemical package can be stripped off in a matter of minutes.

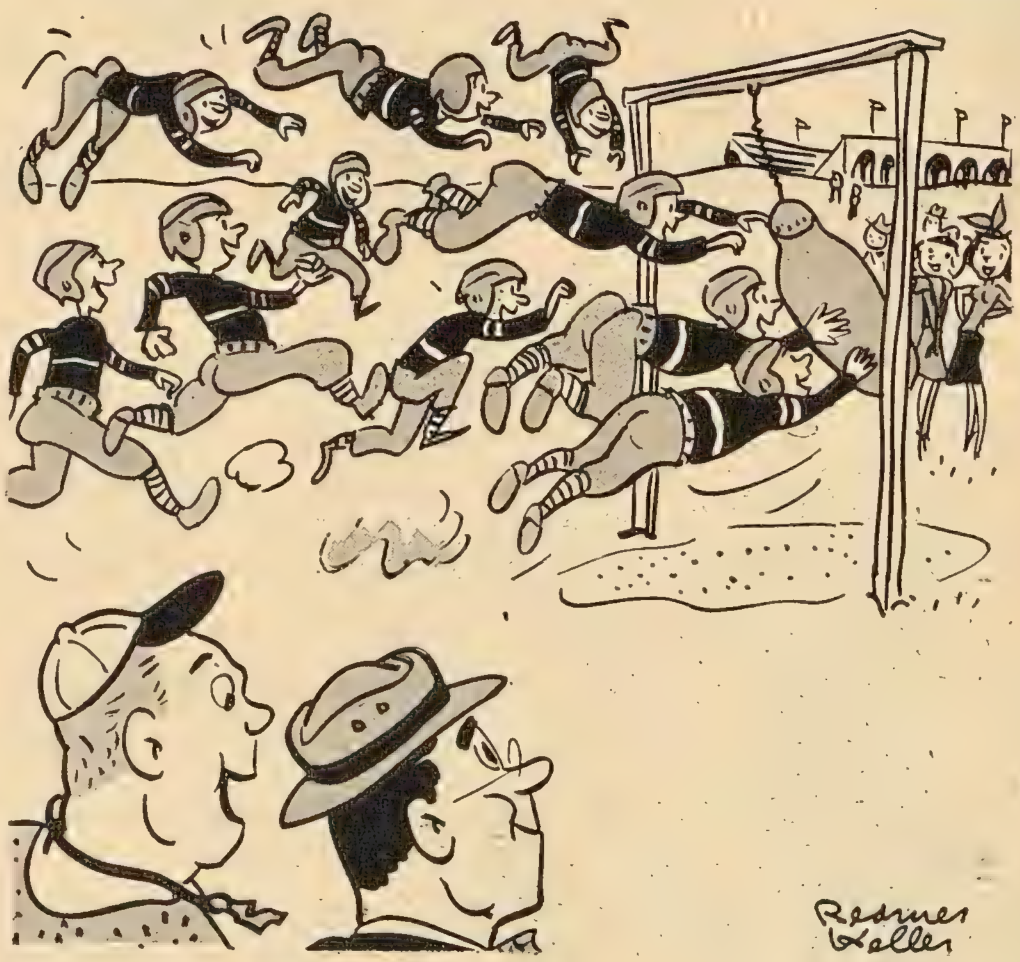
In addition to dehumidification, fire-resistant and barnacle-discouraging paint, and chemical packaging, the Navy has one more extremely important preservation ace—"thin film" rust preventive. This laboratory product, which resembles a thin watery oil, has the remarkable faculty of displacing water from metal surfaces. Where oil and grease simply shield the metal from moisture, this liquid actually burrows under any surface moisture on the metal and pushes it away. What's more, it doesn't interfere with instant use of the engine parts, steel cables, or gun barrels it is protecting. It will safeguard unpainted metal surfaces on deck and provide extra insurance against corrosion when applied to engine parts and machinery inside the dehumidified hull. Here again the emphasis is on economy. About ten gallons of the "thin film" compound at seventy-five cents a gallon will care for the average ship.

NAVAL regulations already make the most of the new preservatives. Under recent directives, no ship's crew may leave a vessel consigned to inactive status until the ship has been preserved for future readiness. Actually, this will work no hardship on the personnel, because the whole preservation process takes only a few days. Men are now being trained to teach the ship's crews how to do the work, and the ship will be dehydrated and packaged while it is still in first-class fighting trim. Any needed repairs will be made before the ship is preserved.

All the equipment, intact and ready to function, will be left aboard, as will most supplies, except ammunition and perishable foods. The ammunition would keep well enough in the dehumidified hulls, but the Navy feels it is safer to keep explosives at near-by ammunition depots because ships may be anchored close to populated areas. It may be that dry and canned food will be kept on the ships so that a crew can go aboard and operate the vessel almost immediately without waiting for fresh provisions.

Actually, any delay in returning

Advertisement



"I started a rumor that the tackling dummy is stuffed with Wheaties."

You'll really go for Wheaties. Rich whole wheat flakes. Roasted and toasted. And flavored with sweet malt syrup. Hit into lots of that zesty Wheaties nourishment, zippy Wheaties flavor. Tackle a big bowl of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions"—every morning.

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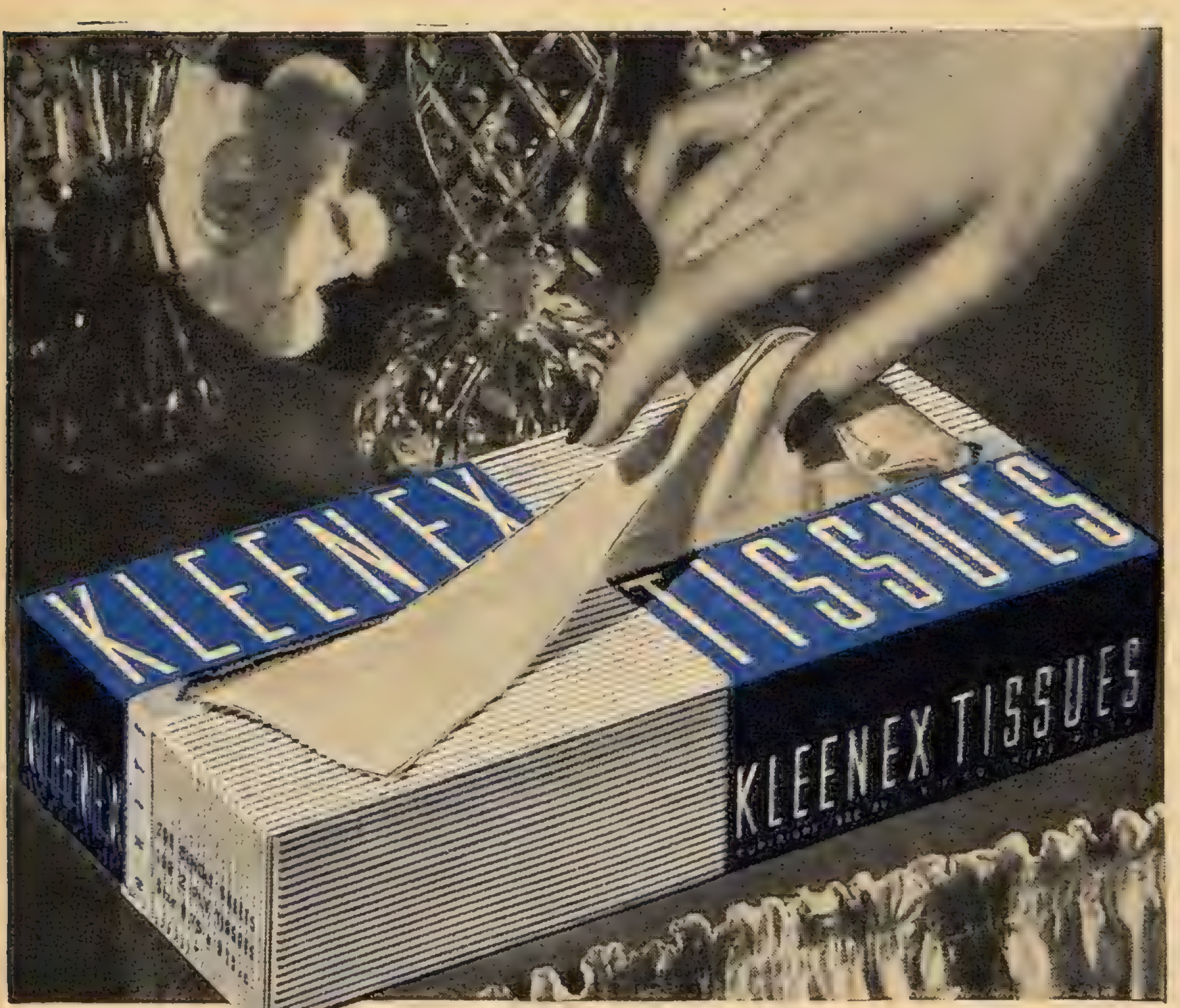
Luxuriously Soft – Dependably Strong



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*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

There is only one KLEENEX

the preserved ships to active service will be chiefly that of placing a new crew aboard and familiarizing it with the ship. In an emergency, the vessels themselves could be ready to leave port in a matter of hours, although the checking and recalibration of such delicate equipment as the radar, the gyro-compass and degaussing installation would still remain to be done.

Plans for organizing the reserve fleet have already been worked out. There will be Atlantic and Pacific reserve fleets, each under a commander in chief. Berthed in strategic areas, ships will be divided into divisions by types. That is, there will be a carrier division, a cruiser division, destroyer divisions, and so on. At least one ship in each division will have a skeleton crew aboard to keep check on the state of preservation of all the ships in the division.

The reserve fleet will act as a sort of second team for the active fleet. From time to time, ships will alternate on active sea duty and in preservation. This will provide a constant check on the actual degree of readiness of the preserved vessels and will allow for the installation and testing of new equipment.

Thus far, proposed berthing areas for inactive ships have not been revealed. Berthed in fresh water, the ships would have to be dry-docked and their bottoms cleaned of marine life only about once every twenty years. If they are berthed in salt water this will have to be done every four or five years. However, in the event of enemy attack, ships berthed in salt water could be sent to sea faster; they wouldn't be crowded into fresh-water areas like sitting ducks for enemy bombers. Also, many fresh-water areas suitable for berthing are behind dams or locks which might be vulnerable to enemy bombs.

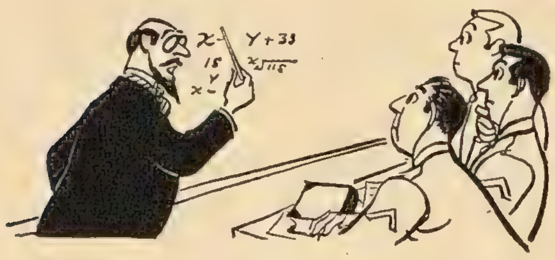
THERE are still a few minor problems to be solved, but the basic techniques for the dependable and economic preservation of a reserve fleet have been worked out. Experts believe that with these techniques, ships can be made to last fifty to sixty years. Some ships now giving good service with the active Navy are about forty years old, which indicates that recently constructed vessels may well be useful in 1985 or even later. For only $119,000,000, the price of one battleship and one cruiser, the Navy can provide berthing facilities, dehumidification machines, supplies and manpower to lay up nearly 4,000 of our most valuable fighting ships and auxiliaries. It's going to cost only $5,000,000 to $14,000,000 a year, about the price of one destroyer to maintain them. These are bargain prices in terms of naval protection. Representative Albert Thomas of Texas, member of the Senate's Naval Appropriations Committee, says, "The cost . . . will be the cheapest insurance policy the nation can purchase."

THE END

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

GOOD ADVICE: A staff sergeant returning to the United States after a long stint overseas wrote a letter to Our Army asking why all the advice about how to guide servicemen back to normalcy. Said he, "Let the folks at home keep on acting normal and expect their returning servicemen to act normal too." Backing up this point of view is a report prepared by Frank H. Bowles, director of admissions of Columbia University, in which he says, "We have received somber warnings of the tremendous numbers of men who by reason of the war have become neurotic or have developed mental abnormalities. Investigations have shown that the principal causes of maladjustments occur among those who entered the service with a neurotic or psychological imbalance."



The boys who were neurotic before
May be neurotic after the war.
But those who were well adjusted men
Will doubtless adjust themselves again.

Already several hundred discharged veterans enrolled at the University of Wisconsin have demonstrated that they are just as normal as the students who never went overseas. University authorities suggest that the only difference between the veteran and the prewar undergraduate is that the veteran is a bit more serious and eager. Some veterans make better grades than they did before they went to war.

NEATLY SAID: Harry Emerson Fosdick is the author of this tidbit: "At the very best, a person completely wrapped up in himself makes a small package."

HARD TO MANAGE: Mothers who say their young are "hard to manage" give themselves away just by using the domineering word, "manage." Adults don't like being ostentatiously managed, so why should spirited youngsters respond docilely to the dictatorial approach? Children need direction and sympathetic discipline rather than martial law. Many other words testify eloquently to the chasm of misunderstanding between the most loving, indulgent but irritable, overtired mothers and their small fry. Momma says Junior is *fresh* or *impudent* because he salutes the minister with a casual "Hi!" instead of a gentlemanly "How do you do." Momma apologizes for something that the minister enjoys as a clear indication that the child feels friendly toward him. She says Junior is *destructive* simply because he has an inquiring mind and enjoys taking things apart, including the radio. His dogged efforts to dislodge each screw are goat-getting, I know, because I have great difficulty persuading myself that my own Tarzan is an incipient scientist. But he plans to put the radio together again, so his intention is not to destroy but to construct. When he wrenches the top off his favorite train, if I stop to ask him why, instead of scolding him, I learn that he plans to make a tunnel out of the top and a flat car out of the bottom, so his intention is constructive instead of destructive. He is *mulish* or *stubborn* when he refuses to hear me call him to lunch. Then I struggle to remind myself that he is so absorbed in his turtle or the imaginary windshield wiper on his red wagon that he honestly *doesn't* hear me. He's *thoughtless* when he catapults onto my bedspread, shoes and all, leaving black smudges. Then I try to hold my tongue, knowing that I should be flattered rather than incensed that he feels the urge to chat with me while I brush my hair. Why spoil a beautiful friendship by using the hairbrush on him instead of myself?

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MEETING IN APRIL

Continued from Page 39

a wife and kids and so he never could get away. I won't be caught like that."

The man laughed, throwing back his head. "Do I understand that you're opposed to matrimony?"

"Oh, I guess not really, only I—"

"Then you haven't a girl back home waiting for you?"

"Gosh, no. Oh, I get letters from a few of 'em, but I never was much for skirts. I thought maybe when I went to college there might be some girl who was taking the same course I was and who wouldn't hold me back from what I wanted to do. The right girl wouldn't. She might even be sport enough to go with me."

"I'd say you have it all well planned."

"You know, there's something about you that sort of makes me think of Prof Windham. You aren't a teacher, are you?"

"Sorry, but I'm not, though some people have said I tried to be." The man's tone was quietly amused. He thrust a hand into his pocket and brought it out empty. "You don't have a cigarette, do you?"

"No, I don't, sir, but I've got some gum. Would that help?"

"No, thank you, I don't believe so."

The boy drew a stick partly out of its folder, then hesitated. "I don't believe I want one either, but it sort of takes your mind off things."

The man leaned forward, and though his eyes were deep in shadow, the boy could feel them studying him. He did not mind the scrutiny, for he knew it was kind. "How much family do you have?"

"Well, there's my mother and my father and my two kid sisters."

"No brothers?"

"I'm the only boy—Kenyon Huntington Smith, Junior. Everybody calls me Ken."

"How old are your sisters?"

"They're twins, Joan and Jill. They'll be thirteen in June. When I was in Paris I got a couple of big silk handkerchiefs—you know, the kind they tie around their heads—and sent 'em home for their birthday. One had the Eiffel Tower on it. They may get there ahead of time, but mom'll keep 'em. The kids'll get a big kick out of having something from Paris. I got dad an old book and mom a bottle of perfume. She likes things that smell nice. I do too." The boy's tone changed. "That's one of the worst things about this war—the smell. I hate it. Everything stinks."

The man lifted his head. "Seems to me there's a rather pleasant odor right here."

"These trees shut out the stench." The boy took a deep breath. "You know what that smell is? It's apple blossoms. There must be an orchard here somewhere. That sure makes me think of home. We've got a big apple tree outside our dining-room window and mom says she'd rather smell the blossoms than eat the apples."

"What kind are they?"

"McIntosh reds—do you know what they are?"

"I'll say I do." The man spoke with quick enthusiasm. "The best in the world for flavor, unless maybe it's the Baldwin."

"They're good too," conceded the boy. "We grow a lot of apples where I live."

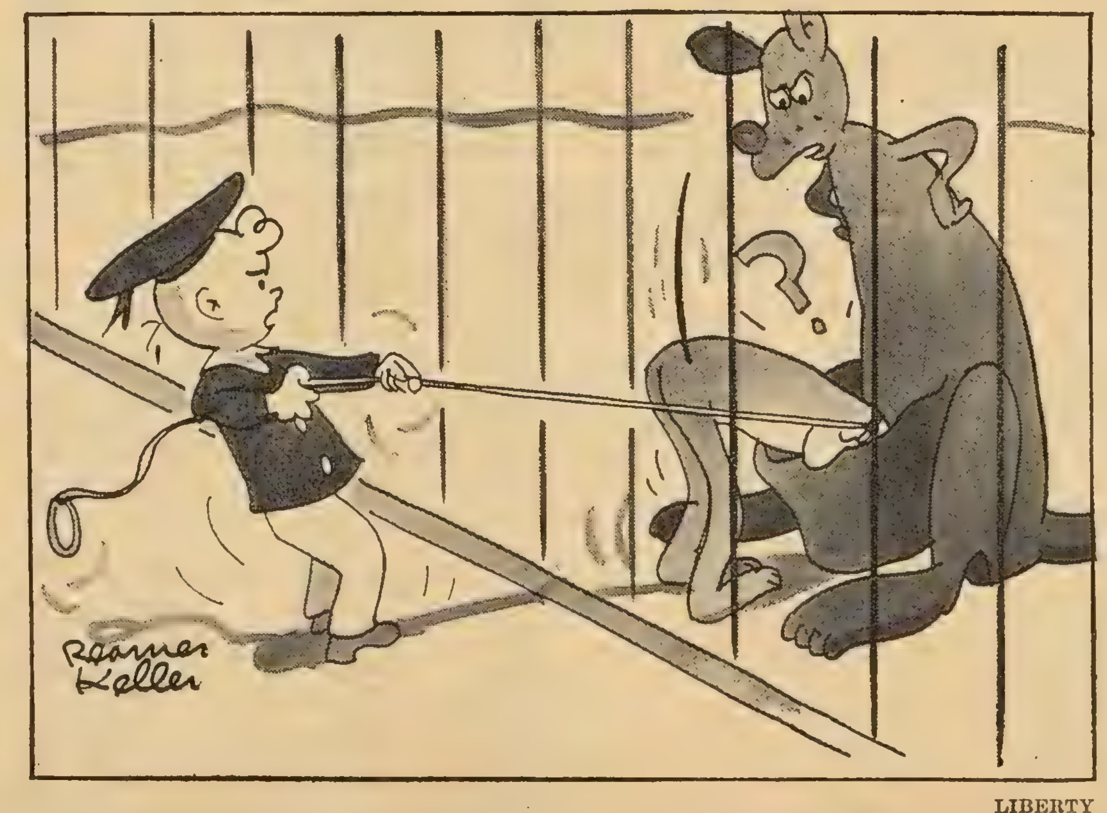
"And where is that?"

"A little town in upstate New York, not far from Albany."

"That's nice country. I know it well. I was born in the Hudson val-

(*Continued on page 88*)

HARDTACK



LIBERTY

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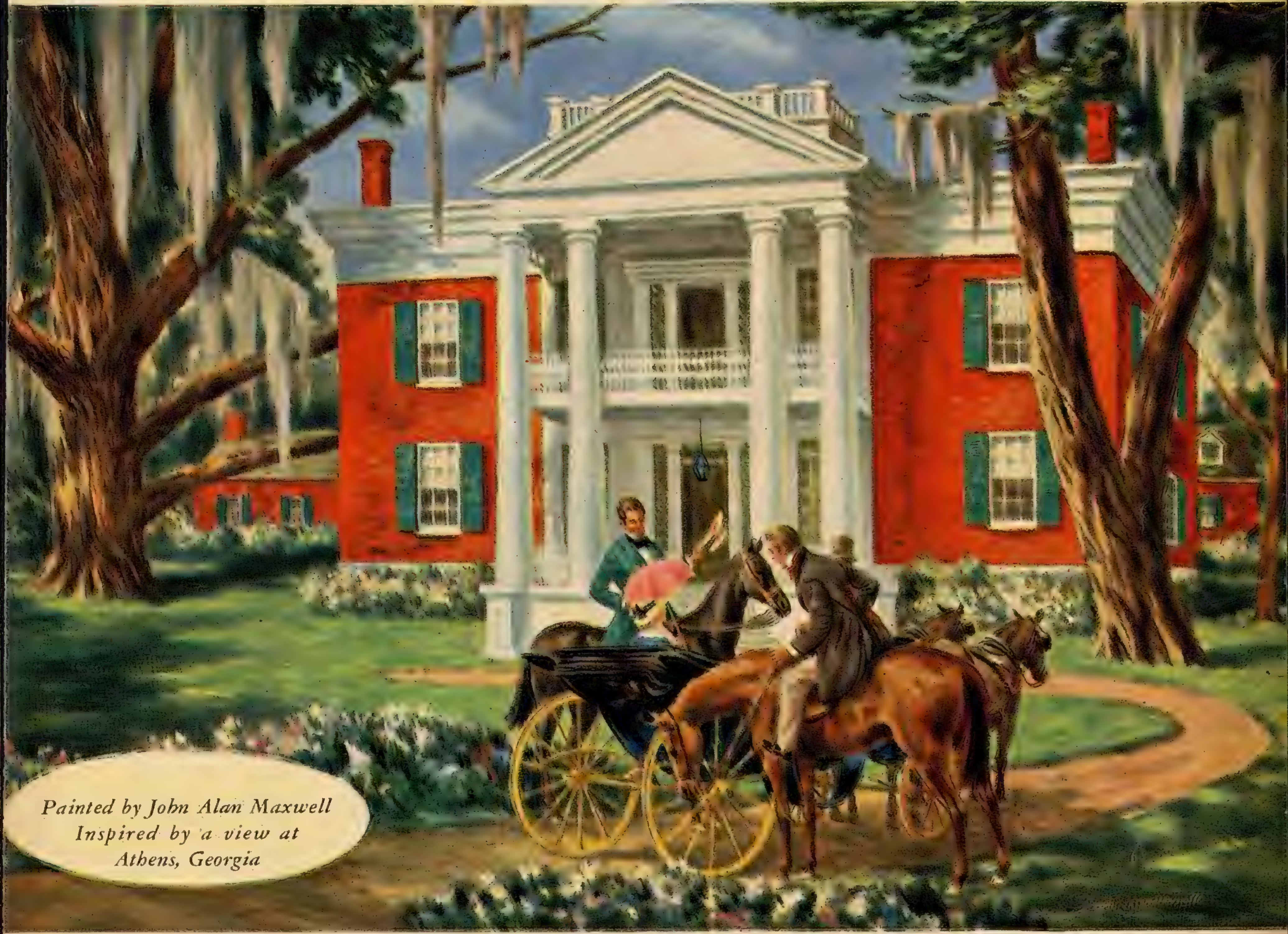

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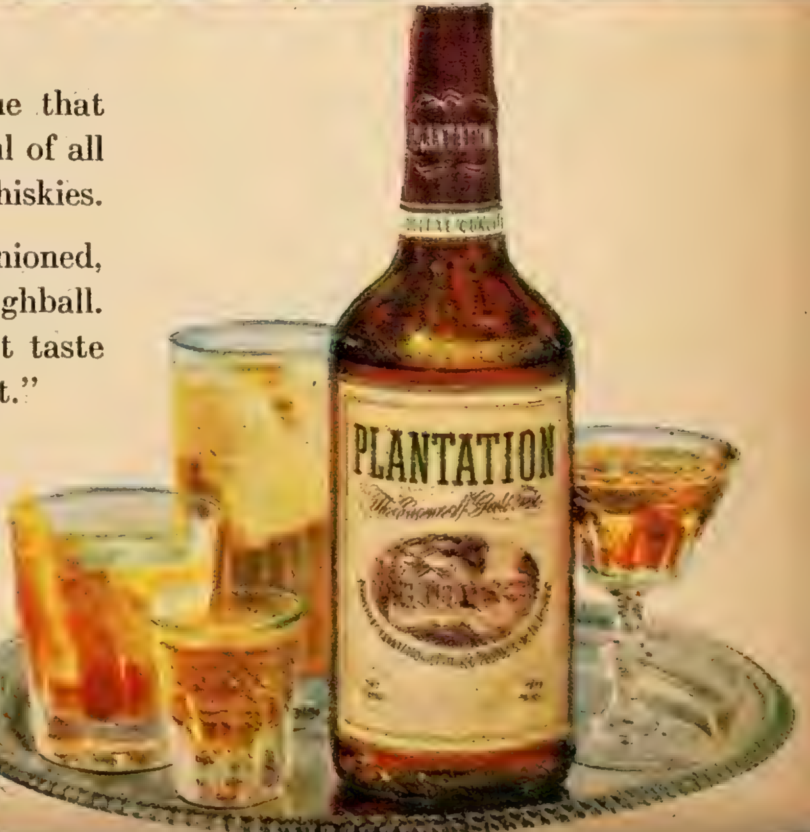

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(*Continued from page 86*)

ley. Over here that makes us practically neighbors."

The boy jumped to his feet. "From the old home state! Well, put it there, neighbor." He held out his hand. "And excuse the dirt." The man's long strong fingers met his in a firm cool grasp. "I didn't think you came from New York State. You talk more like Boston."

"That's my early upbringing," said the man, laughing. "I went to school near Boston, but I thought I'd got rid of the evidence. Tell me. What else are you interested in besides botany? Do you like sports?"

The boy dropped down again on the grass. "About like most fellows, I guess. I went out for high-school basketball and track, but I was no champion. Say, don't you want to sit down? I could put my oilskin on the grass for you."

"No, thank you. I like to stand. I've been sitting a good deal lately. Tell me, do you like fishing?"

"I'll say!" The boy grinned. "My folks have got a little place up near the Canadian border and the fishing is really something."

"Trout?"

"Yeah—brook, brown, rainbow."

"No better eating in the world," declared the man. "What do you use, a dry fly?"

"Not me. Dad does. I'll take a wet fly or a worm or a grasshopper. Anything they'll bite on. Are you a fisherman?"

"I've caught some fish in my day. Lately it's been more deep-sea fishing, though. I'd like to try the feel of a fly rod again." The man held out a half-closed right hand and made an imaginary cast into the roadway. "Snagged first thing," he said disgustedly. He tried again, "That's better."

The boy leaned forward. "What are you using?"

"A coachman."

"Ought to be all right. I like a brown hackle myself."

"Wait, I think I've got something! No, he just nudged it. He didn't take hold. Ah, that was a strike!"

The boy laughed out loud. "When they first take hold and you know they're on—that's quite a moment, isn't it?"

"Yes," the man agreed. "It's quite a moment."

THE boy looked up at the sky. "Look—a new moon. And just the same stars as we have at home. When do you think this war's going to be over?"

"I'm afraid I can't tell you. That's one of the things I'm hoping to find out."

"I get it. You're a journalist scouting out news for the folks back home. Say, I bet you're on the radio! I think I've heard you. You wouldn't like to interview me so I could get to say hello to mom and dad, would you?"

"I wish I could. 'Exclusive interview with Private K. H. Smith, Junior, who is making a collection of the flowers of the battlefields.' But, seriously, I'm neither a journalist nor a radioman. It's just that I've had something to do with planning this party out here and now that I'm turning over my job to someone else, I've had the chance to come and look it over."

The boy pulled up a handful of grass and threw it down. "The less you know, the happier you'll be. It's no Boy Scout picnic, I can tell you. When did you leave the States?"

The man seemed to reflect, rubbing his temples with nervous fingers. "It's all happened so fast, I hardly know. Let's see, I was there twenty-four hours ago."

"Jeez," said the boy, "think of that! One-day tour of the battle front. I suppose you'll be going back tomorrow."

"No—no. I don't have any plans about it. I'll be here for a bit. Then—" The man shrugged his broad shoulders. "I wonder if we shouldn't be going along."

The boy got to his feet, holding out the helmet. "You better wear this. It's awfully quiet right here, but you never know."

"No, thanks."

"Sure?"

"Sure."

THE boy set the helmet jauntily on his head. "I do feel safer with it," he said. He picked up his rifle and the two forms stepped into the road. The man set off with a long swinging stride. "Hey, wait a minute," objected the boy. "Let's take it easy. I got to have a little time to think before I meet the corporal. I got to figure out what to tell him."

"Sorry." The man slowed his pace. "It's just that I haven't walked much for a long time and I like the feel of it."

"A desk job must be fierce," said the boy sympathetically. "I like to keep moving. Well, you'll get plenty of walking here, though they'll likely give you a jeep to go about in. The general is plenty tough on visiting senators. If he takes you out, you may get knocked about some."

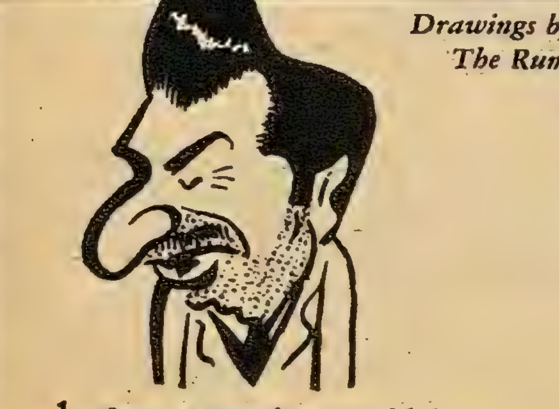
"I don't believe the general will even know I'm here," said the man. "I'm rather on my own. . . . So you don't know what to tell the corporal?"

"No, I can't quite get it." The boy drew his brows together. "It's mighty funny—I can remember other things perfectly—but that's gone. If Sergeant Ames was still at H. Q. it would be all right. But he got his yesterday, when we were clearing a mine field. He was a swell guy, too."

They walked for a way in silence, their footfalls beating a steady rhythm on the pavement. The man cleared his throat. "Are you ever afraid that maybe you won't get back to do the things you planned? Do you ever think that maybe you'll be killed?"

PERSONNAlly Speaking by XAVIER CUGAT

Drawings by Mr. Cugat
The Rumba King



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The boy stopped and rested his gun carefully on the ground. "Sometimes I don't think nothing else but," he declared. "At first I was scared sick every minute—but now, you know, I've kind of made up my mind that I'm going to come through. I've had tight squeaks, and I figure if I'd been going to get it, I would have. Maybe I'm a fool to say it, but I don't think the war's going to get this little buddy." He stepped to the side of the road and touched one of the poplars three times. "Doesn't do any harm to be careful, though. But look, like tonight. That was a close call all right, but here I am, all O. K."

THE man nodded and they resumed their walk. The boy tipped back his helmet. "Say, isn't it quiet? You can hardly hear the guns. There hasn't been a plane in the sky and we haven't met a person. Doesn't it seem awfully funny? You don't suppose the war's over, do you?"

"Perhaps we've walked right out of it," suggested the man gravely.

"That would be all right with me," said the boy. "But I guess you don't really think so. Well, so what? We'll keep right on fighting until the job is done. I feel fine now. I guess it does a fellow good to talk about home with someone who knows how it is. And I spoke too soon. There's somebody standing beside the road." He swung up his rifle. "Who's there?" he called.

"Who's there yourself?" came an answering voice as a man stepped out of the shadow of the hedgerow.

"Don't be funny," said the boy.

"It's me—Ames," said the voice. "I've been waiting for you."

The boy dropped his rifle and moved uncertainly toward the figure in the shadow. "You're not Sergeant Ames," he said.

"None other," replied the voice. "See for yourself." He tipped back his head and let the boy peer into his face. "Identity established? I just wanted to tell you not to worry about the message for the corporal. Ed and Dave got back and told him."

The boy turned toward the man. "It *is* Sergeant Ames," he said.

"Are you coming with us, sergeant?" asked the man.

The sergeant drew himself up to attention. "Why, sir!" he said. "Why, sir! I beg your pardon." He saluted with strict formality. "I didn't recognize you. I'd heard you were here—but I—well—I didn't expect to see you. No, sir, I can't come now. I've got to wait a bit for two or three other men from my outfit. They'll be along any time now. That's all, Smith. Oh, leave your gun here by the road. You won't need it. See you later." He stepped aside.

Like someone walking in his sleep, the boy laid his gun on the grassy bank, but his eyes were open, staring in horror at the sergeant. The man took the boy's arm and drew him along the road.

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feet, the boy stopped and shook off the man's gentle touch. "Good God!" he burst out. "Am I crazy, or what? That was Sergeant Ames—and he was killed yesterday. I didn't dream it. I saw him killed. He was blown to bits and no mistake. But that was him, all right, back there."

"Yes," said the man, "that was Sergeant Ames."

"What's the matter with me? My head feels sort of light. Have I said anything queer?"

"Everything you said made sense."

The boy looked back. "There's no one on the road now. It's empty. I couldn't have seen anyone. It must have been my imagination. The sergeant's dead. He couldn't have been there."

"Yes," said the man, "the sergeant's dead—but you did see him."

"How could I?" The boy's voice rose in terror. "How could I? You can't see the dead—not like that." He took hold of the man's shoulders and tried to look into his face. "What's the matter with me? Why don't you say something? I'm not—I'm not—dead—too?" The man looked down at him steadily but he did not speak. "No, I won't be dead! You're just scaring me—to see if I'm afraid. I am. I'm scared as hell. A minute ago I was all right. I was alive—and now—but I'm no different. I'm just the same as I was, only I'm scared. I can't be dead. I couldn't be talking to you like this if I was dead." He shook the man desperately. "Unless"—the boy dropped his hands—"unless—you're dead, too."

"Yes," said the man, "that's the way it is."

"I can't believe it," said the boy slowly.

"I was surprised, too, but I'm getting used to it."

THE boy took off his helmet and touched the flower caught in the camouflage net. "Look—not a petal knocked off—but it killed me. It's all screwy. I don't see how it could be. Damn the old flower!" He tore it out of the net and threw it down in the roadway. "Damn it all!"

"But you've known this might happen," the man reminded him.

"That doesn't make it any easier. I don't want to be dead!"

The man's eyes were full of pity but he only said, "Neither did I."

"It's different with you. You've had your life, but I'm young. I've had nothing."

"That's not true," interrupted the man. "You've had a good deal. You've been telling me about it."

The boy was not listening. "I never even kissed a girl—that is—to mean it. You're old. You know what it's all about. Now I'll never know."

The man took a deep slow breath. "I don't suppose anyone is ever so old he wants to die—not if he has anything at all to care for. Everyone can see a reason why he ought to stay alive. I thought I was needed more than most. But no one escapes forever."

"I don't ask forever. I only wanted a little while—say till I was forty. It isn't fair."

"No, it doesn't seem so. But there's been a terrible unfairness all over the world. Millions have suffered and died under such cruelty as has never been known before—and must never be again." The man's voice was low but his hands were clenched at his sides. "Look at it this way. Suppose before the war began, someone had come to you and offered to wipe out all the hate and tyranny and evil if you would give up your life. What would you have said?"

THE boy gave a bitter laugh. "I'd have said, 'Go ask some other guy. I'm busy.'"

"No, you wouldn't. Answer me honestly."

"I suppose"—the boy seemed to hunt for the right words— "I suppose I'd have been heroic and said O. K. I suppose most anyone would have, after he'd thought it over. But I'd have felt sorry for myself, and been afraid, and I'd have wanted a money-back guaranty that it was as represented. Still—I'd do it. But that isn't the way it was. It isn't just me dying. It's hundreds and thousands of others just like me—all dying—and all wanting to live."

"But, you see, that's what it takes," said the man quickly. "The great number of all of us together—you and me—and thousands of others. Each one was asked the question and had to make his own answer."

The boy stood looking down at the flower in the roadway. "It's a terrible price," he said at length.

"It's been a terrible wrong."

The boy touched the flower with the toe of his heavy shoe. "What comes next?"

"I don't know," said the man. "We have to find out. Are you afraid?"

The boy did not answer.

"Let me tell you something." The man's voice was warm and confident. "I believe in justice. I think it is the principle on which the universe is run. And so I say that somehow—I don't know how—but somehow—I think it will be made up to you and the rest—for what you've lost. Already I know—in part—that it is so."

The boy looked up slowly. "You're very good to me, sir. I'm grateful."

"But now the rest is up to you. You'll have to go forward on this expedition alone—into the strangest of all strange lands. What you'll find, no living man knows." The man picked up the pale flower from the pavement. "Immortelle—everlasting. Take it, my friend."

The boy took the flower. "Wait! When you said that, I could almost remember. We were friends—somewhere before—but no—it's gone."

"It doesn't matter," said the man. "Nothing in the past matters to us now. Come." Side by side—together, yet each alone—they walked down the starlit road.

THE END

LOVE FOR THE DOCTOR

Continued from Page 37

By the time they reached the shooting gallery on Sixth Avenue and Forty-seventh Street they were tired and old friends.

"Dinner," Mugs said. "We have a choice of 21 Mott Street, Chinatown, Fine's Delicatessen, and the Staten Island Diner. Which, Mike?"

He took the book from her. "There's also champagne and doves under glass at the Waldorf. I've never eaten a dove."

"You're spending enough money on all this nonsense. Let's take the delicatessen."

"I want to eat a dove."

They compromised on bird's-nest soup on Mott Street. It was late, and the restaurant was deserted, except for the table of waiters eating Chinese-family style.

"I've never had a better time, Mike," Mugs said.

"Me too," he said seriously. Then he looked at her. "You're a nice girl. How did you happen to become a—"

"Vet," Mugs said quickly. "You don't have to say doctor. I'm proud of being a vet. I was born on a farm and the veterinarian, who was forty and had five children, was my first passion. Once our cow broke her leg. Instead of shooting her, the way most farmers do, he put her in a cast. The loss of that cow would have been a major tragedy. Then my dog was bitten by a copperhead. The vet rode twenty miles to a hospital to get the anti-venom."

THE sailor watched her. "I said I wasn't going to talk about Mike tonight. But I have to, because I keep remembering the things I said to you this morning. I know you probably did the only thing possible. I wouldn't have wanted Mike to have lived and suffered. What upset me so was Karen's letter. She was—emotional."

"Emotional? What do you mean?"

"Oh, she blamed you pretty badly for not trying to save Mike's life. Of course I know it was nonsense. But she felt you could have at least tried to keep him alive until I got back."

"She—" Mugs felt her cheeks flame. Mike put his hand over hers.

"Now, hush. I shouldn't have told you that, except I wanted to explain why I was so mad. I know you did everything you could. Now let's forget about it. Did I tell you about the shindig we had when we crossed the equator last time?"

Choking, Mugs bent over her food. Mike was talking, she supposed amusingly, about shaving heads and painting them blue. But she was thinking about a warm September afternoon six months ago. . . .

It was accident that she had been the only one available when Mike came to the hospital. Dr. O'Dwyer was in the operating room. The senior assistants were on the night shift. The afternoon had been slow and Mugs had retired to the mater-

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nity ward, and was feeding yeast tablets to a litter of black cocker puppies when Ethel appeared.

"There's a dame in Dr. O'Dwyer's office who wants to have her dog done away with. She says he's sick. She's a horrible woman, all stink and furs. Says her name is Karen March."

Mugs looked up in surprise. "Karen March—the actress? I saw her the other night in The Carnival. She's beautiful."

"She stinks," Ethel said. "Wait until you smell for yourself. First she was too good to talk to anybody but Dr. O'Dwyer. When she found out she would have to wait until tomorrow for that, she was willing to see anybody. The dog's so scared he's trying to climb under every piece of furniture in the office."

"I'll go in," Mugs said.

IN Dr. O'Dwyer's office the musky perfume of Karen March had almost blotted out the clean antiseptic smell. She was leaning against the desk, tapping one foot nervously. When she heard Mugs, she stood up. "Oh, I thought it was the doctor."

"I am Dr. Hollis," Mugs said.

For a moment Miss March eyed the figure in front of her with petulance. Then she shrugged and decided on charm. "You seem so young," she said with graceful apology. "But it doesn't matter. I have a problem that I wanted to talk over personally with Dr. O'Dwyer. I wouldn't like anything about it to get to the newspapers." She hesitated. "I suppose veterinarians are like doctors? They do have—professional ethics?"

"We have," Mugs said stiffly.

Karen flowed down on the chair by the desk and lighted a cigarette. "It's that animal," she said, pointing to a dog who huddled shivering in an incredibly small passage between a table and the wall. In his size, in his mournfully drooping ears and pitiful eyes, there was a trace of setter. But where there should have been glossy red coat and proud feathers was the yellow hair of the mutt.

"You see, he's"—Karen smiled warmly—"frankly, he is impossible. I have been trying to take care of him for a friend in the service. I am, as you may know, in the theater. When the dog is alone in the apartment, he barks. At night, when I am trying to sleep, he howls. I've paid the doorman fabulous sums to walk him. But now the tenants have complained, and you know, with apartments the way they are—I have to get rid of him. You understand?"

Dr. Hollis nodded, stubbornly impersonal. "Perhaps someone else—"

Karen laughed musically. "Look at him. Honestly, dear, who would want him? No, the kindest thing I can do is to have him put away. I have made up my mind."

"But his owner?"

Karen put out her hands in an appealing gesture. "He's somewhere in the Pacific. It would take weeks to get a letter to him, let alone a reply. The landlord said either Mike or I would have to go—today. And I flatter myself that I am a slightly more useful member of society than he is."

"Of course." Mugs reluctantly pulled a card out of the desk. As she bent down, her eyes met the dog's, and his long, meagerly furred tail moved in the suspicion of a wag. Mugs looked quickly away, began to scribble. After she had taken Miss March's telephone number and the address of the apartment which had ejected Mike, she cleared her throat.

"Now, please, the name of the owner—"

"That doesn't matter. I will write him."

"For our records," Mugs said firmly.

Miss March made a pretty face. "This—this is a little embarrassing. You see, we are engaged—secretly, of course. I wouldn't want the newspapers to suspect—"

"The newspapers never see our files. You can trust us. Otherwise—"

With annoyance, Miss March threw her cigarette on the floor and stamped it out. "Seaman M. Grant. I haven't his address with me."

Mugs noted the name mechanically, but her heart was sick. She didn't know what Karen March was doing engaged to an ordinary sailor; but what she was doing, judging by the dog, was obviously no good. Mugs shut her mind with a snap. "The fee is twenty-five dollars."

Karen's eyebrows shot up. "That's rather—high."

"It's our standard fee. Of course, other places might do it for less."

Karen pulled out her billfold. "Oh, no. I want it to be easy for him."

"Please pay the desk. I'll keep the dog with me. It's easier for them that way."

Karen stood at the door. "He won't care. Good-by, Dr. Hollis. You're far too pretty to be a veterinary. Or a doctor, either." She looked down at the cowering animal. "Sleep well, old fellow."

IT was a delightful third-act curtain. But when she had gone, Mugs slammed the door and sat down on the floor. She found the puppies' bottle of yeast tablets in her pocket. Holding three on her palm, she called softly to Mike. Timidly he crawled toward her, sniffed the tablets. Then, eyes mournfully on her face, he ate them, one by one. "Nice dog," Mugs said softly. Mike's tail thumped. "Good puppy," she said. Mike dropped his head heavily on her hand. Mugs put her chin in the soft fur just behind one of the dog's long ears. . . .

She was brought back to the Chinese restaurant by sailor Mike's rough voice. "I never told a fascinating story to a stone wall before. You don't even have ears."

"I was thinking," Mugs said. She put down her fork, aware that she had scarcely touched her food. "How did you happen to get engaged to Karen March?"

Mike was pouring tea. "Engaged? Where on earth did you ever get that idea? I knew her fairly well, yes. She used to come to ball games, but—"

"You aren't in love with her, then?"

Mike stared. "Have you gone crazy?"

"No," Mugs stood up. "Grab your cap. We're going to take a taxi ride."

Mugs was already hailing a cab in the street before Mike had his change. He climbed in beside her.

"Where are we going?" he demanded. "After a ship, it is fun to ride in cabs, but I don't quite get—"

"Keep still," Mugs said. "Look at the scenery. I don't feel like talking. Or," she added, as he put his arm around the back of the seat, "being kissed, either." He took his arm away.

After fifteen minutes of silence, they drove up in front of an old brownstone house in the Village. "This is where I live," Mugs said. "I have the garden floor. It's expensive. That's why I have to have a roommate."

"Delightful," Mike said. "But why are you hurrying home if you have a roommate? We could at least have finished dinner."

"Hush. I have a dog. If he hears voices, he will bark."

"A dog? After working all day with them, you come home to another! Why, it revives—"

SUDDENLY from inside the house there was bedlam, urgent barking, ending in a high-pitched tremolo whine. "Keep still!" Mugs shouted from outside. "Shut up, Mike!" came from inside.

Mike looked at her. "This is a gag. I can't—"

The door opened hastily and a flying bundle of ears and legs hurled itself at Mugs, retreated, circled, wriggling, around her and then stopped stiffly on the sidewalk and, nostrils quivering, looked at her companion.

"Mike!" With a shout that was almost a sob, sailor Mike bent over and held out his arms. Whimpering, Mike flung himself into them. Sailor Mike picked up the dog, making a series of unintelligible noises.

He turned to Mugs. "He knows me!"

"Why shouldn't he?" asked Mugs. "You're his master." But she put a hand on Mike's head and the dog disentangled himself from the sailor's arms and tossed himself at her.

"He loves you," the sailor said. "I can tell. I never thought that he would act like that with anybody but me."

"Come in, you fools," the roommate called. "It is bad enough for Mike to make that noise in the house, but out on the sidewalk at this time of night—"

"She's the practical type," Mugs

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said. "But she's good to Mike and me. We had better go in."

"Me, too?" asked the sailor.

"Why not? I might even fix you scrambled eggs to make up for that dinner you didn't finish—"

TWO hours later the roommate had stacked and rinsed the scrambled-egg dishes and gone to bed. Mugs, her curls mussed, her red dress covered with dog hair, had her shoes off and her feet on the coffee table. And dog Mike, exhausted, was happily sleeping it off in sailor Mike's lap. He patted the dog's head absently and peered over at the girl. "But why didn't you tell me this morning?"

"I thought you were engaged to Karen, and I wouldn't let her ever see Mike again. She told me you were engaged when she brought the dog in to be destroyed."

"Destroyed? Why, she told me—"

"I know, you idiot. Why do you think I stole him from the hospital? I changed the instructions on the card, and put him in as a boarding patient. Then, when the twenty-five dollars was used up, I couldn't afford to pay two dollars a day out of my pocket, so I had a sailor friend of mine pose as you, and Ethel delivered the dog to him. Then I moved in with Ruth and we took a garden apartment—"

"But you told me the dog's throat was bad."

"Sure, it's bad. He barks. He whines, too. He can't be left alone at night. That's why Miss March had to get rid of him."

He looked at her. "Why, you little devil—and you let me think it was strep."

"I had to. I couldn't let her have him, and I thought if you had her, at least I could keep Mike. He is a wonderful dog."

Sailor Mike scratched his head. "What I still don't get is her crack about being engaged to me. Why, I took her out a few times, and she used to come out to the ball park and pose for pictures with me, but—"

"Pose for pictures? Ball park? Why—you can't be *the* Mike Grant?"

He wrinkled his forehead. "What if I am? What's wrong with being a ballplayer? I know how to hold a knife and fork and I even went to college. It's a way to make a living, and a darned good one. When I get out of the Navy, I might even be a manager. What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing, nothing. But you didn't say anything. Why, you're famous! I don't know anything about baseball, but I know your name."

He was sitting in the big easy chair opposite her, under the bridge lamp. He was no beauty. His features were irregular, his hair was impossibly red, and his mouth was too big. But, like his namesake on his lap, he had something.

"Look, youngster. I'm no great shakes. Karen March may have had an idea of roping me in because I'm big enough to be a good background for her, and, even with the precariousness of baseball, I'll be earning good dough a long time after she is a has-been. But I was never interested in her. I only left Mike with her because she wanted him—"

Mugs set her mouth grimly. "You should have known. She only offered to take the dog as an act. And the poor baby—you can have him back, Mike. He is your dog. But the next time, for heaven's sake, get a girl with some heart to care for him."

Mike got to his feet, dumping the dog unceremoniously on the floor. Then he sat down on the sofa next to Mugs. "I have a girl in mind."

Mugs shook her head. "Don't look at me, sailor. In six months I have become too darned fond of him. I don't want to keep him any longer and get more emotionally involved."

"I have a plan about that, too. It seems a shame to separate Mike from either of us, doesn't it? He wouldn't like it."

"I—I don't know what you mean."

"This might give you a rough idea." He leaned over and took her in his arms. They were solid arms, comfortable. Mugs relaxed without thinking. He bent her head down and kissed first her eyes, then the tip of her nose, then her mouth. She sat upright.

"You shouldn't do that! Why—"

"I'm making an honorable proposal in my clumsy way. I think you're the cutest girl I've ever seen, and the sweetest. I like the way you tell me off, I like the way you play, and I'm sure I'd like the way you kiss, if you'd only give me a chance. I want to marry you."

"But we've only known each other one day."

He laughed. "But it was a long day, darling. I walked the streets, thinking I was worrying about Mike. But all I saw was your face. Oh, Mugs, I have a thirty-day leave. I am going to ask you to marry me a dozen times every one of those thirty days. But if you would make up your mind fast, we'd have a much longer time for a honeymoon. Please, baby."

MUG'S cheeks were flushed. "This is ridiculous. Things don't happen like—"

He took her chin in his hands and looked into her eyes. Then he scooped her up into his lap.

"I love you, I love you, I love you," he said. "I love the way you look when you're being efficient. I love the way you treat Mike. I love the way you feel in my arms. Will you marry me?"

He kissed her, warmly and thoroughly. Finally she opened her eyes.

Standing in front of them, his tail wagging furiously, Mike was whimpering for attention, looking first at the man, then at the girl.

Mugs looked at sailor Mike. "Darling," she said, "you're the man in the house. Can't you teach our dog better manners?"

THE END

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° ° °

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Harrison finds his ghostly massage very soothing.

BLITHE SPIRIT

(Noel Coward-Cineguild Production) Rex Harrison, Constance Cummings, Kay Hammond, Margaret Rutherford

NOEL COWARD'S Blithe Spirit was an amusing play, as testified by the three million people who paid to see it. Another three million will undoubtedly agree that it's equally scintillating as a Technicolor movie.

A supernatural farce, it's set in the country estate of an English novelist and his wife, played ever so smoothly by Rex Harrison and Constance Cummings. They've invited a lively lady medium to conduct a séance, on which Harrison intends to construct a new novel. (A bit crass, but it does take a fantastic number of those sweet pounds to live properly, don't you know.)

Madame Arcati, a wonderful old gal named Margaret Rutherford, bursts in as exuberantly as a Girl Guide leader. Promptly she wreaks havoc by throwing the wrong occult switch and producing a manifestation, visible only to Harrison, of his deceased wife, Elvira (Kay Hammond).

Never was a house so rife with situations as this one now becomes.

The fetching pearl-gray apparition of Elvira turns out to be a most diabolical piece of ectoplasm; her chief bit of deviltry being to damage the family auto's engine, hoping to bring her ex-husband back to the "other side" with her. But wife No. 2 uses the car instead, is killed, and lo, we have a double manifestation!

Madame creates remarkable manifestations, but has no formula for exorcising them. Besides, the Gray Ladies have made up their translucent minds to get their mate into the ghostly province so there will be no break in his fate of being hagridden. There's a delightful, fey ending in which they get their wish.

Time now to commend British Technicolor. Perhaps it's the fog which diffuses the light, making their colors seem so much more natural than ours. Also a fanfare (or a note of the spirit trumpet) for the highly appropriate mood music of the London Symphony.

To compare it with the play—as a spokesman for United Artists says, "You'll be glad to find it hasn't been 'improved.'"

Cummings and Rutherford doing a little psychical research.

"Now maybe you will tell us where you sent those messages!"

THE HOUSE ON 92ND ST.

(Twentieth Century-Fox)
Bill Eythe, Leo Carroll, Signe Hasso, Lydia St. Clair

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX has stolen a march in producing this, the first full-length feature telling some of the history of the atomic bomb. The House on 92nd St. is put together, quite factually, out of the acres of files of the F.B.I., and it shows how that omniscient bureau neatly decapitated a Nazi plot to steal "Process 97," the laboratory name for the atomic formula.

The plot centers around the well-known case of "Harry Sawyer," and Bill Eythe was chosen for this role. He's a young Diesel engineer, authorized by the Nazis to buy information from agents in America, which he then transmits to Hamburg via short wave.

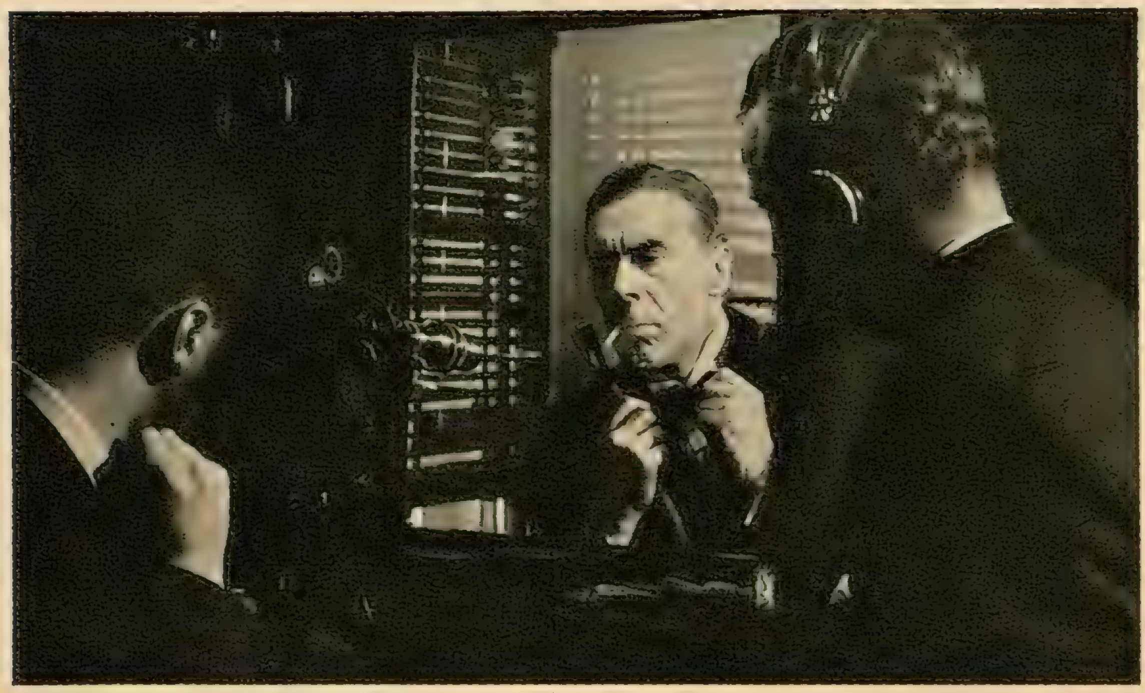
Fortunately for all our sakes, he is in collusion with the F.B.I. His broadcasts are lifted out of the ether by them and rendered harmless by a slight bit of garbling.

The most potent piece of dope is the plan for the atomic bomb which has been deviously secured by one Elsa Gebhardt (Signe Hasso), a couturière, owner of the house on Ninety-second Street, and head of the spy ring. She's a clever operator, but under the all-seeing surveillance of the F.B.I. and their X-ray cameras, this chic little German goose is soon cooked, and the biggest secret of the war is saved.

No sets are used for this film; all the camera work is completely naturalistic. This is claimed to be revolutionary, but it's actually the March of Time technique stretched out and more minutely detailed.

Apparently Louis de Rochemont, the director, was somewhat overawed by his subject; the manner in which he handles his material is rather stiff. Most of the performers have a zombie quality, except for Lydia St. Clair, who, as the sadistic head of the Gestapo in this country, is really convincing in her brutality.

The behind-the-scenes details of the inner workings of the F.B.I. are fascinating. For a character analysis of a large government bureau, and for a highly technical account of espionage in World War II—go see The House on 92nd St.



Leo Carroll as a German agent being watched by the F.B.I. X-ray camera.

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HOW TO TRAIN A SEA GULL

Continued from Page 23

guard just a little too long. After several days of training, the bird had become so tame that the trainer even let it live in a tree instead of an aviary. The sea gull loved it, and the trainer, completely disarmed, delighted in watching the gull take its daily baths, then fly over and perch on his shoulder to be petted.

But in between, the sea gull was industriously wearing down its bill in gravel and sand, sharpening it to an ice-pick point. Then, when the trainer least expected it, the sea gull flew and speared his left eye.

The main thing, of course, is never to let the bird know you're afraid of it. Consequently it's not a good idea to turn your back on a sea gull in the initial stages.

I SHALL never forget the first time I got the notion to train a sea gull. As a trainer of small animals for the movies, together with my brother Curley, I had worked with creatures ranging from common field mice to poisonous rattlesnakes and tarantulas, but never a gull. One day, on the beach near Santa Monica, California, I came across another trainer trying to catch one.

He was going at it clumsily with his bare hands and a fishing net, and invariably the gull escaped. Disgustedly this chap clambered onto a rock and lighted a cigarette. Then a solitary gull swooped overhead, nose-dived to the water and speared a fish, flew in circles—and dropped the fish on the trainer's head. Such accuracy displeased him very much.

He was sitting there glumly, with the fish in his hand, when another gull perched beside him. This guy grabbed at it, but the gull sidestepped him. Then began a wild game of catch-as-catch-can, with this trainer slithering all over the slippery rocks, getting wetter and madder by the minute.

Suddenly the gull turned, and there and then started a fight between man and bird that would have been priceless on film. That bird did everything but gouge the man's eyes out—ripped the flesh from his arm, dashed its wet wings against his face, and finally, with the impact of its agile body, threw him into the sea.

It seemed to me that was not the way to catch a sea gull, and it was then that I conceived a way of catching not one but hundreds of them. Unfortunately the process is secret. Otherwise everybody would be catching and training sea gulls, and professional sea-gull trainers would have to go to work.

I was glad that I thought up this gadget, which involves a rubber-sponge trap harmless to birds, because soon after that, Columbia studios wanted 125 gulls to let loose in a ship scene in Moontide. But it's better to start training just one gull.

So let's say you've caught your first sea gull and you want it to perform some clever tricks, like getting it to alight on your head. You may have watched just such a scene in the Twentieth Century-Fox picture, Captain Eddie. When the studio called me on that one, I figured perhaps it couldn't be done. But Frosty, the sea gull I had earmarked for the assignment, was very co-operative.

In this Captain Eddie picture, Eddie Rickenbacker is afloat on the ocean with six others on a rubber raft. It seems that they hadn't eaten for nineteen days. The idea is to get the sea gull to alight on Captain Rickenbacker's head, and for him to catch the bird and tear it apart, and for the men in the boat to eat it. Of course, when it comes to the tearing-up part, a stuffed bird is substituted.

But Fred MacMurray, who plays Captain Eddie, wasn't at all sure about this bit of business. It seemed that he had heard about certain antisocial habits of the sea gull, and he felt that maybe a couple of dozen takes, in which anything might happen, would get to be a little unnerving. However, the producers reassured him that I wouldn't let them down, and suggested that perhaps the shot could be made with just a couple of takes at most.

What MacMurray couldn't quite grasp was how the sea gull would alight on his head. What would make it go there? Now, if it had been any bird but a sea gull, I could have baited him with a meal worm. But sea gulls aren't partial to meal worms. They prefer raw fish or garbage. Actors like Fred MacMurray don't. There is a limit to which an actor will go to achieve authenticity.

So the problem was to get the gull to circle over the boat, swoop down on it, land on Rickenbacker's head, and stay there long enough for the actor to put up his hands slowly and grasp it.

FIRST of all you've got to catch the gull. Without a special paraphernalia you'll undoubtedly use a skiff or small boat.

Probably the best way is to drop into a restaurant on your way to the beach and help yourself to some garbage. This you can strew all over and around the boat. It won't hurt if some of the refuse lies on your lap. You may be lucky enough to find a gull who will come close enough to get it.

As soon as you have caught your gull, grasp it carefully but not too tightly behind the neck so that you can direct the vicious bill away from your person. The gull won't like this, and will screech its head off, accompanying the sounds of fury with kicking its webbed feet (which are harmless) and flapping its wings (which aren't).

The sea gull has very sharp claws but isn't bright enough to know how to use them. Thus, with its murderous bill under control, you are comparatively safe, and should hastily tie a leash to one of its feet. This leash should be about three feet long and made of soft leather (string or wires cut into the skin). Once you have done that, remember to keep the bird at arm's length until it subsides from sheer exhaustion.

After that, you can pull it nearer and nearer. If he doesn't complain, the next thing to do is to bring him as near your face as you can without frightening him.

Like small animals, sea gulls like to be babied. The sound of a soft voice, the feel of a comforting caress will work wonders. Gulls flare up at sudden noises.

Then, once it gets to know you, which always takes at least a couple of days, slowly bring the sea gull up to your face. Allow it to nestle against your cheek, and the warmth plus your obvious friendliness will gradually calm it down.

All in all, your main goal for the first week is to get him used to you. At first, when you try to get him near your face, he'll make every effort to get his bill into your eye or your cheek. A good hard plunge of a sea gull's bill will sink several inches into the flesh. So don't, whatever you do, let the bird's bill get close enough to bite deeply in those first few days.

IN no time at all you'll find that you can feed the bird from your mouth. It's fun to put a piece of raw meat between your lips and have the gull peck it daintily away. Some gulls have a weakness for grasshoppers, but grasshoppers are always hard to grasp firmly between the lips, especially when they're alive. Don't, however, hold the food between your teeth because the gull may get nervous, peck violently, and knock your teeth out.

Furthermore, in those first few days you may collect some pretty fancy scratches, but don't be alarmed. If taken care of in time and in the proper manner, there needn't be any serious after results. If, however, your sea gull is pretty mean and punctures your hand and won't let go, a slow, firm pressure on the back of his head will make him withdraw his bill. If that happens, it is best to have the puncture lanced quickly and properly and drained thoroughly.

Now your problem is to get the sea gull to fly at your will. To do this, tie the leash firmly around the palm of your left hand, hold the bird in your right hand and as far away from the body as you can. Drop your right hand quickly, and the sea gull will extend its wings and flutter in mid-air. Keep doing this until the sea gull understands that you want it to fly back to your hand. After about eighteen hours you'll find that this isn't as hard as you thought.

The next step is for the sea gull to fly from your hand to any designated place. The best way to do this is to set the sea gull on the chosen spot, say the top of a fence.

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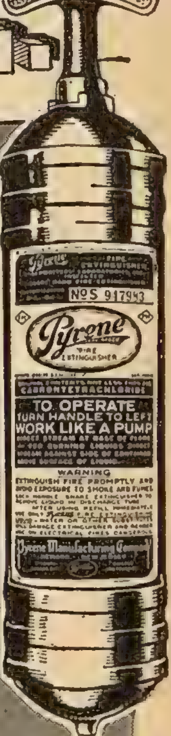
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Then place it back in your hand and walk away from the fence with it. Then go back to the fence and put the gull back on it. Keep doing this until the bird gets to know what is expected of it; then, once you stand still and drop your hand, it should fly immediately to the fence.

Now that you have trained your sea gull to fly while still on leash, next you will probably want to repeat Frosty's performance in Captain Eddie. Instead of using the fence as a prop, you now have to use someone's head. But the procedure is the same. Leave the sea gull on your friend's head for as long as the gull is comfortable there—assuming that your friend doesn't mind. Then pick up the sea gull and put it on your own head. This way the sea gull will understand that either head is a safe and natural perch. When the gull has become used to this, the next step is to see that he doesn't mind being picked up and brought down.

A sudden upward sweep of the hand will frighten him at first, but if the procedure is repeated slowly, say about a hundred times and always without touching the bird, it will get accustomed to the movement. In that way you will be able to pick the bird off your head in less than a week.

Patience is the main virtue in training a sea gull. Sometimes it takes several days even to get it to stay on your hand long enough for you to get started. But don't let that bother you. Gulls tire easily, and if you don't overdo the training periods they become very obedient.

The great moment arrives when you finally remove the leash and are to give the gull its orders. It's a great climax, and the chances are your spine will tingle with excitement and pride. Then, if all goes well, the gull should perform according to your order.

Of course you may have failed, and either of two calamities can result. Either the gull will fly away and you will never see him again; or, out of sheer revenge for its ordeal, it will fly savagely and murderously at you, its ice pick of a bill poised ready to sink into your eye. The latter is much the better, because then you can catch the gull and start all over again.

THE END

BIG PROSPERITY AHEAD?

Continued from Page 26

is built up of smaller parts. Take the one for the food industry. The estimated increase is from $10,618,000,000 worth of food in 1939 to $14,185,600,000 worth (at 1939 prices) in the year ahead, a jump of just a little more than one third.

These figures, in turn, come from combining thirty-five pairs of figures, each representing one great branch of the food industry. One, for example, is for "meat packing, wholesale." It is about the same as for the whole food industry—34-per-cent increase. You can read it this way: For every three sirloins you broiled in 1939, figure on four to broil next year.

That is what all these figures mean, of course. More T-bones and chops on the table, more shirts in the bureau, more cars in garages.

The outlook for tomorrow is not the same in all industries, but without exception America's great industrial classifications expect to increase their output from prewar levels. Of them all, the automobile makers expect the greatest boom in the year just ahead, a 76-per-cent increase. At the other extreme are the leather-goods manufacturers, who look for an increase of only 22 per cent. This range of 22- to 76-per-cent increase is for the twenty manufacturing groups into which all the industries were divided.

When you take a look at the subgroups of which these larger groups are composed, you find even more striking figures here and there—for example, tripled production of some kinds of aluminum products.

It is only when you get into these smaller branches that you come upon a handful that expect a decline. Even an expanding economy cannot promise to save these few victims of technological change or dying supply. An example is the silk-thread industry, which expects to regain only two thirds of its prewar volume.

It is important to remember that not all these percentages and dollar figures mean the same thing. All are estimates of coming production, but the reason behind the estimate differs from industry to industry.

SOME of the figures are based on estimated demand. That is, when the tobacco industry, which can figure on an adequate supply of raw material, says its output will jump 69 per cent, it reasons that that many more customers will be ready and waiting for its products.

But when the lumber business says it expects to increase only 26 per cent, even in the face of a vastly greater demand as the postwar housing boom gets under way, it means that that is the maximum production it believes it can attain so soon.

So some of the industries expect to be limited by demand, as they all were before the war. Others expect to be held down only by supply, as most of them have been during the war. These latter can be expected to climb even further as the postwar months go by.

Consider some specific figures. It's pleasant to know that business expects to increase by 42 per cent, but it's even better to learn that American industry estimates that, compared with 1939, next year will bring us 23 per cent more butter. 69 per cent more ice cream, and eighteen packs of cigarettes for every ten we used to have; two and one fourth times as much distilled liquor, and about one fourth more textile products and clothing.

Business thinks we may expect 80 per cent more plywood, almost half again as much furniture, 28 per cent more paper products, and one third more books to read; 58 per cent more chemical products, including paints, medicines, synthetic rubber; 46 per cent more tires and tubes, 28 per cent more shoes, 43 per cent more stone, clay, and glass, twice as much silverware, 60 per cent more clocks and watches, two thirds more electrical appliances, 81 per cent more radios and phonographs, about twice the dollar volume of airplanes and parts, 28 per cent more automobile trailers, half again as many toys, and half again as much photographic equipment.

THAT last figure says that your camera shop will be able to obtain —and, the manufacturers think, sell —three cameras, enlargers, and rolls of film for every two it stocked and sold in 1939.

Camera fans will be pleased to learn this. But—much more vital—manufacturing these additional cameras will give employment to more men in Rochester and Binghamton and New York and Chicago. Transporting and selling the cameras and processing the film will mean jobs for other men and women.

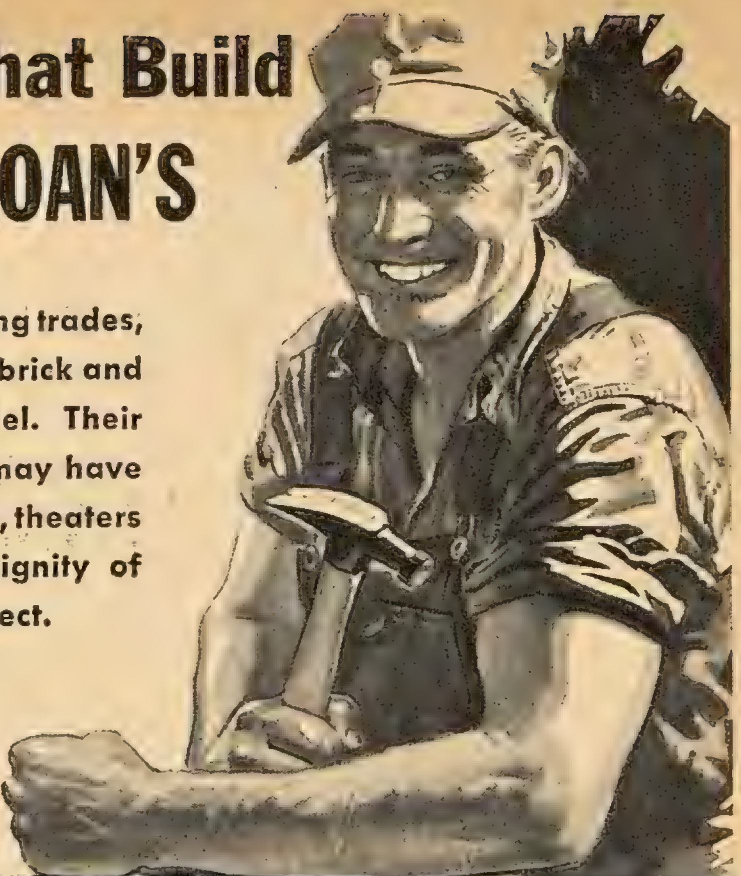
The same holds true for all the other figures. They all mean jobs.

Just about everyone agrees on the important goal: jobs for all who want them.

It was primarily to find out how good were our chances for full employment in the first full postwar year that the C.E.D. made its survey. The C.E.D. economists started with the number of people known to have been employed in manufacturing in 1939. They allowed for a 6-per-cent increase in efficiency up to war's end, because that has been the trend for a long time. They estimated that manufacturing employment next year would constitute 25.2 per cent of total employment. From all this—and some other assorted considerations—they concluded that "the total number of employed civilians might be about 53,448,000."

Now, this is so far short of the 60,000,000 jobs we have been hearing so much about that it sounds a lot like severe unemployment. But the C.E.D. sees the picture a little differently. It begins by estimating the coming labor force at that same popular figure of 60,000,000. But from this it subtracts the 3,500,000 men it estimates will still be in uniform. It subtracts 2,500,000 as the permissible "labor float"—workers engaged in moving from one job to another.

This leads to the figure of 54,000,000 civilian jobs needed, which checks closely with the figure we al-



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ready have for available employment next year: 53,448,000. Thus, according to C.E.D.'s best guess, it seems likely that we will have approximately full employment in our first peacetime year.

This is not to be taken as gospel, of course. As the C.E.D. warns, it involves reasoning and assumption that cannot be proved. But it is a heartening picture, all the same.

While collecting the estimates of postwar production the C.E.D. picked up a fine fistful of predictions from manufacturers on the factors that will help or hinder an orderly transition into a peacetime economy.

It learned that most industrialists no longer shudder at the old bugaboo of reconversion, about which we talked so worriedly in 1943 and 1944. Makers of consumer goods can slide into production for peace without much turmoil. Even the metalworking industries, whose problems are the greatest, now see reconversion as a matter of only a few months to a year at most. Many commented, "No problem," or "Practically no lay-offs."

THE question of new products, one of the most exciting factors in the postwar picture, was discussed by many business men. In most industries, new products will add only 10 to 15 per cent to the volume, but in some, such as electronics and plastics, the immediate increase is likely to reach 40 to 50 per cent.

Getting adequate supplies and equipment will be difficult in some industries. The expansion of printing and publishing, for instance, depends partly upon the manufacture of new presses. But most of these difficulties are already being solved, manufacturers report as they sign contracts for needed equipment.

The threat of dumping billions of dollars' worth of government surplus goods on the market seems to worry only a few manufacturers. So long as the government takes reasonable care to keep the disposal orderly, most industries believe that surpluses can be absorbed within a few months.

Few seem to believe that foreign trade will be an important factor in the first year of peace. There will be only a trickle of imports to compete with domestic goods, and in very few lines is the export market expected to display much vigor so soon.

But when asked about the effect of accumulated demand, business men began to answer enthusiastically. Lumber manufacturers saw five busy years ahead as they try to catch up with the demand for houses and lumber products. Textile manufacturers saw a greatly stimulated demand, especially for the next year or so. Even food manufacturers saw a great fund of "accumulated desire" to satisfy.

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ket for a year or two, or even longer, as they satisfy the desires of families whose equipment is ready for the scrap heap. The home-building boom will, of course, give an additional push to sales of home appliances.

Americans have been adding to their savings at the rate of thirty-five to forty billion dollars a year. This vast accumulated fund of purchasing power will benefit business greatly, most industrialists agree. Many think it will affect buying only indirectly, with most people hanging onto their savings but spending current incomes more freely. Some view these savings as a bulwark of prosperity for many years to come.

There is the considered opinion of a great section of American industry on what lies ahead for all of us. We are already in the first postwar period, in which our wartime economy is being unwound and industry is converting to civilian production.

The second postwar period will be one in which we catch up with accumulated demand. Roughly, this will be 1947, although for some industries it may last five years.

The third period, in which industry—and jobs—must depend upon current demand and current income, is further ahead. In general, it will begin in 1947. It might be described as the coming of normality, and its strength will depend on the kind of economy we achieve in the year just ahead.

The plans that industry has already made for 1946 are the most hopeful assurance we could have that the third period will be one of continuing prosperity.

THE END

IS THERE TREASURE IN YOUR OLD TRUNK?

Continued from Page 25

up with assets in the custody of a court for persons, many of whom cannot be found. A recent report showed federal courts alone were holding $52,293,672, which will be turned over to the U. S. Treasury if it remains unclaimed for five years. More than $17,000,000 has reverted to the Treasury from these courts during the past five years. Lawsuits often have been fought for so many years that when judgment is finally entered, the payee cannot be found. For example, there is money waiting for the owner of a ship which collided with a government vessel. He fought for years to collect damages, but now that the courts have granted his claim, neither owner nor heirs can be found.

Money also is waiting for U. S. seamen who "jumped ship" without collecting their wages. Damages have been awarded owners of automobiles involved in collisions with government-owned cars. There are tax refunds and awards from bankruptcy cases and from a thousand

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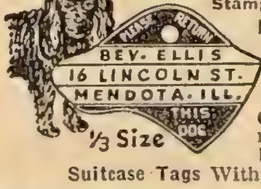

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EASY TO WRITE • EASY TO READ
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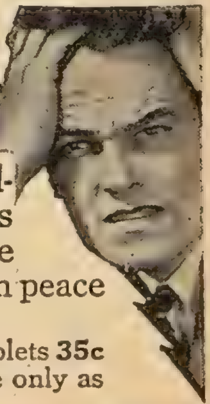

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Tense nerves can make you Cranky and Quarrelsome, Restless and Wakeful. Can give you Nervous Headache and Nervous Indigestion. For the sake of your family and your friends, as well as for your own peace of mind, try **DR. MILES NERVINE.**

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DR. MILES NERVINE

Here's a SENSIBLE way to relieve distress of 'periodic' FEMALE WEAKNESS

(Also a Grand Stomachic Tonic)

Have *you* at such times noticed yourself feeling nervous, irritable, so tired, a bit blue—due to female functional periodic disturbances?

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Important To Know!

Pinkham's Compound DOES MORE than relieve such monthly cramps, headache, backache. It ALSO relieves accompanying tired, nervous, irritable feelings—due to this cause. Taken regularly—it helps build up *resistance* against such distress. Pinkham's Compound HELPS NATURE. Also grand stomachic tonic.

DIRECTIONS: Take one tablespoonful 4 times a day before meals and at bedtime.

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

You can have one—NOW!
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The same official Flight Jacket worn by America's Top Pilots, Bombardiers, Navigators and Flight Personnel. ALL-LEATHER—windproof, rainproof, light in weight but extra warm. To order, give your height and suit size. Color is Dark Brown. Send money order or check only. Money-back guarantee.

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other kinds of court action, with $52,000,000 in the federal courts alone waiting for the owners.

In 1940 Congress decided that citizens must claim these funds within ten years. But that law has been challenged. Some legal authorities contend that no escheat law is constitutionally valid, and that whenever proper owners or heirs appear, they can recover their property from any state or the federal government.

Awards for condemnation of property taken over by the government also accumulate huge unclaimed sums. Because of the haste in acquiring properties for military purposes during the war, an estimated $50,000,000 has piled up for previous owners who have not been found.

Vast sums are accumulating also in death benefits under the National Service Insurance issued by the government to servicemen. The Veterans Administration will not reveal the figures, but one authoritative estimate places the total in excess of $100,000,000 because relatives of men killed during this war cannot be located. Service insurance now in force is approximately 150 billion dollars. Policies average more than $9,000 each. Many servicemen fail to notify their families that they have taken out this insurance, and the Veterans Administration often fails to find the beneficiaries. There is money still waiting even for the families of men killed in World War I.

Private insurance companies also have huge accumulations of unclaimed money due beneficiaries of life, accident, and general casualty policies. One company published a list of 1936 for the confidential use of its agents, naming 4,932 persons entitled to unpaid benefits.

NOT only misplaced securities and careless lack of written records contribute to the vast hoard of unclaimed money. There are fabulous fortunes in actual cash stored in proper places and forgotten or unknown to survivors of suddenly deceased persons. When the former Mayor of Chicago, William Hale Thompson, died in March, 1944, his widow and his attorney disclaimed having had previous knowledge of more than $1,000,000 in currency found in safe-deposit boxes he had rented. Except for his prominence, the money might have dropped noiselessly into the vast pool of forgotten wealth.

Federal authorities estimate that more than ten billion dollars in currency is now hoarded in private safes in homes and offices or in safe-deposit boxes of banks. Probably the largest part is being held to avoid taxation or to hide the identity of black-market operators and war profiteers. The law prohibits government agents from looking into safe-deposit boxes, although regular bank accounts can be examined. It is argued with considerable logic that the welfare of the people would be served if the government had the power to check up on hoarded wealth.

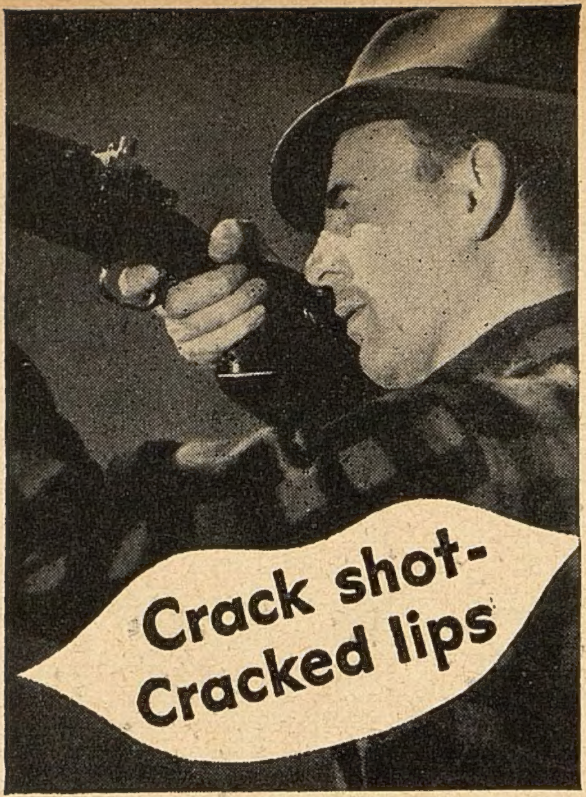
Safe-deposit boxes used for hoarding are frequently rented under fictitious names, and the contents are known only to the owners of the ill-gotten cash. Sudden death, an occupational hazard among those who operate outside the law, sends that type of wealth into permanent retirement. If box rent goes unpaid, the bank opens the box, packages the contents, and stores them away. State laws governing the disposition of these contents are not uniform.

The Bank of America, operating nearly 500 branch banks in California, has in tidy packages the contents of nearly 12,000 safe-deposit boxes opened because of unpaid rent. There is no information available about the contents of these packages, but experience proves that they contain much wealth in securities, jewels, and currency, as well as many wills which, if revealed, would change the title to considerable property. Somebody owns all that buried treasure, and many of those owners could be found if the effort were made.

CONTENTS of thousands of safe-deposit boxes are stored in Washington in the custody of the U. S. Comptroller of Currency, having been taken from national banks that failed. The law leaves it to the discretion of the Comptroller whether to make public information which might lead to recovery by the proper owners. So far as the available record shows, no comptroller has given out any information. Unless the law is changed to require it, probably none ever will.

Banks also close their doors on unclaimed deposits in regular checking and savings accounts. Of the four billion dollars in deposits of national banks liquidated by the Comptroller of Currency, millions remain unclaimed because the depositors died or moved away before being notified that a part or all of their money was ready for them. They or their heirs are entitled to it. All they must do is identify themselves and ask for it.

All banks have unclaimed deposits, but national banks have long fought the attempts of states to take over such accounts. However, in 1944 the Supreme Court upheld a Kentucky law which gives the state that right. Minnesota also has such a law, and New York recently adopted an escheat act giving it the right to take such deposits as well as unclaimed money and abandoned property, even to the unpaid benefits of life insurance. The people of New York State will benefit tremendously from the new law, which already has brought millions into the state treasury. New Yorkers could recover vast sums if they would busy themselves. The state is holding $6,500,000 in unclaimed bank deposits, $2,000,000 in court funds waiting for payees, and more than $5,000,000 in service de-



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25c no Federal tax

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posits forgotten by consumers of gas and electricity. Many more millions are waiting for owners of New York bonds.

The state government only recently awoke to the fact that it was permitting private use of a large portion of public money. For many years the state paid bond interest and redeemed matured bond issues through the Bank of Manhattan Company. On each maturity date, or interest-due date, the state paid the bank the full amount of the issue or the full interest due. Some owners never collected their interest, some never brought in matured bonds for redemption. Each issue left some in the bank's hands, and that unclaimed fund kept growing larger.

Of course it was all legally correct. The money no longer was the property of the state, nor did it belong to the bank. It belonged to many John Doe's, "addresses unknown." Finally someone in Albany looked over this forgotten money and decided that if anyone should benefit from it, the people of New York should. So now the Bank of Manhattan Company is permitted to retain a nominal revolving fund of $250,000, just in case someone long missing should bring in a stack of old bonds for redemption. The balance of the unclaimed bond money and interest is returned to the state treasury.

New York's escheat law, by which forgotten and abandoned moneys and properties are taken over by the state after "due process," is believed to be the most thorough and constitutionally acceptable such act thus far adopted by any state. It has not yet been fully applied, but it already serves the people.

Nevertheless, many legal authorities say if you suddenly remember you left $100 on deposit in New Rochelle thirty years ago, or unearth an old Albany bond long since matured, you can still get your money, even if the state has already spent it.

Better scratch your head a bit and search the attic. Billions of dollars in treasure is waiting for millions of owners to come and claim it.

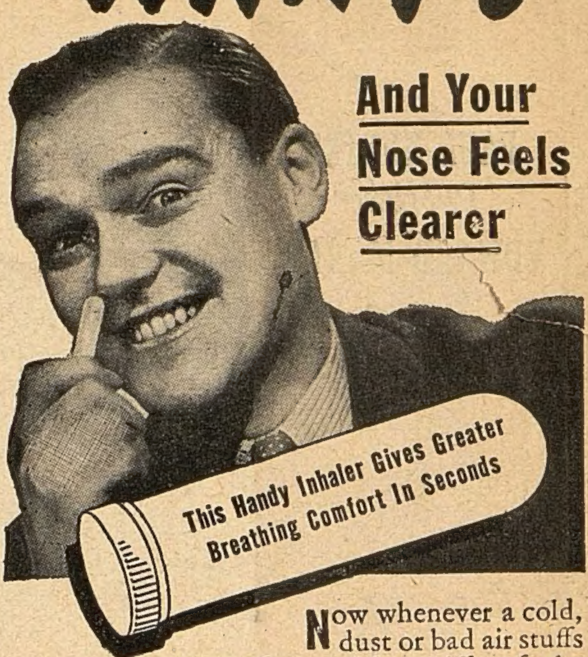
THE END

HALLOWEEN QUESTIONNAIRE

By whose permission do you fly
Across this closely guarded sky?
What means have you of identification?
What is your route, your destination?
And, Witch, when you have answered these,
There will be one more question, please,
Before your travels you resume—
How do you operate a broom?

—*S. H. Dewhurst.*

A WHIFF!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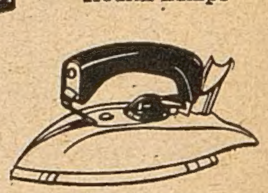

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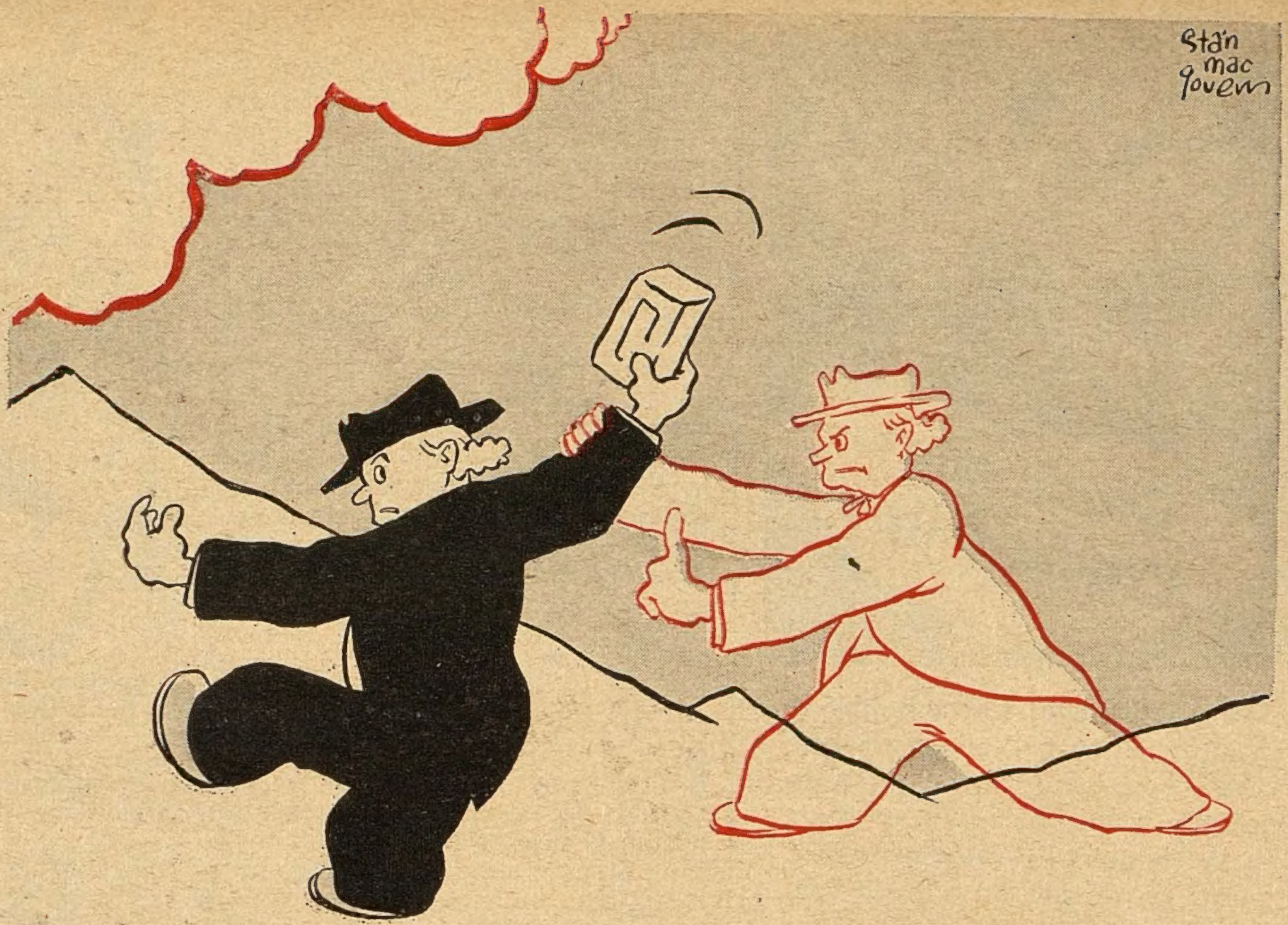


WHO'S TO BLAME FOR PEARL HARBOR?

A PASTIME which seems to hold boundless fascination for some people is the digging up of alleged proof that Franklin Roosevelt deliberately got us in the war by personally engineering the attack on Pearl Harbor. Those obsessed with this idea grab at anything whatever to bolster their theory and often sound more than a little ridiculous. The asinine quality of these accusations is apparent to all except those who persist in hating Roosevelt even after he is dead.

Let's review a bit of recent history. America's policy prior to and during the early years of the war was shaped to one end: we could not allow the Axis nations to win. All of our instincts and decent impulses, as well as our vital national interests, dictated such a course. We knew that if the Axis nations won, they either would gang up on us or we would have to descend to their moral level as a cynical partner in their game of exploiting the world.

In the beginning no one could say what would be required of us to keep the Axis from victory. The quarrel was not directly ours. Perhaps only our material and financial help would be needed. Did not Winston Churchill say, "Give us the tools and we will finish the job"? As it turned out, Winston was overoptimistic. As the years rolled by, it became evident that more than material help would be needed from America. As pressure on England increased, we began to convoy the material across the Atlantic. Our men were shot at and they shot back. We were prepared to go, and would have gone, much further in pursuance of our recognized aim of preventing an Axis victory. No President could have done less for the ultimate defense of America and remained true to his oath of office.

In the Pacific, somewhat the same situation prevailed. Roosevelt would have failed us indeed had he permitted the Japs to grow still stronger through unopposed conquest, perhaps to the point where we could not have checked them ever.

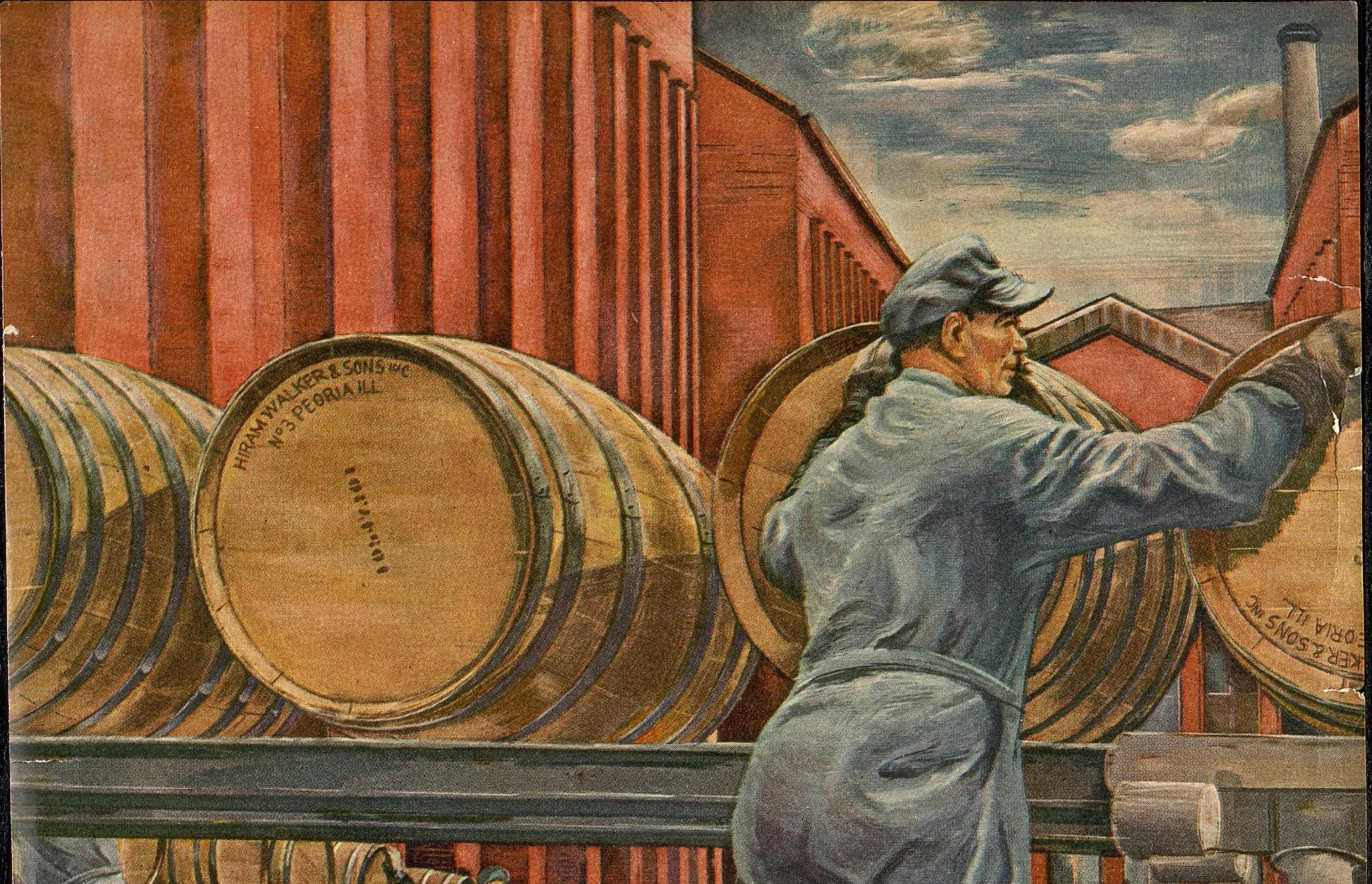
At the time of Pearl Harbor the Japs were threatening to march into Thailand. The point at issue was whether or not we would break relations if they did. No one in this country ever dreamed an attack on us was coming, and certainly no one imagined that it would be at Pearl Harbor.

We have just successfully completed the most sublime and glorious venture in our history. For all time, the world will know that America, long before the quarrel was hers directly, threw her weight in the scales on the side of right and freedom. It is mealy-mouthed indeed at this point to be casting reflections on the integrity of a leader who is no longer here to defend himself.

As President Truman has said, each of us is a little to blame for Pearl Harbor. The most blame of all lies on those former isolationists whom events proved so wrong and who are now so fierce to pin the blame on Franklin Roosevelt.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
... FOR ALL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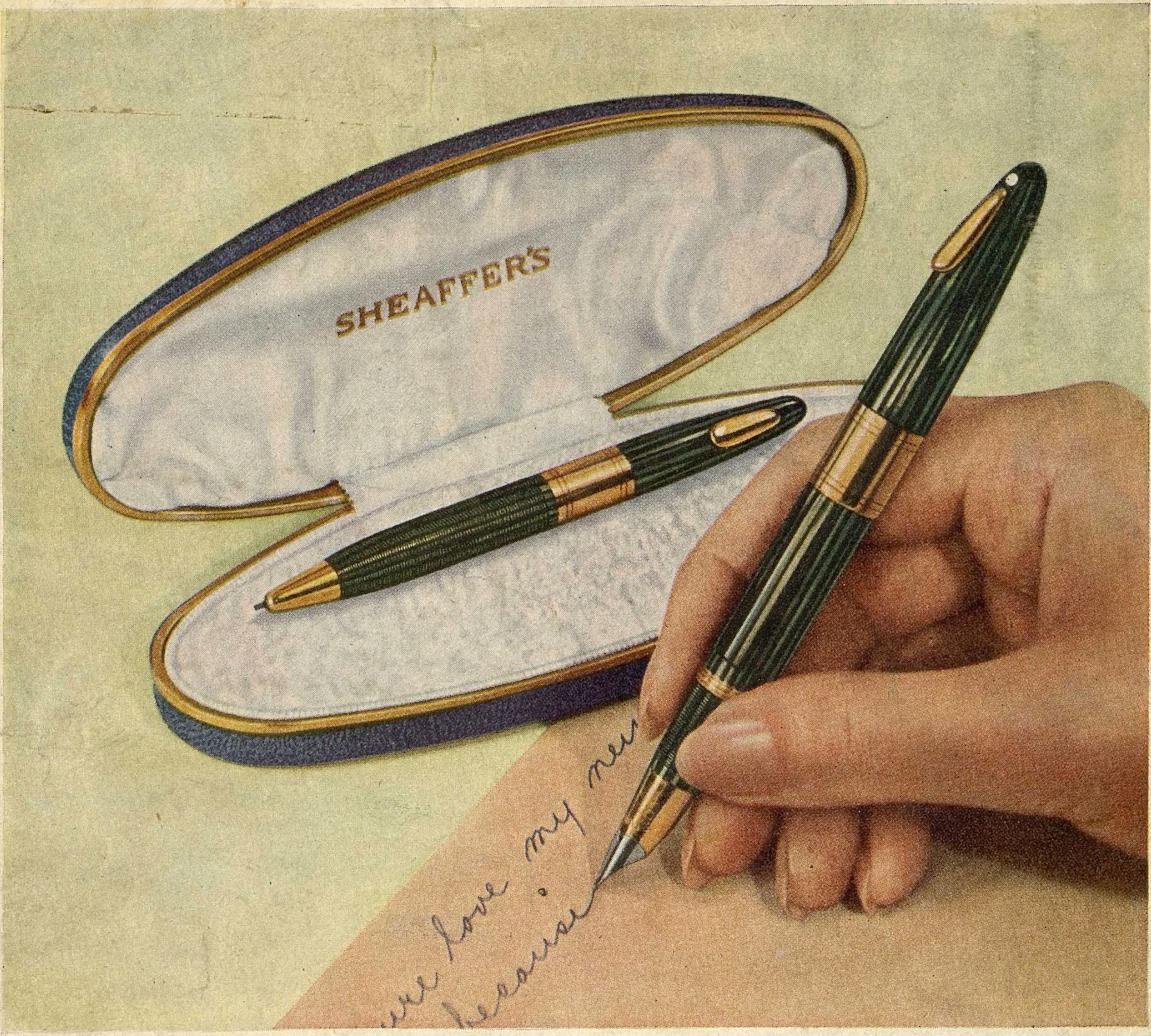

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